THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER:

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Of MAN, when warm'd by Reaſon's pureſt ray;
No ſlave of Av'rice, no tool of Pride;
When no vain Science led his mind aſtray,
But NATURE was his law, and GOD his guide.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

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PREFACE.

IT is, I believe, in a work written by Mrs. Sarah Fielding, and now out of print, called "*The Art of Tormenting*," that I have read the following fable:

"A ſociety of animals were once diſputing on various modes of ſuffering, and of death; many offered their opinions, but it was at length agreed that the ſheep, as the moſt frequent victim, could give the beſt account of the agonies inflicted by the teeth and claws of beaſts of prey."

If a writer can beſt deſcribe who has ſuffered, I believe that all the evils ariſing from oppreſſion, from fraud and chicane, I am above almoſt any perſon qualified to delineate.

I am not ſo ſure that I have made a juſt picture of a man ſo calm, as to be injured by fraud and offended by folly, and who ſhall yet preſerve his equality of temper. I ſuſpect that in many inſtances my Hero forgets his pretenſions, and has no claim to the character of a Philoſopher; that, however, will prove only that the title of my book is a miſnomer, the book itſelf will be no worſe.

My original plan differed materially from that I have executed; why I changed it is not now material; but as I once before heard the charge of *plagiariſm* (which however is ſome-

times paſſed over to a wonderful degree by the Critics) and as a general accuſation of that ſort is perhaps ſometimes made, becauſe it ſaves more diſcriminating criticiſm, I may juſt mention, that the incident of the confinement in a mad-houſe of one of my characters was deſigned before I ſaw the fragment of "The Wrongs of Woman," by a Writer whoſe talents I greatly honoured, and whoſe untimely death I deeply regret; from her I ſhould not bluſh to borrow, and if I had done ſo I would have acknowledged it.

I had intended to add a few words on the taſte that ſeems at preſent to prevail in regard to works of this kind, and of my doubts whether a Novel repreſenting only ſcenes of modern life and *poſſible* events may not be accounted of the old ſchool, and create leſs intereſt than the wild, the terrible, and the ſupernatural; but as I have for ſome time meditated a more conſiderable examination of the ſubject than can be included in a Preface, I will now content myſelf with declaring againſt the injuſtice of inferences, frequently drawn by the Reader, in regard to the Author of ſuch books as theſe; I mean their appropriating to him or her as individuals, ſentiments and opinions given to any of the characters intended to be deſcribed as amiable. There may be many traits, many ideas, and even many prejudices, which may be neceſſary to ſupport or render theſe characters natural, that are by no means thoſe of the compoſer of the book; I declare therefore againſt the concluſion, that *I* think either like Glenmorris or Armitage, or any other of my perſonages.

To thoſe who are of opinion that ſome moral is neceſſary to a Novel, I may ſay, that my intention

tention in this has been to expoſe the ill conſequences of detraction; to ſhew the ſad effects of parental reſentment, and the triumph of fortitude in the daughter, while too acute ſenſibility, too haſtily indulged, is the ſource of much unhappineſs to the mother. But as no diſtreſſes can be created without ſuch men, as in the preſent ſtate of ſociety ſtand in place of the giants, and necromancers, and ogers of ancient romance, men whoſe profeſſion empowers them to perpetrate, and whoſe inclination generally prompts them to the perpetration of wickedneſs, I have made theſe drawings a *little* like people of that ſort whom I *have ſeen*, certain that nothing I could *imagine* would be ſo correct when legal colluſion and profeſſional oppreſſion were to be repreſented. If altogether the ſtory is not unintereſting, and is relieved with ſuch ornaments as a very ſlight knowledge of natural hiſtory, and a minor talent for ſhort pieces of poetry have enabled me to give it, I truſt this lateſt attempt, and one that has not coſt me the *leaſt* pains among my various labours, will not be leſs favourably received than the greater part of thoſe which have preceded it.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

London, June 6th, 1798.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

CHAP. I.

"Of moving accidents by flood or field."

A FEW years have paſſed, ſince it happened that Dr. Winſlow, a dignified clergyman, who, beſides an affluent private fortune, poſſeſſed very conſiderable church preferment, together with his wife, the co-heireſs of a rich citizen, their only ſon, now in his twentieth year, and Mrs. Winſlow's niece, Miſs Goldthorp, the only daughter of a deceaſed banker, and poſſeſſing above fifty thouſand pounds, were induced to paſs part of the autumn at a public place of great reſort, about ſixty miles from London. Mrs. Winſlow was extremely *nervous*, and nothing was ſo good for that complaint as ſea air; the Doctor indeed had three excellent houſes, in three different counties, but they all happened to be very far inland, and the preſent ſtate of his lady's nerves demanded the benefit of marine breezes.

Her nerves had received ſome benefit after a reſidence of near a month on the coaſt. It was not certain whether this deſirable end had been obtained by gentle airings on the ſalubrious hills around

around her preſent reſidence, or by another ſpecific, occaſionally applied to by ladies of a certain age in ſuch caſes, that of paſſing more than half the night at cards. Something was probably due to the latter cauſe, as Mrs. Winſlow had been unuſually ſucceſsful; ſhe had beſides augmented her acquaintance among people of faſhion, which was always an object of her ambition—having added five titled friends to her viſiting liſt for the enſuing winter.

His wife now being in a ſtate to bear the journey, the Doctor ventured to propoſe her accompanying him on a viſit he had long meditated, and for which he had received a recent and very preſſing invitation. Mrs. Winſlow, who was occaſionally all ſweetneſs, eſpecially when deſired to do any thing ſhe did not diſlike, aſſented readily.—Young Winſlow had juſt purchaſed a pair of very fine horſes of a man of faſhion, (whoſe ſtable-keeper had hinted, in no very reſpectful terms, the neceſſity of his ſelling them) and their preſent maſter was glad of this opportunity "to try their bottom."—It was ſettled that he ſhould conduct his fair couſin in his curricle, while the Doctor and Mrs. Winſlow, with her own maid on a ſeat before, were to proceed in a poſt-chaiſe. The great object of Mrs. Winſlow's life had been to be accounted a woman of moſt elegant taſte, and the word elegant was inceſſantly uttered on all the opinions ſhe held, and in all the deciſions ſhe gave.—It would now have been much more *elegant* to have had four horſes, an equipage with which they generally moved when at any of the Doctor's livings, where he had graſs and corn of his own; but as he never loſt ſight of œconomy, he had now prudently contented himſelf with a pair;

pair; and though he would not have been ſorry to have had them on the preſent occaſion, to make an handſome figure at the houſe of his old friend, he peeviſhly reſiſted his wife's remonſtrances, who thought poſt-horſes would be more *elegant;* and he aſſerted, that no body but herſelf would ſay ſuch a thing—He only deſired that as their journey was to be four and twenty miles, and the days were ſo much ſhortened, ſhe would be ready to ſet out before noon.

To make any exertion, however, was quite out of her way; had ſhe riſen an hour before her time, ſhe would have been nervous the whole day. Inſtead of noon, therefore, it was near two o'clock before Mrs. Dibbins, her woman, who was as nervous and as *elegant* as her miſtreſs, had collected and arranged all the elegancies they both thought it neceſſary to provide; then, juſt as they were preparing to depart, the lady's amiable new friends, Lady Stockbury, and her moſt elegant daughter Lady Thereſa, arrived to pay her a morning viſit; they had a great deal to tell her of an elopement in high life, of which they had learned the particulars, and to relate all that paſſed the preceding evening at an aſſembly they were at, where ſeveral perſons of the higheſt rank were collected. Mrs. Winſlow delighted to liſten to ſuch converſation, which to relate at the place ſhe was going to would give her the air of frequenting the moſt *elegant* ſociety, quite forgot that the morning was wearing away, and that the poor Doctor was in one of his moſt reſtleſs fits of fretting, waiting for her in another room.

The clock had told three ſome time before they departed; and they had advanced two or three miles on their road before the Doctor had

vented his pſhaws, and his pooh poohs—he then gradually murmured himſelf to reſt, and fell aſleep in reflecting, that though they ſhould dine on the road, inſtead of reaching the houſe of his reverend friend, yet that they ſhould arrive to an excellent ſupper, and that the next day being the firſt of October, he ſhould have the pleaſure of a day's pleaſant ſhooting, for which the part of the country they were going to was famous, and the worthy divine, though too corpulent for the more fatiguing field ſports, could ſtill knock down a pheaſant. The young people had gone on before, and young Winſlow had the precaution to beſpeak at the inn, where they were under the neceſſity of ſtopping, the beſt dinner that could in ſuch a place be provided; but when after half an hour's waiting it appeared, the cutlets were tough, and the fowls badly dreſſed; the tart was not eatable, and the wine not drinkable.—Again the Doctor lamented his unfortunate deſtiny as pathetically as if a bad dinner had been one of the inſupportable misfortunes of life; and again his fretting occaſioned its uſual effect of making Mrs. Winſlow "*exceſſive nervous.*"—At length they once more ſet forth, though it was already late, conſidering that they had eleven miles to travel over downs, and through a country they none of them were acquainted with. The people of the inn however aſſured them, it was impoſſible they could miſs the way—They were to keep ſtrait up over Mayham Down, till they got to Watchet's Corner, and then turn to the right over Ringſted Brow, till they come to the Dip, and then they were to turn again to the right, and then they would ſee a direction poſt—and then—"

The

The Dean, impatient to be gone, and teſty ſtill on account of his bad dinner, would not ſtay to have theſe directions repeated, but peeviſhly bade his ſon, who had undertaken to lead the way, go on——.

The young man, glad to get away from his father's murmurs, haſtened to obey; the curricle was preſently out of ſight—for the new horſes went very well, and their maſter entered into an eulogium on them, which laſted till ſuddenly the road became ſo bad that they could keep their admirable pace no longer; he then ſtopped, and began to recollect what had been told him of the way—and after a ſhort debate perſuaded himſelf he was right.—His couſin, to whom he appealed, anſwered indolently, that ſhe never attended to the directions—" but never mind," added ſhe, " go on. We ſhall get to the top of this riſing ground preſently, and then we ſhall ſee our way, and eaſily diſcover the high road to the town."

The horſes again were urged to exertion, but the hill ſeemed to become higher the more they advanced, and to ſtretch in mountainous elevation above them, in proportion as they attempted to reach its ſummit; partial fogs hung about its ſides, and they could no longer diſcern the country behind them toward the ſea, or could they hear or ſee the chaiſe that was following them. Mr. Winſlow now called a ſhort council with his groom, whom he ordered to ride forward, to ſee if he could diſcover a more beaten road or a direction poſt. He did not return ſo ſoon as his maſter expected, who impatiently drove on in deſpite of the ruts, and the uncertainty whither the road led. There was not indeed much time to heſitate; for beſides

ſides the gathering ſhades of night, heavy black clouds were accumulated in the ſouth-weſt, and volumes of miſt ſurrounded the travellers, and then for a moment diſperſed, diſcovering to them an extenſive vale, on the brink of which they ſeemed to be wandering; then the fog ſo entirely obſcured it, that all before them appeared like an ocean of vapour, and their way again became ſo doubtful that Winſlow acknowledged it was neceſſary to ſtop.

In the mean time the carriage behind had proceeded more ſlowly, yet not doubting but that they were right. They had by chance taken nearly the ſame road, but were not advanced ſo far by a mile, when the Doctor, who had given himſelf and his hearers a little reſpite, again began to deplore his ill fortune—"You ſee," cried he, "it is juſt as I told you; I knew how it would be!—Such ſhort days; to ſet out ſo late was madneſs; abſolutely madneſs." Before Mrs. Winſlow had time to reply, Jerry ſtopped, and ſaid, "Sir, if you pleaſe, this road is very baddiſh for my chai.—There's no quarter; one mid as well drive on the ridge of an houſe—and its a moſt dark—I doubt if we be right."

"Had you not better enquire, Jerry?" ſaid the lady. "Do, good Jeremy, ſtop at ſome houſe, and enquire.' "Enquire!" exclaimed the Doctor, "enquire at an houſe! Why, where do you think, Mrs. Winſlow, he will find one? But that's always your way, madam—you always fancy yourſelf on a turnpike road about London—but let what will happen, you may thank yourſelf—I never went out with you in my life but my patience was worn down with waiting—and the tireſome cuſtom you have got of never being ready is always occaſioning ſome accident;

accident; I remember enough of them; yet you do juſt the ſame as if they had never happened. —Don't you recollect how we were robbed on the Walthamſtow road, and loſt fifteen guineas between us, and two gold watches worth ſeventy more, becauſe you would ſtay for another rubber at Doctor Twaddie's? and had not you warning enough when we were overturned once between Guildford and Godalming, becauſe it was dark? and don't you remember that in the deep ſnow you——?" "O my God!" exclaimed the lady—"Dr. Winſlow! is it not cruel, when you ſee the nervous way I am in? Oh! pray, inſtead of all this, tell Jerry which way he is to go." "I tell him! how ſhould I tell him? There's my ſon too, he muſt needs on to leave us here to have our necks broke!"

A violent ſhriek from the lady put an end to this uſeleſs conteſt for the preſent; her *nervouſneſs* now amounted to a fit, and while Mrs. Dibbins her woman chafed her hands, held a ſmelling bottle to her noſe, and uſed ſuch other remedies as ſhe was provided with, the Doctor, whoſe apprehenſions were become very ſerious, got out of the chaiſe, and directing his ſervant on horſeback to diſmount and follow him, they went forward in the hope of diſcovering a better way. The Doctor was fat and aſthmatic, and the hill was ſteep; his fears made it ſeem of an Alpine height; and as he looked towards the country he had croſſed, to ſee how far it would be more adviſable to return to the inn they had left (even though he ſhould ſup as badly as he had dined) he had the additional mortification of ſeeing a very heavy ſtorm approaching; the thunder already muttered at a diſtance; large drops of rain fell, and guſts of wind blew with

ſuch

ſuch violence, that after having waſted half an hour, and finding no road more promiſing than that they were in, he returned to take ſhelter againſt the ſtorm in the chaiſe—very comfortleſs however was his ſituation. His wife was come out of her fit; but his renewed reproaches, real terror for her ſon and herſelf, and the lightning that flaſhed vividly around them, threw her back into the ſame ſituation.—She had never encountered any real difficulty.—The temporary inconvenience in which ſhe found herſelf ſhe had no fortitude to bear, and it was therefore rendered tenfold worſe to thoſe around her. The Doctor now propoſed that the horſes heads ſhould be turned towards the inn they had quitted, and determined to try to regain it; but in that direction the tempeſt beat againſt them with ſuch fury, that neither of them could be induced to ſtir, and the Doctor fumed and lamented himſelf in vain; Mrs. Winſlow ſcreamed and ſobbed; and her maid deplored her own hard fate, her miſtreſs's, and that of all her beſt clothes, which were tied on in a large caravan behind the chaiſe, and having "no *ile* ſkin o' top of them, would," ſhe ſaid, "be entirely ſpoiled." The Doctor, had he been a layman, would probably have ſent her and her caravan to the devil, with the many exclamations and apoſtrophes uſual on ſuch occaſions; but as he never ſuffered his choler to betray him into any expreſſions derogatory to the dignity of his order, he contented himſelf with muttering againſt the folly of thoſe who travelled with fooliſh fid fad women, called himſelf the moſt unfortunate man in the world, and pronounced it for a certainty, that they were to ſtay on the Downs all night, if indeed the lightning did not deſtroy them all before morning.

Here,

Here, however, they ſtaid a conſiderable time without feeling any other inconvenience than from the rain (which came down in torrents) and the fits of poor Mrs. Winſlow, who when ſhe ſaw the lightning flaſh, or heard the Doctor complain, ſhrieked a-new, and relapſed. In the mean time, the curricle travellers were even worſe off than theſe.—Miſs Goldthorp, who affected great ſtrength of mind, and to deſpiſe all feminine fear as puerile and even vulgar, was not entirely free from terror when ſhe found herſelf expoſed in ſuch a ſituation to the double-danger of the ſtorm and the reſtiveneſs of the horſes, young, pampered, hardly broken, which, though jaded with their journey, ſhewed ſymptoms of impatience and fear that it was eaſy to ſee alarmed their driver, who knew not how to manage them, or whither to direct them with ſafety.—The rain, driving in cataracts, would have deprived Winſlow of the power of diſtinguiſhing his way, even if in the intervals of the lightning the ſky had been leſs obſcured. His groom was a lad without knowledge or preſence of mind, and Winſlow found himſelf called upon to act for the ſafety of others, while his fears for his perſonal ſecurity (a matter to which he was in habits of giving very great attention) almoſt annihilated the ſlender faculties he at any time poſſeſſed.

Self-preſervation, which has been called the firſt law of nature, began to operate very forcibly on his mind, and he propoſed to his couſin, that the horſes ſhould be taken off, as relieving them at leaſt from one danger, and that they ſhould ſit in the carriage till the tempeſt abated, and they could find their way on foot to ſome habitation, or till the poſtchaiſe, in which were his father and mother, ſhould overtake them.

Fear

Fear had by this time rendered Miſs Goldthorp paſſive; ſhe had ſometimes rallied her couſin on his effeminacy, and aſſerted that he was deſigned for a woman, but ſhe now too ſincerely participated in his apprehenſions to ridicule it—Winſlow, therefore, giving her the reins, which he conjured her to hold quietly and ſteadily, deſcended gently, and with his ſervant, who had diſmounted, began to take the horſes from the carriage.—Hardly, however, had they unbuckled one part of the harneſs before a tremendous burſt of thunder broke immediately above them—the foundation of the hill ſeemed ſhaken, and the lightning that rapidly followed was like a ſheet of fire over their heads—the horſes inſtantly reared, by the ſuddenneſs of the plunge diſengaged themſelves from the feeble efforts of Winſlow and his ſervant to hold them, and ran with the curricle along the worn chalk way in which they had been ſtanding.—The terrified young woman was inſtantly deprived of all ſenſe and recollection; nor did ſhe return to a conſciouſneſs of her exiſtence till ſhe found herſelf on a bank of turf, ſuffering extreme pain, and ſupported by a ſtranger, who ſeeing her reſtored to ſenſe, ſpoke ſoothingly to her; and to leave nothing to conjecture at ſuch a moment, told her, that he had been fortunate enough to ſtop the horſes at the moment when another ſtep would have plunged them and the carriage into a chalk pit; that finding them ungovernable he had, with the help of his ſervant, cut the traces, and taken her out, he was afraid a good deal hurt, but he hoped not dangerouſly, as ſhe had not fallen, the curricle not having been overturned, though it had ſtruck with violence againſt the ſides of the hollow

hollow road.—He added, that he had ſent his ſervant to his houſe, which was not far off, for aſſiſtance; that it would ſoon arrive; and he conjured her in the mean time to try to recal and compoſe her ſpirits, ſince he hoped ſhe had no limbs broken, and that the danger was now at an end. The voice and expreſſions were ſuch as, amid the terror, confuſion, and pain, felt by the unfortunate traveller, prevented any fears of having fallen into peril as great as that ſhe had eſcaped; ſhe was, however, unable to ſpeak; ſhe ſighed deeply, and ſeemed again ſinking into temporary inſenſibility.

In ſome moments a man with a lanthorn, attended by two others, and a woman, appeared; the men bore a mattreſs on a ſort of frame between them, on which the ſtranger, who acted as their maſter, aſſiſted the woman to place Miſs Goldthorp with great care; but the change of poſture, however tenderly attempted, put her to extreme torture.—She ſhrieked on moving her arm, and that it was broken could not be doubted. This diſcovery, however, made her immediate removal only more neceſſary. Again the ſtranger ſpoke to her, exhorting her to courage and patience, and ſhe was at length placed on the mattreſs, which two of the men lifted gently, and began to deſcend the hill, while the woman walked on one ſide, attentive to the eaſe of the poor ſufferer, and the humane ſtranger on the other. Their progreſs, however, was ſlow, for the deſcent was very ſteep, and the rain, which ſtill fell, though the thunder had rolled away to a diſtance, made the ſhort turf on which they ſometimes trod, or the chalky road they followed at another, ſo ſlippery, that it was not without great care they avoided falling with their

their ſuffering burthen.—At laſt they reached an houſe at the foot of the hill, but to whom it belonged, or what was the condition of life of its inhabitants, Miſs Goldthorp was then in no ſtate to remark.—She was attended to a chamber, and put to bed by ſeveral women, ſome of whom were young, and ſeemed deeply affected at her ſituation.—She recovered juſt enough recollection to aſk what was become of her couſin? and whether he was killed? The ſtranger, whom ſhe had firſt ſeen, informed of this queſtion, came to her bed-ſide, and entreated her to give him what intelligence ſhe could relative to the perſon for whom ſhe expreſſed apprehenſion. He ſaid, that when he met her, ſhe was alone in the curricle, and that he had neither ſeen or heard any other perſon, while he remained on the ſpot where he ſnatched her from the carriage.

A few faltering words from the poor ſufferer ſerved to inform her friendly protector of what he ſo generouſly deſired to know, and he haſtened away with his aſſiſtants to the ſcene he had left. In the mean time a ſurgeon arrived from the neighbouring town; the arm of the patient was ſet, and one of the younger ladies, whoſe compaſſionate attention was the moſt ſedulouſly exerted, ſat by her. She was already ſunk into a more quiet ſtate than the operator had expected, when her repoſe was likely to be interrupted by the arrival of the reſt of the party—for by this time Doctor and Mrs. Winſlow, and their ſon, had been reſpectively relieved from their perilous wanderings, and brought to the ſame hoſpitable houſe by the ſame active humanity as had reſcued the unfortunate young lady from death. The Doctor, almoſt as nervous as his wife, was ſo eager to expreſs his

thanks,

thanks, that there was ſomething almoſt abject in his gratitude—he repeated the ſame thing twenty times in a breath, then habitually began to complain of Mrs. Winſlow as the cauſe of his misfortune, while the poor woman, weeping and half ſenſeleſs, exclaimed, "Oh Doctor, pray let us only be thankful to this gentleman, and to the great Director of Events, who has given him an opportunity of ſhewing ſuch exquiſite benevolence."—"I am, madam, I am duly thankful to both; and I hope, let me add, it will ſerve as a warning to you, never to let that procraſtinating way that you have got put us into ſuch a predicament again—Your niece, you ſee, has broken her arm; ſhe may die for what you know, and my ſon has had his new curricle torn to pieces, and one of his horſes, if not both, entirely ruined; and all this owing to what? becauſe you never are ready — never—never,—and whatever comes of this unfortunate day, nobody but you will be to blame."—Mrs. Dibbins now interpoſed.—One of the females of the family entered to ſay, the bed prepared for Mrs. Winſlow was ready. She was led away in a fit of extreme nervouſneſs, and one of the young ladies of the houſebrought her a compoſing cordial, ordered for her by the medical man attending, who endeavoured to quiet her alarms for her niece. She at length became more calm, and looked round the room with complacency, obſerving, that ſhe had never ſeen any place fitted up "in *the cottage ſtyle*" *half ſo elegant*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

" The determination of mind, in conſequence of which a child contracts ſome of his earlieſt propenſities, which call out his curioſity, induſtry, and ambition, or, on the other hand, leave him unobſerving, inſolent, and phlegmatic, is produced by circumſtances ſo minute and ſubtle, as in few inſtances to have been made the ſubject of hiſtory."

FEAR and fatigue had not ſo entirely ſubdued the ſpirits of Doctor Winſlow, as to prevent his enquiring of the ſervant who attended him to his room, the name and condition of the family from which he had received ſo hoſpitable a reception, as well as that of the young man who had reſcued his niece from the imminent peril ſhe had been in; and his ſenſe of the obligation ſeemed to be immeaſurably enlarged, when he learned that the houſe he was in had been the reſidence of Colonel Delmont, only brother of the late Earl of Caſtledanes. The Colonel died in the Weſt Indies, and the preſent maſter of the houſe was his youngeſt ſon, Mr. Delmont, who was a ſtudent at Oxford, but ſince the death of his father had reſided almoſt entirely at this place, which was called Upwood, with his two ſiſters and an elderly female relation, reputed to be very rich, who had the care of the young ladies.

The Doctor deſcended the next morning, full fraught with gratitude towards his hoſts, and with admiration of themſelves and their houſe, which he declared to be the moſt beautiful, and at the ſame time the moſt ſingular, place he had ever ſeen.

Mrs.

Mrs. Winſlow joined him in thanks and praiſes; ſhe had never ſeen ſuch *amiable* people, never beheld ſo *elegant* a place! If ſhe had to regret the painful accident that had befallen her dear Martha (Miſs Goldthorp) ſhe, on the other hand, felt all the providential good fortune of having made ſo intereſting an acquaintance, which ſhe hoped the agreeable and worthy family would permit her the honour of cultivating.

The unfortunate Mr Winſlow heard all this without the power to join in it.—The loſs of his curricle and his horſes, one of which was entirely ſpoiled, and the other injured ſo much as not to be worth ten pounds, was a misfortune which, as he was no philoſopher, took from him all inclination to talk, and ſtill more to admit that the acquiſition of any acquaintance could make him amends for ſuch a calamity.—He ſtared with two light unmeaning eyes on George Delmont, who, though a man not much older than himſelf, ſeemed to be a being of another ſpecies, and not more unlike in perſon than in ideas.—Delmont was above the height of ſix feet, and apparently united the qualities of activity and ſtrength in a very uncommon degree.—From being conſtantly expoſed to the air he was tanned ſo much that it was only by the glow on his cheek and the whiteneſs of his forehead that his complexion could be pronounced fair; and his brown hair was cut like that of the farmer or peaſant, while his dreſs was plain even to ruſticity.—Winſlow, who was quite the "Maſter Marmoſet" of a very weak mother, ſhrunk before his new acquaintance with a ſenſe of inferiority for which he could not account, for he was a great deal the beſt dreſſed man of the two; was

was pantalooned and waiſtcoated after the very neweſt faſhion, and except that he did not belong to nobility, of which advantage Delmont ſeemed to make no account, Winſlow imagined that he was in moſt other reſpects ſuperior, particularly in the material article of fortune.

Though they were both of the univerſity, Delmont's ſtudies, friends, and pleaſures, were found to have been ſo different from thoſe of Winſlow, that they had no notions in common—and after a ſhort trial of his young acquaintance, Delmont turned to the elder of his viſitors, whoſe converſation might, he thought, be rather more intereſting than that of Middleton Winſlow, who indulged himſelf in continual lamentations over his recent diſtreſs.—"If Goldfinch" he ſaid, "*did* recover, it would be impoſſible to match him as he was matched with Wildair—he did not believe, nay he was ſure, there was not a third horſe like them in all England."—The extreme concern which ſeemed to oppreſs him as he thus ſpoke ſurpriſed Delmont, who, though he had ſeen as much of the world as any man of his age, had, ſince he became his own maſter, lived very much out of it, and according to the dictates of his own reaſon rather than according to its faſhions; he wondered, therefore, at the conſequence young Winſlow attached to trifles, which *he* thought unworthy of giving any deep concern to a man of ſenſe; he loved a fine horſe, and underſtood his properties, but had no idea of conſidering the loſs of an animal in ſuch a light as it appeared to Winſlow, who ſpoke in terms, and with an appearance of deſpair, ſuch as Delmont thought could reaſonably be excited only by a great family misfortune, while of the injury ſuſtained by Miſs Goldthorp he ſeemed not to think at all.

Delmont

Delmont was afraid he ſhould ſoon be weary of his gueſts; but the generous hoſpitality of his nature induced him to ſhew them every mark of civility and attention—Young Winſlow therefore propoſing to viſit his diſarranged cavalry (to which he had by this time ſummoned every farrier, whoſe ſkill was celebrated, within ten miles) Delmont offered to walk with him, and Mrs. Crewkherne, the aunt of the family, was left alone with Dr. Winſlow, Mrs. Winſlow being in too *nervous* a ſtate to remain with them, and affecting, or perhaps feeling, extreme ſolicitude about her "dear Martha."

The Doctor, whoſe curioſity had till this time been with difficulty reſtrained, now began to aſk ſuch queſtions as he thought would lead to the explanation of the family hiſtory. It ſeemed ſtrange that Mr. Delmont, who apparently was not of age, or not *more* than one and twenty, ſhould be maſter of the houſe, and, though a younger brother, not ſtudying for one of the learned profeſſions, or deſtined to the army, like ſecond branches of other noble families.

"Has Mr. Delmont left Oxford?" enquired the Doctor. "Yes, indeed, I am afraid ſo," replied Mrs. Crewkherne, "for he has kept only one term ſince we loſt the Colonel.—It was his *family's* wiſh that he ſhould ſtudy either for the church or the bar; but alas! my good Sir, I don't know how it is —— times are ſtrangely altered ſince my father, Dr. Crewkherne, and my brother, Mr. Serjeant Crewkherne, lived, and were honours to thoſe profeſſions.—My father, the reverend Dr. Crewkherne," . . . . "He was a Dean, Madam, if I recollect right —A name ſo reſpectable cannot but have made an impreſſion on me—He was Dean, I think, of—of—"

Yes,

"Yes, Sir," replied the lady, who had a very commodious way of never hearing more than ſhe choſe—"Yes, he was a man of the moſt profound learning, and, I believe, makes no inconſiderable figure on the ſhelves of the ſtudious in theological controverſy to this day. He was, Sir, as undoubtedly you recollect, author of four volumes in folio, written, Sir, in Latin—and ſeven others of high celebrity, called ——"

Dr. Winſlow, who had never heard of either in his life, was very willing to acquieſce ſilently in the praiſe of theſe ſtupendous monuments of controverſial learning—his own was by no means profound—and he was not half ſo deep in the Fathers as in that ſort of information which was to be acquired by other methods of ſtudy; by learning the value of the moſt capital livings in the gift of the Crown or the Chancellor, *who* were likely to ſucceed to them, and the ages of the actual incumbents. Unwilling, however, that Mrs. Crewkherne ſhould ſuſpect him of any ſuch merely temporal ſtudies, he bowed profoundly, muttered ſomething that ſhe was willing enough to ſuppoſe was praiſe of her venerable anceſtor; and the lady proceeded—"*That* Dr. Crewkherne, then, Sir, was *my* father, of courſe one of the anceſtors of this young man; and my brother was, as I obſerved, a ſerjeant at law—and had it pleaſed the Lord to have bleſſed this country with a longer loan of his great abilities, there can be no doubt but that he would have been a judge, or probably chancellor."

Again Dr. Winſlow bowed, and again Mrs. Crewkherne went on; but ſhe ſeemed entirely to have forgotten that the enquiry of the Doctor was about George Delmont.—At length ſhe brought

brought the praiſe of the dignitary and the "learned brother" to a concluſion, by remarking of their deſcendant, "That when he was a child he *ſeemed* to have a very great capacity—There was nothing, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "that ſtruck the child, that he did not immediately aſk queſtions about it—queſtions indeed very extraordinary for his age; and he would never be content without ſome anſwer that appeared to him reaſonable.—I own I thought from this deſire of enquiry that he would be a very learned and great man."

The Doctor was not quite ſure that an acute enquirer was the likelieſt to make a very great man, in Mrs. Crewkherne's acceptation of the word.—It was not an objection, however, that he was diſpoſed to make—and he continued to liſten with great attention.—

"And for my own part," ſhe went on to ſay; "for my own part, I had the higheſt hopes of him, till his mother, when he was about five years old, and ought to have gone to a grammar ſchool, took it into her head to keep him at home and inſtruct him herſelf—Then I foreſaw that he would be ruined—for inſtead of the uſual way of bringing up children, ſhe had the moſt unaccountable notions of her own!—and it was ſo uneaſy to her to have her eldeſt ſon, now Captain Delmont, ſent to a ſchool to prepare him for Eton, that the late Lord Caſtledanes and her huſband Colonel Delmont, who neither of them ever contradicted her, ſuffered her to keep this boy till he was eleven years old with her—and ſo, I know not by what ſort of reading indeed, for I never was conſulted, ſhe made him a *Philoſopher*, it ſeems, in baby clothes! and my little maſter had a ſet of opi-

nions of his own, which he never was flogged out of, as he ought to have been, at Eton—So inſtead of now proceeding to make his fortune by following a profeſſion, you ſee the conſequence!—Here he is, at twenty-one, calling himſelf a farmer, and determined to be nothing more. This little bit of an eſtate—a paltry ſcrap of earth of not an hundred acres, is to confine his ambition, becauſe, forſooth, he is a Philoſopher!—Grant me patience!—to think, Dr. Winſlow, that a young man who might be any thing ſhould ſo throw himſelf away!—A farmer indeed! which any of our clowns can be! He!—a young man of his family, of his connections, who might be any thing—but indeed my good Sir, if it were not that I well know every one predeſtined to their lot, and that all is ordered for the beſt, I ſhould have many an hour of concern for this family—They are to be ſure very unfortunate people."

She then related (repeating that ſhe *always* foreſaw it) that the late Lord Caſtledanes had married, at an early period of his life, a lady of immenſe fortune, by whom he had no children, and who becoming decidedly a lunatic, was, ten years after her marriage with him, confined as ſuch at a remote ſeat of his, under the care of proper people, ſuperintended by one of her own relations.—"The children of his brother," ſaid Mrs. Crewkherne, "were of courſe conſidered as his heirs, and he ſeemed to have as much affection for them as if they had been his own, and they were educated at his expence.—But we are blind mortals, Dr. Winſlow, very blind mortals!—Mrs. Delmont, who with her children lived more at Lord Caſtledane's houſe than at her own, had two ſiſ-

ters,

ters, the daughters of her father, a gay extravagant man, by his ſecond wife—theſe girls became orphans about five years ago—the eldeſt was ſeventeen, and the other two years younger—both beauties forſooth!—and they had been brought up in all ſorts of idle ſtuff that is called accompliſhments, and danced and ſung much too well for modeſt women—Theſe young Miſſes then were taken into the care of Mrs. Delmont, and lived as ſhe did, very much at the houſe of my nephew, the late lord Caſtledanes.—Nobody was ever ſuppoſed to know any thing ſo well as Mrs. Delmont, and ſo nobody objected to theſe girls making a part of the family—They were to teach the Delmont girls, and ſupply the places of maſters when they were in the country—I was afraid from the very beginning that no good would come of it—and to be ſure it has turned out ſo as to bring to an end all the proſpects that were before ſuppoſed certain; for when Lady Caſtledanes was dead, my Lord, who had been very partial to Mrs. Delmont, his brother's wife, and regretted her extremely, took it into his head to marry the eldeſt of thoſe two girls, though ſhe was young enough to be his daughter.—You may ſuppoſe, good Sir, that Colonel Delmont was not very well pleaſed to ſee himſelf deprived as it were of his birth-right in this manner—All the family reſented it indeed as they ought, except this ill-adviſed ſtrange young man, who being a philoſopher by profeſſion, took upon him to defend his uncle's conduct, and to diſcover that he was well juſtified in pleaſing himſelf—Fine doctrine indeed!—He choſe, in deſpite of his father's orders, to reconcile himſelf to Lord Caſtledanes before he died, and with all his philoſophy, perhaps,

thought to have made ſome advantage of it; but if he did he was miſtaken; for my Lord made no alteration in his will; only left a relation of his young wife's guardian to his children inſtead of his own family—and here's this young man, his brother Captain Delmont, and two ſiſters, very ſlenderly provided for."

"I am grieved, ſincerely grieved indeed, to hear it," cried Dr. Winſlow (whoſe reſpect and admiration towards his young hoſt was now conſiderably abated)—"But, dear Madam, allow me to obſerve, that all this makes the meaſure I took the liberty of hinting at only the more requiſite.—I would by all means in the world adviſe that your young kinſman forthwith proceeds to qualify himſelf for the church—he muſt have great patronage—young men of family never fail to riſe—he has talents too, doubtleſs, which it is a thouſand pities have not been properly directed—but, no doubt, all that may be recovered—he may yet be an ornament to the profeſſion—and he may emulate the ſweet ſavour left, Madam, by your highly reſpectable and truly orthodox anceſtor of happy memory."

This was touching a ſtring to which the feelings of Mrs. Crewkherne ſtrongly vibrated—her family pride, particularly that which ſhe felt from being the daughter of Dr. Crewkherne, who had wrote ten folio volumes of theological controverſy, was one of the few ſenſations left her, from which ſhe ſometimes derived pleaſure—her ſharp face relaxed into ſomething like a ſmile; yet ſoon ſcrewing it up to its former aſperity, ſhe cried, "Ah! Doctor! Doctor! all that might very poſſibly be, if this ill-fated, and, as I ſaid before, ill-adviſed youth, was not guided

guided abſolutely by others—but unfortunately he has connected himſelf with thoſe, of whom it is not uncharitable to ſay, Better had it been for them they never had been born."——" Indeed!—Alas! dear Madam, how unfortunate!—But pray give me leave to aſk, Who are theſe? and how have they obtained this unfortunate influence?"

" One," replied Mrs. Crewkherne, " is, I am afraid, but too well known, Doctor—the poor wretch's name is Armytage—a perſon who I underſtand writes books—very bad books, I am afraid, from what ſome good friends of mine, and very good judges too, have told me—a perſon, Sir, who affirms, that by works alone we are ſafe, and—but I cannot ſully my lips with his deteſtable maxims, which, however, are too many of them adapted to the ſhallow underſtandings of modern days—for to be ſure, Doctor, you and I are fallen upon evil times!—A ſtrange ſpirit is got about, and methinks the power of the wicked one is, for the ſins of this generation, ſuffered to predominate. —My ever venerable and truly reſpectable father, the reverend Doctor Joſiah Crewkherne, was accuſtomed to ſay, that the people in his time had not the true grace among them; and that their being ſuffered to read pamphlets and news-papers was a bad thing; for that they, being *ordained* only to work, and to live by the ſweat of their brows, it was not fitting and right for them to look at matters above their ſphere, and to comment on laws and on government. I remember it was a favourite maxim of his, and highly I honoured him, who lately repeated it, ' the people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them'—and a very bad

ſymptom

ſymptom it is, as my moſt venerable father uſed to ſay, when any debates and queſtions are impertinently ſtated thereon.—Who then, Doctor, can help ſpeaking with indignation of ſuch men as this Armytage, who would diſſolve all the chains of due ſubordination and obedience, and ſet the mechanic and the labourer a thinking when they ought to be working for their ſuperiors; and who avail themſelves of the fooliſh inexperience of wrong-headed youth, to teach them not to follow in the paths that have led up their progenitors to honours, and titles, and preferments, and fortune, but to find ſomething they call reaſons againſt the moſt eligible objects of human purſuit—ſuch a man, Doctor Winſlow, ought to be hunted out of ſociety; yet ſuch is the perverſion of underſtanding among all ranks, that they tell me this man is almoſt adored by the half ſavage multitude—I do not wonder at *that*—we all know how a little drink, or a little pretence of doing them good, wins their *ſordid* ſouls; but that men of a *family* ſuch as ours ſhould be miſled by him, or by any ſuch men. Oh! Doctor, Doctor! it muſt be owned that ſuch a dereliction of family principle, of the regard due to family rank, to family principle! I proteſt I loſe myſelf in indignation when I think of it—and what with the falſe notions imbibed from his education, and what with the aſcendancy this man has got over him, he is in my opinion a caſt away, a loſt man!"

"Come, come, let us hope not," cried the Doctor. "Dear Madam, your young kinſman cannot poſſibly fail to pay due deference to wiſdom like your's!"—The worthy Doctor, who had always been a proſperous man, had found

found that two modes of proceeding had greatly promoted his ſucceſs in the world—abject flattery, and pretence of great attachment to whoever could promote his intereſt; with the appearance of great orthodoxy and ſtrictneſs: By theſe he had contrived to marry a woman of fortune while he was only a curate at eighty pounds a year; and by theſe, aided by that fortune, he was now poſſeſſed of beneſices and emoluments which made him look up to lawn ſleeves as of no very diſtant or difficult attainment.

Though he was ſo peeviſh in his own family, that he would not bear the ſlighteſt contradiction, he took peculiar pleaſure in offering his advice to others, notwithſtanding it was ſometimes heard with indifference, ſometimes with reſentment, and hardly ever followed. He was, however, ſo little diſcouraged by the frequent failure of ſucceſs, that his zeal for enlightning his neighbours on their conduct, ſeemed to increaſe in proportion as its inefficacy was evident; and he now, by the conſent and even exhortation of Mrs. Crewkherne, ſet about directing the future conduct of George Delmont.

Mrs. Winſlow, in the meantime, had been liſtening to the lamentations of her ſon, and had engaged to obtain his father's permiſſion to his going immediately to London. He had convinced his mother he ought to do ſo, by obſerving, that he could be of no uſe to his couſin; and that if he had any chance of matching Wildair, it would be now, when a great many gentlemen returned to town after their ſummer tours, and ſold their horſes; he thought too he could pick up a curricle almoſt as neat

as

as his own—and theſe reaſons were ſufficient with his mother; indeed, he ſeldom produced any that were not. The Doctor, however, was more difficult to convince, and pſhaw'd and pooh'd for ſome time before he could agree to his ſon's departure. Quick-ſighted in every thing elſe, the worthy divine was totally blind to the feebleneſs of his ſon's mind. As to his perſon, the folly of his father exceeded even that of his mother, and they both imagined that he was the epitome of elegance and beauty. The Doctor, however, conſidered that his preſence now was not neceſſary to the promotion of their deſign on Miſs Goldthorp—and he was at length induced to conſent to his abſence. His mother furniſhed him with all the money ſhe could command; and he ſet forward to repair the loſs he lamented, leaving his father delighted even with his failings, and thanking heaven that he had given him ſo proper an education, and that he was not likely ever to commit ſuch errors as had been by Mrs. Crewkherne imputed to George Delmont.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

" Concourſe, and noiſe, and toil he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of ſquabbling imps; but to the foreſt ſped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain head;
Or where the maze of ſome bewilder'd ſtream
To deep untrodden groves his footſteps led,
There would he wander wild."

NOT to leave the picture to be finiſhed by the hard and cold pencil of Mrs. Crewkherne, George Delmont ought to be repreſented ſuch as he was at Eton, where his uncle, Lord Caſtledanes, had placed, at an early age, both his nephews, whom he looked upon as his heirs.

Always taught from his firſt recollection to conſider himſelf as ſuch, Adolphus, the eldeſt of theſe boys, had never felt a wiſh that he did not imagine he had a right to gratify. During the early part of his life, the excellent ſenſe of his mother had not been able to counteract the impreſſions given him, as well as by his uncle, who was extremely fond of him, as by his tutor, who attended him to Eton, and the ſervants and dependants, who ſeldom fail to make their court to the heir of a noble houſe.—— The maſters of a great ſchool are apt to ſhew that pupils connected with title and fortune have a more than ordinary ſhare of their regard; yet among boys of the ſame age there is always eſtabliſhed a certain degree of equality, and to this Adolphus Delmont ſubmitted with reluctance. As he was placed with only his brother, in a private houſe, attended by a ſervant, and under the immediate direction of a tutor, who

had a large ſtipend for his trouble, he by no means liked to be confounded in the maſs of thoſe ſo well deſcribed by Gray, "as dirty boys playing at cricket"—He was mortified at the little conſideration ſhewn him by his inferiors; the continual conſciouſneſs of his rank, to which they paid no manner of reſpect, kept him aloof from them; and his ſuperiors he liked ſtill leſs, becauſe they ſeemed to demand from him the deference he was refuſed by others——Thus driven to the ſociety of his tutor, whoſe favourite he was, he obtained the character of a ſullen cold-blooded fellow, and a ſap, though his paſſing much of his time, when out of ſchool, with Mr. Jeans, his preceptor, had in reality nothing to do with any attention to books, with which he fatigued himſelf as little as poſſible.

Nothing could be more unlike him than his brother George—He had never been made of ſo much conſequence by the people about him; and his mother, though more fondly attached to him than ſhe had ever ſuffered to appear, had carefully guarded againſt his falling into the ſame error as his brother, and had taught him that the feeling of others were to be conſulted as well as his own; he had never, therefore, ſuppoſed that the whole world ought to pauſe in ſilent concern if his illuſtrious head ached, and every one about him obey his caprice and deprecate his ill-humour. George was ſometimes ſilent without being grave or ſullen—careleſs of the opinion of thoſe he did not like, and ſcorning to uſe the leaſt diſſimulation, even when he felt himſelf wrong, to palliate his errors—Often indolent and neglectful, he had at other times fits of ſtudy, from which, however,

ver, it was not difficult for his friends to rouſe him, and engage him in thoſe violent exerciſes, in which, from the ſtrength and agility of his frame, he particularly excelled.—He was frequently involved in ſcrapes for harmleſs frolics and treſpaſſes out of bounds; but from the wildeſt exceſſes which the indulgence of theſe animal ſpirits led him into, he was recalled by a ſingle word from any one he loved, though the harſh voice of authority wantonly exerted never failed to give ſomething like obſtinacy to his reſiſtance. His intelligent countenance, and the acquiſition of general information, above what is uſually collected at his age, were evidences that his abilities were uncommon; yet ſuch was his indolence, or diſlike to the rules with which he was to begin his ſtudies at ſchool, that he fell into continual diſgrace with the maſters, and was left at the bottom of his claſs, while many a heavy lad, without the fiftieth part of his talents, looked down upon him with ſcorn. Theſe violations of rules were frequent, and puniſhment had no effect to reclaim him; yet, unlike other boys, his eccentricities did not conſiſt of parties on horſeback to dine at a tavern, or ſailing ſchemes on the water: he was ſometimes indeed concerned in theſe frolics, but oftener ſet out alone on a ramble he knew not whither, and yielding to the pleaſure of temporary liberty, quite forgot the reſtraint impoſed upon him, and threw himſelf down under a tree with ſome favourite book, then fell into a reverie as he liſtened to the wind among the branches, or the daſhing of the water againſt the banks, where, among the reeds and willows crowding over the Thames, he not unfrequently delighted to conceal himſelf from the mirth

of

of his comrades, that gave him no pleaſure, and from that needleſs rigour of enquiry which he felt to be an intolerable perſecution. He never could underſtand that half the reſtraints impoſed upon him did not originate rather in the wantonneſs of tyranny, that induces men to exerciſe power merely becauſe they have it, than becauſe it was really their duty to check the eccentricities of the boys whoſe education they undertook; and therefore, when Mr. Jeans, his private tutor, hunted him with acrimonious reproach from his beloved ſolitudes, and attempted to compel him to paſs hours, which he conſidered as his own, in liſtening to unintereſting lectures, or parading details of his learning, George ſeldom attended with patience and obedience; yet while he was moſt eagerly bent to indulge himſelf in one of his favourite rambles, a ſingle word from his brother, whom he loved, though they ſo little reſembled each other; any thing like a reaſon why he ſhould not indulge himſelf, from one of the few ſchool friends to whom he was attached, were at any time ſufficient to turn him from his purpoſe; and other accidents often brought him home early from his intended rambles.

The allowance made by their uncle to both the brothers for pocket money was very liberal; it was well known to be ſo, and known alſo that George Delmont could never refuſe a requeſt, even when he had no regard, or hardly any acquaintance with the boy who made it. Theſe borrowers very rarely remembered their promiſes of repayment, and George, who was very careleſs about money, never could prevail upon himſelf to remind them of it. Thus, when he had ſhaken off the officious Mr. Jeans, and

and was ſpringing forth on one of thoſe rambles which were his principal enjoyment, he was often ſtopped on the way by ſome piteous ſtory of hunger, of houſeleſs poverty, of diſaſters from fire or flood, from ſickneſs or ſhipwreck—a wounded ſoldier ſhewed him his mutilated limb—a ſightleſs ſailor recounted how he had loſt his eyes by lightning from heaven, or by an exploſion of powder—an old man, bent to the earth by years or calamity, related that he had been driven from his home by the magiſtrates or officers, who, when the ſon who uſed to ſupport him had been forced to go for a ſoldier, would compel the decrepid father to return to a remote pariſh, whither his feeble limbs refuſed to convey him—a woman pale and emaciated preſented herſelf, one infant hung on her breaſt, two others following her; ſhe was the widow of an Iriſh ſoldier, he was dead in the Weſt Indies; ſhe was refuſed relief in any pariſh here; ſhe was begging her way to Ireland.—Such, and an infinite number of other objects, in all the ſad "variety of wretchedneſs," were before the eyes of George Delmont whitherſoever he turned—He had not learned, he would never liſten to the cold and cruel policy that Mr. Jeans endeavoured moſt ſedulouſly to inculcate—He would not believe that all theſe were impoſtors, as Jeans declared them to be; he would hardly allow that any of them ever deceived him, while his heart ſwelled with indignation againſt thoſe whom theſe real or apparent ſufferers deſcribed as having been the cauſe of their wretchedneſs, and againſt the ſyſtems through which only they could be inflicted. From deteſtation againſt individuals, ſuch as juſtices and overſeers, he began to re-

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flect on the laws that put it in their power thus to drive forth to nakedneſs and famine the wretched beings they were empowered to protect; and he was led to enquire if the complicated miſery he every day ſaw (a very very ſmall part of ſo wide an evil) could be the fruits of the very beſt laws that could be framed in a ſtate of ſociety ſaid to be the moſt perfect among what are called the civilized nations of the world. Whenever any of theſe unhappy wanderers preſented themſelves in his walks, he forgot every project he had formed for the amuſement of the day; he loſt every deſire but to relieve a fellow creature in diſtreſs, and as, from his thoughtleſs liberality to his ſchool fellows, he was not unfrequently without a ſhilling, in ſuch an evil hour he took the claimant on his pity to his dame's, and ſolicited his brother, or even Mr. Jeans himſelf, to ſupply him with the means of relieving the poor object.—Adolphus, ſometimes influenced by the pride of giving, at others too indolent to reſiſt importunity, generally gave him what he aſked; but Mr. Jeans never wanted an excuſe for denial, and inſtead of aſſiſting the benevolent purpoſe of his pupil, teazed him with remonſtrance, or drove him away with reproof, while Mrs. Kempthwaite, the notable gentlewoman of the houſe, never failed, if ſhe heard the debate, to become a party in it. Her reaſons, however, for diſliking paupers of every deſcription were entirely on the ſurface; "ſhe hated them," ſhe ſaid, "for they were naſty dirty creatures; the fellows and wenches were all thieves; ſhe once loſt a ſalt ſpoon by one of them whom Maſter George thought proper to bring to her door for cold victuals; it was true, indeed,

indeed, he had bought her four very handſome ſpoons of the ſame ſort, or perhaps a little heavier, but that, though it was very pretty of him, was nothing to the purpoſe; ſhe could not away with having ſuch tramps lurking round her door for ever; 'twas a diſgrace to the houſe, and ſhe hoped, if Maſter George would not think better of it, that Mr. Jeans would ſpeak to my Lord."

Her intereſt, however, with Mr. Jeans was in the mean time powerful enough to engage him to impede as much as he could this inconvenient philanthropy. His unfeeling apathy and ſyſtematic callouſneſs on this point gradually gave to his youngeſt pupil ſuch a diſtaſte to his ſociety, and ſcorn of his doctrine, that in proportion as he thought more of the duties of mankind towards each other, and read more of thoſe books, whoſe firſt recommendation had been Jeans's endeavours to prevent his reading them, he held his tutor more and more in abhorrence. While, however, Mr. Jeans knew himſelf to be a favourite with the elder brother, he had no apprehenſions of being diſplaced by the diſlike of the younger, and at once to gratify his own pique towards him, and effect a conſcientious diſcharge of the duty entruſted to him, Mr. Jeans took every occaſion to inſinuate to Lord Caſtledanes and Mrs. Delmont the eccentric, and, as he feared, unfortunate diſpoſition of the young man. Lord Caſtledanes, who really loved George better than any of his brother's children, gave very little attention to the malevolent hints of Jeans, whom he conſidered as a pedant without any but college ideas; while Mrs. Delmont, though ſhe heard him with patience, found nothing in his complaints,

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when they were inveſtigated, but a confirmation of thoſe excellent qualities which had endeared this boy to her even more than his brother. George, on his part, knew that Jeans, amidſt all his pretences, was given to ſenſual indulgences altogether diſgraceful to him, and particularly inconſiſtent with his pretended ſanctity; yet ſuch was the generoſity of his nature, that he diſdained to retaliate againſt the Tartuffe he deſpiſed, and was eager to join with his brother in petitioning their uncle to beſtow on Jeans a piece of preferment in his gift, though it did not remove him from his tutorſhip, but, as George had foreſeen, made him more dogmatical, overbearing, and inſufferable. This acquiſition, however, had not increaſed to George Delmont the inconveniences of his government many months, before Lord Caſtledanes and Colonel Delmont agreed, that the time was come when it would be proper for Adolphus, then conſidered as the heir of the family, to make the tour of Europe.—Neither of them were very partial to Mr. Jeans, but they conſidered that he had, from long habit, acquired great influence over the mind of his pupil. His deficiency of knowledge in the languages of the people he was going among, a foreigner hired for the purpoſe, ſomething between a ſervant and a ſecretary, was to ſupply, and with this arrangement Adolphus Delmont had left Eton about ſix months before his brother was ſeized with the epidemic diſtemper, which had in the event been ſo fatal to the intereſt as well as the happineſs of his family.—At the period of his elder brother's departure, George had juſt completed his ſixteenth year; the interval between that time and his being ſeized with this dangerous

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illneſs was that in which he had acquired more knowledge than during all his former ſtudies purſued under the immediate direction of Mr. Jeans for about five years.—He now underſtood perfectly what had before been ſo indiſtinctly communicated, or ſo diſtaſtefully enforced, that his attention had involuntarily recoiled. He was at the head of the ſchool, and by his example imparted to ſuch of his aſſociates as had a turn for literature an ardent delight in its purſuits; he no longer wanted friends to whom he could communicate his pleaſures, and who animated his enthuſiaſm by participation. At liberty to chuſe his own reading at his hours of private ſtudy, he had made a collection of his favourite poets and eſſayiſts. Some modern works, which Mr. Jeans had forbidden him ever to open at all, were purchaſed and read with attention, greater perhaps than he would have given them had they never been prohibited.—While Adolphus was travelling through France with the idea only of availing himſelf of ſuch pleaſures as were yet to be enjoyed amidſt the fermentation of the great and awful changes that were approaching. George was anticipating and tracing their progreſs in the writings of thoſe who have been ſuppoſed to have contributed to their production.

While Adolphus was looking with common eyes on the ſcene where Tell had reſiſted the petty tyrant of his country, and Rouſſeau deſtroyed the hydra of falſe opinion and fettering prejudice, George was envying his brother the delights that he was incapable of taſting, ſighing with boyiſh enthuſiaſm for the ſcenes of ſimple hoſpitality in the Pais de Vaud, and languiſhing to wander among Alpine rocks and torrents, and

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to gaze on an imaginary Clarens from the rocks of Meillerie.—Such was the diſpoſition of his mind when he was overtaken by a diſeaſe that threatened his life, and ſo much affected his intellects, that he knew nobody but his mother; her image was the laſt impreſſed on his recollection when he ſunk into total inſenſibility, and the firſt that returned to his memory when from that ſtupor he recovered to fall into ſomething reſembling rather the underſtanding of a child of four or five years old than his own, in which ſtate he remained for ſome days, till with his bodily ſtrength his faculties were ſlowly repaired: he then looked round him in vain for the dear, the tender friend, who he remembered had never left his bed, and who would, he thought, be the firſt to watch with maternal pleaſure his return to life and reaſon—he aſked for her, but received only evaſive anſwers from the attendants—his ſiſters did not appear; what was become of them? and why did he not ſee them ſince his fever was gone, and there was no longer any reaſon to dread infection?—His father, he knew, was abſent on military buſineſs in a diſtant part of England, but why did he not ſee his uncle, who uſed to be ſo anxious whenever any of the children, whom he conſidered as his own, were threatened with illneſs?—As theſe enquiries preſſed upon his mind, he became more and more impatient and uneaſy, and queſtioned his attendants with ſuch eagerneſs of anxiety, that it was no longer poſſible for them to evade anſwering, if not by words, by the confuſion and grief they could not conceal. The unhappy boy diſcovered that he had loſt his beloved mother, and that neither his ſiſters or his uncle were ſufficiently recovered from ſo dreadful a ſtroke

ſtroke to truſt themſelves with the ſight of his anguiſh.—This ſhock, the firſt he had ever felt of ſorrow, fell more heavily upon him; it was bitterly aggravated by the conviction that her tenderneſs for him had coſt the life of this dear mother, a loſs ſo irreparable to her family; and a thouſand times he wiſhed he had died, rather than have felt the agonies this cruel reflection brought with it. His deſpair, at firſt, ſullen, and gloomy, was melted into tears when his weeping ſiſters ſat by him, or when his uncle conjured him, if he inſiſted on believing that his mother's death was occaſioned by her attendance on him, not to throw away a life which had coſt them all ſo dear. It was to ſave from more acute anguiſh, theſe fond friends, and to prepare to meet his father with ſome degree of calmneſs, that George Delmont, making an effort to ſtifle pain he could not conceal, learnt the firſt hard leſſon of fortitude—His mind, ſtrong and clear, found the practice of this virtue leſs difficult than he had ſuppoſed it when its exertion was neceſſary to the peace of thoſe he loved—He meditated on the leſſons he had received from his mother, and determined that they ſhould not be thrown away.—"I will live," ſaid he, "to be the protector of your daughters, my adored mother; I will live to aſſiſt them in conſoling my father and my uncle."—A deep yet ſoft melancholy ſucceeded the tranſports of grief he had at firſt indulged. Gradually he returned to the ſociety of his mourning family; but except the ſilent walks he took with his younger ſiſter, which were directed to every ſpot that had been the favourite walks of their mother, and particularly thoſe parts of the park and plantation which ſhe had adorned

adorned by her taſte, he ſeemed to covet nothing ſo much as ſolitude. Hiding himſelf in the deepeſt receſſes of the woods that bounded the park, and ſhadowed the feet of the hills near it, he paſſed whole days alone, or was rouſed from the indulgence of this melancholy by the entreaties of his father. His father, however, was ſoon under the neceſſity of returning to his regiment; Mrs. Crewkerne was ſent for to ſuperintend the houſe, where his mother's ſiſters, the two Miſs Lorimore's, were alike entreated by the maſter of it, and his brother the Colonel to remain with the two Miſs Delmonts (the eldeſt of whom, Caroline, was now only fifteen) and theſe their relations, one three, the other two years older.—George Delmont could not ſee without extreme pain the formal bigot, Mrs. Crewkherne, now directing a family where his mother had preſided, the charm of every eye, the delight of every heart.—The cold auſtere manners, violent prejudices, and malevolent temper of his ancient relation would have diſguſted him, had he not continually had an image ſo different before his eyes. As he was more remarkable for a careleſs ſincerity than for prudence, he took very little pains to conceal from any one his diſtaſte for the old lady's precepts and converſation, and fled more continually than before to his beloved ſecluſion. While he there acquired a peculiar taſte for the beauty of nature, and fell into a courſe of thinking which gave a colour to the reſt of his life, his uncle, deprived of the ſociety which had made his own houſe once ſo delightful to him (even amidſt his former incurable domeſtic misfortune) now found no other reſource ſo conſoling as liſtening to a voice, in that of Miſs Lorimer, reſembling

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that of his deceaſed ſiſter's, and in gazing on a countenance, where he could ſometimes trace a family reſemblance to that charming woman ſo univerſally regretted. This, it is true, became every day a more dangerous indulgence; yet of all thoſe who might have ventured to have ſpoken of it, none ſeemed to have remarked its progreſs till the attachment to which it gave riſe was become incurable.

Lord Caſtledanes, hitherto deſtined by his ſituation to look forward to no other views than the ſucceſſion of his brother's family, now found himſelf at liberty to marry again, of which perhaps he would not have thought while his home had continued pleaſant to him by the reſidence of his brother, his brother's wife, and their family, or if, in loſing them, a leſs ſeducing object than Miſs Lorimer had been continually preſent in it; but her aſcendancy, though without any appearance of artful management on her ſide, ſoon became ſuch as conquered every uneaſy reflection on the diſappointment of his brother; and he imagined that he could ſo ſoften it, that their friendſhip would not be broken by his marriage.

Mrs. Crewkherne, who ventured to mutter obliquely on what ſhe ſaw going on, was ſo accuſtomed to give indulgence, whenever ſhe could venture, to her petulant malignity, and ſhe thought ſo ill of every body, and ſo much delighted to miſrepreſent the moſt innocent actions, that none of the young people liſtened to her malicious and half-uttered ſarcaſms. The two Miſs Delmonts conſidered their mother's ſiſters, who were ſo little ſuperior to them in age, as no more likely to be objects of any thing but fatherly friendſhip from their uncle than they were

were themſelves; and as to their brother George, who would probably have been more clear ſighted, he inſenſibly abſented himſelf more and more from the houſe, and as autumn came on ſhut himſelf up almoſt entirely at the Upwood Cottage, which was always called his own, under pretence of the greater convenience with which he could from thence follow field ſports, in the purſuit of which, however, it was remarked, he was never ſeen; very little, therefore, was known of the intentions of Lord Caſtledanes till he was actually the huſband of the fair Mariana.—A few weeks before, the lady and her ſiſter went to London, to paſs ſome time with the only female relation they had—Lord Caſtledanes followed them very ſoon afterwards to attend parliament, and the firſt certain intelligence of this great change in the family was received by Colonel Delmont, then under orders for the Weſt Indies. Thunderſtruck with an event which annihilated for ever his flattering proſpects, and ſmarting under the diſappointment which his habits of life and manner of thinking had a peculiar tendency to embitter, he wrote, in the firſt moment of paſſion, an angry and reproachful letter to his brother, directed that his daughters and his youngeſt ſon ſhould immediately remove from their uncle's houſe, and go to Upwood Cottage, till he ſhould conſider how to diſpoſe of them, forbidding their having any communication either with their uncle or the new Lady Caſtledanes. He wrote alſo angrily to Mrs. Crewkherne, declaiming againſt her blindneſs, either wilful or fooliſh, which had prevented her giving him notice of the miſchief which had happened, and then embarked for a climate already at that period ſo

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fatal to Europeans. George Delmont no ſooner knew the purport of his father's letters, which ſo painfully marked the ſtate of his mind, than he hurried to Falmouth with the utmoſt expedition, hoping to ſee him, and ſoothe his irritated ſpirits before his departure; but on his arrival he found that the fleet had ſailed eight-and-forty hours before with a fair wind, and he could procure no veſſel that would engage to overtake them.

He then returned as expeditiouſly as poſſible, though with an heavy heart, to obey his father's injunctions as to the removal of his ſiſters. On reaching the houſe, he found Mrs. Crewkherne had not waited for his interpoſition, but as full of indignation as if ſhe alone had been the injured perſon, had taken the eldeſt of the young ladies, who was her peculiar favourite, to town with her, and had left the youngeſt at Upwood. This houſe having been always called George's, and indeed his uncle having given it to him with the little eſtate round it while he was yet a boy, Colonel Delmont, as well as Mrs. Delmont, who lived very much there, had always affected to conſider themſelves as his viſitors. Mrs. Crewkherne did not love George, and would not become reſident in his houſe without a formal invitation; but as ſhe as little loved her younger niece, ſhe did not wiſh for her as an addition to her family when ſhe reſumed her former manner of living at her houſe in town. Again ſhe aſſembled round her her friends, advocates for faith without works; and as an inſtance of the ſupererogation by which ſhe recommended herſelf to their admiration, ſhe introduced her niece, and told the lamentable ſtory of her relation's change of fortune by the moſt imprudent

imprudent and ill-adviſed marriage of Lord Caſtledane's, whoſe future infelicity ſhe prognoſticated as a matter paſt all diſpute from the nature of his new connection. Miſs Delmont, who was one of thoſe of the Colonel's children who ſuffered moſt acutely from the alteration in the circumſtances of her family, was a young woman whoſe character, or rather rudiments of character, had yet had no opportunity of appearing. She had an extremely pretty face, and a light and beautiful form; ſhe had learned, and better than is generally learned, all that is taught in the modern ſyſtem of education under the name of accompliſhments, excelled only by her ſometimes tutoreſs (now doubly her aunt) the beautiful ſiren, Lady Caſtledane's. The adulation which Miſs Delmont had been uſed to hear, the pleaſure with which ſhe had hitherto found herſelf liſtened to, either by friends extremely partial, or viſitors who imagined they could not be too laviſh of their praiſes to a niece of Lord Caſtledanes, all, all, were at an end, or exchanged for cold compliments from the ſectaries who compoſed Mrs. Crewkherne's coteries, who very ſoon began to tell her, that a too ſedulous cultivation of ſuch talents was ſinful, unleſs they were dedicated wholly to pious purpoſes; that ſo fine a voice was lent her for better ends than to give advantage to ſeductive and ill-meaning ſongs; and that nothing became the mouth of a young woman but ſuch pieces of poetry as were to be found in the books they recommended to her, or were to be ſtudied in her excellent relation, Mrs. Crewkherne's repoſitory. Theſe the mortified girl ſometimes ſung to oblige her aunt; but in ſpite of her being little accuſtomed to reflect on the purport of what

what ſhe uttered, ſhe could not help being diſguſted with the ſtrange cant many of them contained, which even appeared to her profane. Indifferent, however, to pleaſe in ſuch ſociety as ſhe was now condemned to, ſhe ſunk into languor, or was rouſed from it only by conſidering how ſhe might remove into a manner of life more to her taſte; for nothing could be ſo irkſome to a young woman of her age, who had been ſo much admired, as to be confined to the company of itinerant preachers, or ladies of a certain age, who divided their time between the chapel and the card table; and it was to obtain ſome change at leaſt, if not alteration for the better, that Miſs Delmont had now for two ſummers prevailed on Mrs. Crewkherne to paſs at leaſt ſome weeks at Upwood, which ſhe was the more eaſily diſpoſed to do, becauſe her friends at this period were generally diſperſed at places of public reſort, where there were eſtabliſhed aſſemblies of their brethren. It was in ſome ſort derogatory to her ideas of gentility, which were ſupported in the midſt of her affected humility, to remain in London, when all people of a certain rank had left it; and as Lord Caſtledanes for the laſt two years never viſited for above a day or two Belton Tower, the objection ſhe would have had to reſiding in his neighbourhood was obviated, and ſhe was prevailed upon to indulge her niece with a viſit to her brother and ſiſter, a viſit which, for the ſake of both his ſiſters, George, unuſed as he was to it, and awkward at diſſimulation, affected to deſire, while in truth there was no ſound that could reach his ears half ſo unpleaſant to them as the voice of Mrs. Crewkherne; nor did the fortune ſhe poſſeſſed, which was entirely

at her own diſpoſal, ever influence him for a moment to practiſe any of thoſe arts, or bend to any of thoſe conceſſions, by which the favour of women of her deſcription is generally courted, and frequently ſecured —He wiſhed his ſiſters might poſſeſs this fortune, which was reckoned to be about eighteen thouſand pounds, and for their ſakes ſubmitted to the reſidence of Mrs. Crewkherne at his houſe, however diſagreeable to himſelf.

CHAP. IV.

"Why ſhould a man put on fetters, though of ſilver? wherefore ſhould he love chains, though of wrought gold?"

WHEN the ſecond marriage of his uncle ſo unexpectedly took place, George Delmont had been ſome time entered at Oxford, and was then keeping a term there.

In conſequence of the letter and orders he received from his father, he haſtened to Belton Tower, where he found only Louiſa, his young ſt ſiſter, under the care of the old Swiſs governeſs, who had been for many years in the family. Mrs. Crewkherne had ſome days before, and almoſt immediately after having been apprized of the marriage, ſet forth for London with her eldeſt niece, for whom ſhe had affected to feel ſome partiality, while Louiſa, whoſe only offence was her great reſemblance to her mother, was thus, in addition to her other loſſes, ſuddenly deprived of the ſociety of her ſiſter, from whom ſhe had never been ſeparated till

till her former journey with her aunt. The firſt care of George was to ſoothe with the tendereſt attention the dejected and deſerted girl, now dearer to him than ever, becauſe ſhe ſeemed to have no protection or reliance on earth but him. Having removed her to the houſe at Upwood, of which he was henceforth to be conſidered as the maſter, and reſtored in ſome degree the cheerfulneſs of which ſo many deprivations had robbed the innocent Louiſa; it was then that the young man began to look forward towards his own future proſpects, in which, as well as in thoſe of the reſt of his family, the recent event was likely to occaſion a very great change.

The deſtiny of Adolphus, his eldeſt brother, had been ſo far fixed, that he already held a lieutenancy in the guards, in which it was, when he took it, very improbable that he ſhould be expoſed to more perſonal danger than his friends would have choſen for the heir of the Earl of Caſtledanes; but the Colonel, in the firſt effervescence of reſentful paſſion, purchaſed for him a captaincy of infantry, and wrote to him to return from Florence, where he then was, and enter on immediate ſervice.

"You have no longer an uncle, Delmont," ſaid the Colonel in this letter, "and I cannot ſupport you in the way you have had hitherto ſo good a right to expect. I have determined, though I might ſtill have evaded it, to join my regiment in the Weſt Indies; for I am now a mere ſoldier of fortune, and you muſt hereafter make your way—the captain of a company of foot. Your future eſtabliſhment ſhall not depend for a month, for a week, on the infatuated man who was once my brother, now the ſlave

of that worthleſs little ſorcereſs, whom your mother nouriſhed in her boſom, little knowing that ſhe would ſting to death the children of her ſiſter and benefactreſs. Diſmiſs all the perſons you have about you, but your own ſervant—I can no longer afford to pay Mr. Jeans the ſalary allotted to him, and he will do well to find ſome young Engliſh traveller, to whom his care on the journey back, or on a longer tour, may be acceptable. The conſiderable benefices he has received from the family may repay him for paſt ſervices. For yourſelf, you will on your return to England make a ſhort viſit to your brother and ſiſters, and then join your regiment whereſoever it happens to be; but I charge you on your duty to me, and your reſpect for yourſelf, to ſuffer no conſideration whatever to induce you to meet Lord Caſtledanes."

Colonel Delmont, before he ſailed from Falmouth, had forwarded a copy of this letter to his youngeſt ſon, enjoining him at the ſame time. with even more ſtrictneſs and ſeverity, to avoid any communication with his uncle; injunctions which were extremely painful to George Delmont, and of which (while he determined as far as he could to obey them) he could not help feeling the injuſtice.

No pleaſure now remained for Delmont in places where he had once taſted ſo much unadulterated delight. If he rode out, he paſſed near, or ſaw from diſtant heights, the trees that ſurrounded the houſe, or were grouped in the park of his uncle, and he imagined that ſecond parent looking with ſome regret for the figures that once peopled the ſcene.

Lord Caſtledanes, however, came very ſeldom to Belton Tower; when he did, it was alone,

alone, and only for a few days, to ſettle ſuch buſineſs as might occaſionally require his attention. The old ſervants, for hardly one of them had been removed, imagined they ſaw their Lord, when he thus viſited the place of his former (almoſt conſtant) reſidence, leſs cheerful than he uſed to be when the family of his brother was around him; but by the ſervants who accompanied him from London they heard of the gaiety of his town-houſe, the ſplendor of the new equipages, and the taſte of "*my Lady*." No body was ſo richly and finely dreſſed at court as "*my Lady*;" and the compliments ſhe had received were repeated, as the footmen and grooms heard them from the maids, who heard them from Mrs. Gingham, who probably heard them from "my Lady's" ſiſter, if not from "my Lady" herſelf; and very magnificent accounts were given of ſundry ſayings, wiſe and witty, of perſons of the moſt elevated rank, who had been ſupping at "my Lady's." My Lord, ſeemed already ſunk into a ſecondary figure; and Delmont, as he liſtened penſively, and not without an uneaſy ſenſation, to the narratives thus given by his own ſervants, who had long lived with him, and whom he had indulged in habits of talking to him, could not refrain from aſking himſelf, whether the friend, the uncle he loved ſo much, was happy in this new mode of life? and when his own taſte and turn of mind compelled him to anſwer in the negative, or at leaſt with doubt and heſitation, he found himſelf affected by theſe doubts, and drove them from him as uſeleſs and injurious to his own peace: it was more to the purpoſe to conſider, ſince he was almoſt entirely left to himſelf, how he ſhould decide as to the purſuit

or profeſſion that was to be choſen for the reſt of his life.

His father, wholly engaged by the ſudden and mortifying change which had happened in his own views, and in thoſe of his eldeſt ſon, ſeemed to have had no time or conſideration left for the regulation of thoſe of the younger.

Though George Delmont had gone to Oxford after his recovery, it was becauſe he was of an age to go thither, rather than return to Eton, that he was ſent; and becauſe he already had learned all that a great ſchool teaches as to books, and had miraculouſly eſcaped, from the ſingularity of his temper, all thoſe early *tendencies* to vice which ſuch a ſchool is by ſome ſuppoſed to encourage; it was partly too to remove himſelf from a ſcene where every object around him, every face he ſaw, reminded him of his irretrievable loſs, that he eagerly embraced his uncle's offer of ſending him to the univerſity.—The time he had paſſed there he by no means repented; yet now his circumſtances were ſo changed, that he ſaw not how he was to ſupport the expence; nor, if he could, how it would be worth while ſo to beſtow it, unleſs he determined to devote himſelf to one of the learned profeſſions.

From law, where the moſt honeſt muſt in a great degree thrive on the perplexities, quarrels, and diſtreſſes of others, he was utterly averſe.—Medicine, that noble profeſſion, which is never enough reſpected, but which, when attentively ſtudied and conſcientiouſly followed, is the moſt beneficial of any to the human race, required a courſe of application and habits of life for which he knew himſelf to be altogether unfit. The church alone remained, and to provide for him

him in it had probably been the intention of Lord Caſtledanes; but of this Delmont thought with reluctance. No man could more highly venerate the character of "a good prieſt"—a man dedicated in heart and ſpirit to the edification and inſtruction of the world—but he felt himſelf too ignorant on all theological ſubjects, to believe he ſhould ever be in that line what he felt he ought to be, if ever he undertook it; and he doubted whether the enquiries that would perhaps ſatisfy himſelf, might qualify him to convey, in ſincerity of heart, ſuch doctrine to thoſe who might be entruſted to him, as the oaths he ſhould take would make a part of his duty. That it was done without reflection every day he knew—but though many who did it were, for aught he knew, very good ſort of people, he felt it impoſſible for him to follow their ſteps.

The vague plans that had ariſen and diſappeared in his family, while he was yet a boy, for his future deſtination in life, were now no longer remembered; and that they had never been purſued, he could not prevail with himſelf to be ſorry.

When his high health and unchecked ſpirits had (yet at a very early period) given him the character of a wild fellow, a Pickle, his father and his uncle had apparently deſtined him to a military life: they ſometimes ſaw another Wolfe in his daring yet calm courage, or fancied, in the then ſturdy and ſpirited navigator of a boat on the lake of the park, a future admiral deſtined to extend the conqueſts or avenge the quarrels of "the cabinet of St. James's."—But Mrs. Delmont, though ſhe never violently oppoſed theſe ſpeculations, which might fail of themſelves,

themſelves, had the art to regulate, without cruſhing, the ardent ſpirit that occaſionally gave riſe to them; ſhe ſeemed to have in her hands the heart of her ſon, to be able to mould it as ſhe pleaſed, and the uſe ſhe mode of her power was to teach him to reaſon on every thing he learned, inſtead of ſeeing all objects, as they are repreſented, through the dazzling and falſe medium of prejudice, communicated from one generation to another; while nobody, or at leaſt very few, dare to aſk, "if *I* try to do as *thoſe* men have done, ſhall I really acquire glory; and ſhall I run *no* riſque of being a curſe rather than a benefit to the world?"

Mrs. Delmont ventured to ſtrip from the gaudy pictures that are daubed with vermilion and leaf gold, to excite emulative ambition in childhood, their paint and their gilding, and ſhe had reaſon, long before death ſnatched her from this deareſt object of her maternal love, to hope that her youngeſt ſon might be one day ſomething better than either a general or an admiral —the benefactor inſtead of the ſucceſsful deſtroyer of his fellow men.

Delmont had at a very early age acquired a more general and correct knowledge of hiſtory than is uſually obtained; and his mother had accuſtomed him, when he read the lives, to give a ſummary account of his idea of the characters of thoſe who figure in the annals of nations, decorated with crowns * and ſceptres, or who

* A few examples may ſuffice from the hiſtories we are moſt familiar with—thoſe of France, Spain, and alas! of England.—"The political well-wrought veil," with which the follies and enormities of the rulers of the earth would willingly be concealed, may ſurely be torn (even at the preſent moment) from ſuch monſters as Louis the Eleventh and Charles

who have otherwiſe been the curſes or the bleſſings of the people over whom they uſurped power, or *by* whom they were entruſted with it.

Much (alas how much) of this retroſpection was painful to the generous feelings of his heart; and often had he been tempted to aſk, wherefore heaven gave a portion of its delegated authority to ſuch hateful or contemptible beings as had inſulted its creatures, and deformed its works, under the title of "the lords anointed," or ſome other impoſing appellation through which the wretched people ſubmitted to be trod to duſt?

Mrs. Delmont had ſometimes found it neceſſary to check the indignation of her infant politician; who, after he was nine or ten years old, never voluntarily ſat down to read pages that

Charles the Ninth of France, on whom (to ſay nothing of moſt of the reſt) the holy cruiſe certainly beſtowed its ſacred contents very ill. In Spain it is enough to name "the demon of the South,"—and England, the country of good ſenſe and of manly daring, has ſeen its beſt blood manure its fields in the ſenſeleſs contention between the rival houſes of York and Lancaſter; endured the brutal tyrant Henry the Eighth; and ſaw without reſiſtance the fires of Smithfield lighted by the bigot-fury, his execrable daughter; crouched at the feet of Elizabeth, that compound of feminine weakneſs and maſculine ferocity; and in the Solomon of the North (a miſerable imbecile being, who wrote a treatiſe on Witchcraft, and was hurried into war to gratify the romantic intriguing ſpirit of Stenny, a name childiſhly given by James to his minion the Duke of Buckingham) ſtill venerated the conſecrated folly of the Lord's anointed.—It is needleſs to go on.—What the Engliſh people afterwards ſuffered from the period when Charles the Firſt ſet up the ſtandard at Nottingham till the *bleſſed* reſtoration—the miſeries inflicted by the contention between James and our glorious deliverer, from the expulſion of the firſt-named monarch, till "the affair of Glencoe;"—and the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745, may be read as antidotes to a change of kings.

ſeemed almoſt excluſively the annals of fraud and murder, of ſelfiſh ambition, or wicked policy, involving millions in miſery for the gratification of a few.

But there were characters in more remote hiſtory, which he contemplated with very different ſenſations—He read of the elder Brutus avenging the injured honour of a Roman matron on the inſolent and cruel family of Tarquin, and cementing the ſtructure of the infant republic, of which he thus laid the foundation, with blood dearer than that which circulated in his own veins. He read of the Gracchi * dying in the nobleſt conflict, contending for the rights of humanity againſt the ſelfiſh uſurpations of the rich—He contemplated the younger Brutus deploring the friend, while he devoted to death the tyrant that would have enſlaved his country—He ſaw Cato dying by his own hand, rather than ſurvive its freedom—Theſe and ſome other ſuch characters ſeemed to electrify the young ſtudent; his eyes flaſhed fire, his heart beat, and the glorious examples of virtuous patriotiſm appeared to raiſe his ſpecies in his eſtimation, which he had ſometimes thought ſo degraded by its endurance of oppreſſion, that he felt aſhamed of belonging to it.

The impreſſions made thus early on the mind are never likely to be eraſed or enfeebled, if reaſon is ſuffered to ſtifle all thoſe paltry paſſions

* Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, grandſons of Scipio Africanus, who, being tribunes, attempted to enact laws for reſtoring to the Roman people their ſhare of the conquered lands, of which the nobles and the rich had moſt unjuſtly deprived the poorer citizens. They both fell in tumults raiſed againſt them by the patricians, whoſe adherents were armed and muſtered to deſtroy theſe illuſtrious brothers—and the people ignobly forſook them!

by

by which men coming into life are induced to follow blindly where their intereſt leads them, and to become the mere creatures of convenience and convention.—Delmont, early taught to have on every point an opinion of his own, now looked at the paths that lay open before him without prejudice, and having done ſo he determined to yield his freedom to none of thoſe motives which the love of power or of wealth might hold out to him, but to live on his little farm unfettered by the rules he muſt ſubmit to if he entered into any profeſſion. "I am aware," ſaid he, as he argued this matter with himſelf, "that I ſhall incur the ridicule of ſome and the blame of others." 'What! a young man of *your* family,' cries one, 'to bury himſelf in ſolitude, to cultivate turnips, and let his talk be of bullocks.' 'What!' cries another, 'have you no more regard for the honour of your family, than to degrade yourſelf to the condition of one of their tenants? you, who might be a judge or a biſhop! a general, or an admiral!—will you ſink into a yeoman?'—Yes, my good friends, I ſhall anſwer,—I *will* do ſo indeed; my talk may occaſionally be of bullocks, but I truſt I ſhall be able to converſe alſo of other things If my family are aſhamed of me, they have only to leave me out of their genealogical table, as an unworthy branch of the tree, bent towards its native earth, and no longer contributing to their ſplendid inſignificance. If my friends bluſh for me, let them leave me with a ſigh of compaſſion, though aſſured that I ſhall not feel a ſingle emotion of envy when I ſee one on the bench of Themis condemning wretches legally to die on the gallows, or on the bench of biſhops, lending their weight to laws that ſend forth myriads

myriads to ſlaughter in the field; nor ſhall I once regret, that I do not with a truncheon in my hand preſide myſelf at thoſe human ſacrifices, either by land or ſea, where men are collected together by hundreds and by thouſands; are ordered to deſtroy each other, they know not, they dare not enquire, why?"——

The reſolution thus taken by Delmont gained ſtrength almoſt every hour, as the tranquil utility of the life he had choſen acquired greater valüe in his eyes. He then, for the firſt time ſince he became its maſter, ſaw the ſpot he was ſo devoted to adorned with all the beauty of ſummer, and his grief for his mother, mellowed and ſoftened by time, was not wholly unmixed with melancholy delight, while he ſedulouſly attended to the plantations ſhe had projected, and was daily carrying into execution other ſchemes for the improvement of the grounds which ſhe had pointed out, while even the firſt year of his farming ſucceeded ſo well, that he had no reaſon to believe he ſhould repent, even in pecuniary conſiderations, the election he had made.

Deprived of one ſiſter, he applied himſelf to improve the mind of her who was left to him. Louiſa had great ſweetneſs of temper, and loved her brother better than any other being now on earth. Whatever he named to her as worth acquiring, ſhe immediately applied to, and was ſoon qualified to ſpeak with propriety on moſt ſubjects of general knowledge; but Delmont, amid her attentions to pleaſe him, and her improvement in every ſtudy that tended to make her a rational companion, ſaw, and ſaw with tender apprehenſion for her future happineſs, a ſort of pliability of intellect, which made him

fear

fear that her character would not be formed on reaſon and conviction, but on the ſentiments and conduct of thoſe among whom ſhe might be thrown. She was now the ſimple yet well-informed child of nature; but from the ductility of her ſpirit, he apprehended, that if ſhe ſhould be elevated into what is called high life, ſhe would as eaſily glide into the mere flutterer of a few ſeaſons of faſhionable diſſipation, or the artificial puppet of a drawing-room. George thought the daughter of his mother ought to be of an higher order of beings; it was enough, that to this inſignificant claſs of raree-ſhew figures, the elder of thoſe daughters was already deſtined; and he inceſſantly laboured to reſcue the younger from the unintereſting group of thoſe who have "*no character at all.*"

Mrs. Delmont had built in the ſouthward aſpect of the ſmall but pleaſant houſe her youngeſt ſon and daughters now inhabited, a little conſervatory, into which ſome of its windows, both of the ground floor and the firſt floor, opened; it was——

> "A fortreſs where Flora retreats
> "From the cruel aſſaults of the clime;"

and every plant, every flower, which were now uncommonly beautiful and flouriſhing, ſeemed to George Delmont to ſpeak to him of his mother.—It was there he read, or meditated, or taught Louiſa to draw ſcientifically the bloſſoms which perfumed the air, or the uncultivated flowers which every hedge and bank ſupplied them with; and it was there he was ſitting with her, when Captain Delmont, whom his father's letters had at length brought home, though he had been expected much ſooner, broke in upon

upon them—They had never ſeen him ſince the death of their mother, the marriage of their uncle, and the conſequent diſperſion of the family.

CHAP. V.

"Oh! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt *but* know how many fathom deep I am in love!"

IF in the younger part of their lives the diſpoſition of the two brothers had always appeared eſſentially different, the contraſt was now more ſtriking. George, with all the courage and fortitude that reflection and integrity give to a ſuperior mind, had yet ſo much ſoftneſs of heart, that when he ſaw Adolphus, and remembered all that had happened ſince they laſt parted, he yielded to momentary tears: his elder brother appeared to notice ſuch weakneſs only to expreſs his contempt of it. Of all the changes which had taken place in his family, he regretted nothing ſo much as the loſs of thoſe expectations which he had been educated to ſuppoſe muſt infallibly be realized on the deaths of his father and uncle; and he did not affect to conceal his indignation at the diſappointment, nor to ſignify to his brother George, who attempted to appeaſe and ſoften the malignity and reſentment with which he ſpoke of Lord Caſtledanes, that *he* was only leſs diſturbed becauſe he had loſt leſs. "It may be a matter of indifference to *you*," ſaid he, "for you, as my younger brother, could only more remotely ſuffer

ſuffer from the folly of this dotard; but to *me*, Mr. George Delmont, I aſſure you, it is not a thing to be ſlightly paſſed over—it is ſomething to *me*, whether I poſſeſs the eſtate and rank of my anceſtors or not."

But though every other plan of life, and every other object ſeemed ſometimes beneath his regard, yet at other times the elder Delmont was as eagerly anxious about every pecuniary advantage as if he had never looked beyond the patrimony he was now likely to inherit. He knew that of his father's and mother's fortune, which together had never been large, ten thouſand pounds were ſettled on him, and ten upon younger children, which gave to his brother George and his two ſiſters ſomething more than three thouſand pounds each; but unequal as *they* might well have thought this diviſion, it yet appeared to him to ſecure to them too much; for he knew that whenever his father died he ſhould in fact have leſs than they would, for he had already diſpoſed of his own ſhare, except about fifteen hundred pounds, in that accommodating way called poſt obit: he now therefore felt, and could hardly refrain from expreſſing his diſcontent, that his brother ſhould have landed property, though the houſe and farm at Upwood were not worth above three thouſand pounds. "Hard indeed," he ſaid, "that *he*, who was the eldeſt brother, was to turn out like a neceſſitous cadet, while you," added he, ſneeringly, "are in time, I ſuppoſe, to repreſent the landed intereſt of the Delmont family; and as you know what you are about well enough to keep in favour of the fooliſh old peer, may be brought in as one of his county members."

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"If I were," replied George, "I do not ſee that there would be any thing wrong in it; but aſſure yourſelf, neither that or any other advantage would engage me to commit any meanneſs to obtain the ſuffrage either of Lord Caſtledanes or any other man. As to keeping in favour with the old peer, if you mean by that, that I have ſought to be received by my uncle, though forbidden to do ſo by my father; I tell you that you have been miſinformed."

"Well, be not angry, my young Agricola," replied Adolphus Delmont; "I only repeat what I have heard, that old nunky looks upon you as ſtill belonging to him, and ſings forth your praiſes, *a gorge deployé*, while he deigns not to name my father or me. Hang him, an old fool, if I could get him to let me have money, I ſhould take leave of him for ever without a ſingle thought of him, but when I happened to think how he has cheated me of my birth-right."

Such converſation (and for the few days he ſtaid Adolphus ſeldom held any other) was extremely painful to his brother, who could not help ſeeing how ſelfiſh, arrogant, and unfeeling he was. His opinion of public affairs fluctuated too as intereſt or caprice directed, and to-day he ridiculed and vilified the people whoſe favour he to-morrow determined to court by any means however degrading. Of principle of any kind he ſeemed entirely devoid, even on points where moſt men, however free in their opinions, have ſome degree of delicacy and ſenſibility. Thus he praiſed the prudence of Caroline, his eldeſt ſiſter, "who has done wiſely," ſaid he, "in attaching herſelf to that witch of Endor Mrs. Crewkherne, ſhe'll get the old hag's

hag's money, and with that ſhe may perhaps marry, as a niece of Lord Caſtledanes ought to do, ſome man of faſhion. But what is to become of *you*, Louiſa?" ſaid he, one day when they were alone. "George, I ſuppoſe, when he has rooted himſelf here a little longer, will be much about as poliſhed and as much of a gentleman as thoſe cropped greaſy-headed joſkins's that uſed to dine twice a year in the hall at Belton Tower; fellows who call themſelves yeomen, or gentlemen farmers—he begins to look like one already, and as if he was always ready to aſk—"*How a ſcore of good wethers?*" The next thing to his entire metamorphoſe will be his marrying Miſs Nanny Peaſely, or Miſs Jenny Bacon, or the widow Hogtrow, or, perhaps, if none of theſe happen to charm him, his own dairy maid, Betſy Butterbur, may enchant him by her ſkill in churning and raiſing poultry; and let me aſk *you*, Louiſa Delmont, what is to become of *you?*" Poor Louiſa could anſwer only by her tears. Her elder brother, totally unmoved by them, changed his voice and look, and added ſternly—"Though by your father's abſence and mine, Louiſa, you muſt be left for the preſent under George's care, yet I charge you, child, in my father's name and my own, not to ſuffer any degrading and ungentlemanlike notions of equality, and ſuch curſed ſtuff, to influence you. I ſpeak as I know your father would ſpeak, when I ſay, that if you ever preſume to think of any body under your own rank, you will be no longer conſidered as a daughter of his, or as a ſiſter of mine; and it were better for you to go hide yourſelf in a convent in Italy or Spain, than to fix a diſgrace upon us which we ſhould never overlook. I know

know how girls, and particularly how girls of your temper, are influenced by people they live among; and I tell you my mind, that you may not affect ignorance. We are humbled enough, I think, without ſinking into the rank of plebeians, roturiers, fellows who live by digging. I had rather ſee a ſiſter of mine miſtreſs to a prince than wife to the richeſt peaſant." With ſuch ſentiments, though he did not quite ſo groſsly declare them to George, it is not likely that either of them found much pleaſure in the ſociety of the other; and Adolphus, having borrowed two hundred pounds of his brother, returned to London, paſſed about a month among his old friends in and about St. James's-ſtreet, and then, rather from neceſſity than choice, joined the regiment, in which his father had purchaſed him a company, at Gibraltar.

Not long after his departure, information was received of the death of Colonel Delmont. His brother Lord Caſtledanes ſurvived him only ſeven months, leaving a ſon about a year old, and his young widow near lying in of a ſecond child; it was born two months after his death, and was alſo a ſon, ſo that the probability of the Colonel's family ſucceeding to the eſtate and title was more remote than ever.

Lord Caſtledanes, notwithſtanding the declared enmity of his brother ſince his marriage, had not changed a will he had made ſome time before, but had executed with ſome additions to it a little before his death.—He gave in a codicil two thouſand pounds to each of his nephews, and one thouſand to each of his nieces, to be paid in ſix months after his deceaſe. A

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maternal uncle of his ſecond wife, Sir Appulby Gorges, he named as his executor.

George Delmont, conquering his averſion from Mrs. Crewkherne, that his ſiſters might not be divided, had invited her with Caroline to paſs at Upwood the ſummer after theſe events, and the family were in their laſt mourning for Colonel Delmont and Lord Caſtledanes, when chance brought the Winſlow family to their acquaintance.

When, from what they could collect from Mrs. Crewkherne and the ſervants, the curioſity of the Doctor and Mrs. Winſlow was in a great degree ſatisfied, wonder ſucceeded.—The Doctor was aſtoniſhed that ſuch a young man was *ſuffered* ſo to throw himſelf away; and blamed the improvidence of thoſe who had ſuperintended his education, "for, madam," ſaid he to Mrs. Crewkherne, ſtrutting round the room with an air of ſententious conſequence, "it is an axiom as old as Solomon, 'Bring up a child in the way he ſhould go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom.'—Now it is plain that the good lady, your kinſman's mother, took another method, and I grieve that the fruits thereof may be the loſs of a valuable member of our ever excellent eſtabliſhment.—I do indeed wonder, as you ſay ſhe was accounted a woman of ſenſe, what could ſo miſlead her?"

Mrs. Crewkherne then ſeized the opportunity, as was uſual with her, to declaim againſt what ſhe called new-fangled and pernicious modes of thinking and acting, and while ſhe was ſo engaged Mrs. Winſlow wondered at her warmth, which ſometimes led her into terms which were any thing rather than *elegant*.—She was ſurpriſed that poſſeſſing ſo handſome a fortune, and being

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ſo highly connected, Mrs. Crewkherne ſhould paſs ſo much time in this lonely reſidence, *elegant* as it was, and not be more frequently at ſome of the neighbouring places of public reſort —and already wearied in a place where there was little more to hear, and where a rubber was with difficulty made up, ſhe underſtood with concern from the ſurgeon who attended Miſs Goldthorp, that it would yet be ſome time before his patient could with ſafety be moved.

Miſs Goldthorp was not at all diſpoſed to haſten the period. She had already ſeen and thanked her gallant preſerver, and the interview had been, to uſe her own expreſſion, "deſtructive to her repoſe."—As ſhe had always been taught to conſider *herſelf* as a perſon of very great conſequence in the ſcale of beings, ſhe felt proportionably obliged to him who had been the cauſe that the world ſtill poſſeſſed ſo amiable a perſonage;—but when ſhe had ſeen him, ſhe was tempted to imagine that heaven had performed a miracle in her favour, and ſent an hero to her reſcue, ſuch as fables feign when they tell of demigods and knights endowed with ſupernatural powers.—Soft was her voice, and modulated to the tendereſt notes of grateful ſenſibility, while ſhe thanked him in choſen and ſtudied words for his interpoſition—She ſat up in an eaſy chair, in an elegant diſhabille, and caſt on him, from among the laced plaits of an elegant cloſe cap, eyes of the moſt languiſhing gratitude. All this had been ſettled before ſhe diſcovered that the young man to whom ſhe was ſo much obliged was one of the handſomeſt men in England. During the few moments he ſtaid with her ſhe became diſtractedly in love with him, and before he had quitted her half an hour,

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it was determined in the ſecret council ſhe held with herſelf, that George Delmont ſhould be the fortunate poſſeſſor of herſelf and her fifty thouſand pounds. If the hopes ſhe had allowed to her guardian and her aunt, that ſhe would beſtow on their ſon theſe invaluable bleſſings, croſſed her mind in the midſt of this new and rapturous project, ſhe drove the recollection from her with diſdain, and thought only how ſhe might convey to the dear youth, with a proper regard to her own delicacy, information of her favourable diſpoſition, and engage him to make thoſe advances which ſhe doubted not a moment of his making with rapture, the moment he knew they would be favourably received.

Miſs Goldthorp was a young lady naturally of a very tender and ſuſceptible nature, and who, notwithſtanding her aunt boaſted of the care ſhe had taken to prevent it, was very deeply read in romance and novels, by ſome one or other of the heroines of which ſhe occaſionally "ſet her mind," ſo that with a great verſatility of character ſhe rarely appeared in her own. As ſhe hardly remembered an hour ſince ſhe was ten years old, when ſhe had not heard of a lover from her friends or her maid, ſhe could never diveſt herſelf of a ſort of reſtleſs coquetry, which, when no other object was at hand, condeſcended to amuſe itſelf with the mawkiſh attempts of Middleton Winſlow to expreſs the paſſion his father and mother had inſiſted on his feeling for her. She ſometimes affected to encourage, but oftener laughed at him; and when only in parties of young people, and unobſerved by the Doctor or his wife, ſhe took a malicious pleaſure in turning his lackadaiſical-love-making into ridicule before ſome other pretender

tender to her favour, and then having made him as angry as he dared to be, entreated him to go weeping to papa and mama—"for you know, Middy," would ſhe cry, "that we ſhall both ſuffer for it; papa will preach to the naughty girl, and mama will pout, and they'll both plague me, and then I ſhall revenge myſelf on you."—Middleton, therefore, when ſhe had treated him the worſt, dared not complain; and as in reality he cared as little for her as ſhe did for him, he never gave himſelf the trouble to undeceive the good folks, who ſuppoſed that Miſs Goldthorp, however ſhe might triſle and coquet with other men, muſt ſee this ſon of their's with eyes as partial as their own.

The hour was now come when they were to enjoy this agreeable deluſion no more.—The longer the fair invalid reflected on the delight of making the fortune of the man ſhe loved, the more charming the project appeared; but when ſhe heard again and again Delmont enquiring after the progreſs of her recovery, with what ſhe imagined the tendereſt ſolicitude; when ſhe found that he continued to aſſiſt his ſiſters in amuſing the tedious hours of her confinement, brought her books, ſent for others to a friend's library, which ſhe expreſſed a wiſh to ſee, ſometimes relieved the Miſs Delmonts in reading aloud to her, and ſometimes brought collections of prints, drawings, and books of natural hiſtory, to give variety to theſe long ſedentary evenings; but above all, when ſhe beheld his very handſome perſon, which ſhe thought improved at every interview, her heart was irrecoverably gone, and ſhe thought, ſhe dreamed, of nothing but to inſpire the fortunate Delmont

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with a paſſion as fervent as ſhe believed her own to be.

For this purpoſe, while ſhe took care not to make ſo rapid a progreſs in her recovery as to haſten their departure, ſhe endeavoured always to be well enough to admit of viſits, from which, under pretence of fearing noiſe and heat, ſhe contrived as often as poſſible to exclude the card table of Mrs. Crewkherne; and as one of the Miſs Delmonts was often compelled to make a fourth in that moſt formidable party, ſhe frequently ſucceeded in having the brother and the other ſiſter alone.

On theſe occaſions all the artillery of looks and ſighs, and half expreſſions, was called forth. Sometimes ſhe was in pain from the broken bone, and then her complaints were ſtifled with the moſt intereſting fortitude, becauſe ſhe would not give a moment's concern to her beloved friend Louiſa—for they were already prodigious friends. Her eyes, which were large, and grey, and rolling (though ſhe had always been aſſured, and was convinced they were blue) thoſe eyes which ſo many enſigns and lieutenants, cornets and curates, nay even counſellors, had accuſed of high crimes and miſdemeanors, now exerted all their power of ſoft ſeduction. They were fixed in gentle languor on the face of "the dear youth," whenever his were turned another way; but the moment he looked towards her, they were caſt down with bewitching conſciouſneſs, and no pains were ſpared to add to their expreſſion by a bluſh; but it was not always to be had; however a broken ſigh was no bad ſubſtitute. The ſiſters, young and inexperienced as they were, ſoon underſtood all this—but after the third or fourth eſſay, the tender fair one began

to doubt whether her battery was effective, and to dread leſt the citadel was already in poſſeſſion of another.

CHAP. VI.

"A buſy officious body; one that lives at folks houſes as half ſpy over the ſervants, half friend to the maſter—a tale-bearer, a goſſip."

THOUGH by no means endowed with any extraordinary degree of penetration, yet was Mrs. Winſlow right in her conjecture, that whatever growing partiality Miſs Goldthorp might feel for her gallant deliverer, *he* was hitherto inſenſible of any particular partiality towards *her*. In the conjecture that the reſt of the houſe were equally eager for ſo opulent a marriage ſhe was alſo right. Mrs. Crewkherne indeed took pains to conceal how much ſhe wiſhed it, becauſe ſhe was aware of the intentions of the reverend Doctor and his lady on behalf of their ſon; but the earneſtneſs of the artleſs Louiſa, ſolicitous above all other things for her brother's advantage, and the ill concealed ſtratagems of Miſs Delmont, who felt the uſe that the proſperity of one branch of a family was to the reſt, could not be overlooked; they promoted, by a thouſand accidents apparently trifling and inconſequent, the meetings of their invalid viſitor with their brother; and he frequently joined in their endeavours to amuſe her, while the Doctor, Mrs. Winſlow, Mrs. Crewkherne, the curate of the pariſh, and

his wife, made up a party at whiſt; but it was difficult for even the ſiſters not to perceive that Delmont, though civil and good naturedly ready to follow the dictates of politeneſs and hoſpitality, was often abſent and ſilent; and that it was not without conſiderable effort he thus ſacrificed time he had rather have paſſed in ſome other place.

He had taken, almoſt from the commencement of his free agency, the reſolution of dropping all that ſort of acquaintance which uſually paſſes in the country as good neighbourhood, where, after toiling under the burning ſun of July or Auguſt, there is collected round a table (to furniſh which the miſtreſs of the houſe has tortured her own and her houſekeeper's head for a week) a ſet of very worthy people, no doubt, but ſuch as had ſo few ideas in common with Delmont, that their ſociety was the greateſt puniſhment he could undergo. Two or three clergymen, who talked about moduſes and compoſitions, related the events of divers controverſies in the exchequer court, complained of the reſiſtance of their pariſhioners to the payment of certain dues, and recited arguments they had held in favour of teſts, or repeated ſome dogmatical pieces of eloquence uttered at the laſt viſitation; and if, loſing his patience in liſtening to arrogant egotiſm from men who profeſs meekneſs and diſintereſted piety, Delmont turned to another group, it was of the lawyer of the next town, who, though bound to obſerve the moſt ſacred ſilence, was by innuendos and half ſentences telling the apothecary his opinion of the ſtate of a client's fortune; on the other hand, the maſter of the houſe was diſputing with an eſquire of leſſer fortune a point

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his wife, made up a party at whist; but it was difficult for even the sisters not to perceive that Delmont, though civil and good naturedly ready to follow the dictates of politeness and hospitality, was often absent and silent; and that it was not without considerable effort he thus sacrificed time he had rather have passed in some other place.

He had taken, almost from the commencement of his free agency, the resolution of dropping all that sort of acquaintance which usually passes in the country as good neighbourhood, where, after toiling under the burning sun of July or August, there is collected round a table (to furnish which the mistress of the house has tortured her own and her housekeeper's head for a week) a set of very worthy people, no doubt, but such as had so few ideas in common with Delmont, that their society was the greatest punishment he could undergo. Two or three clergymen, who talked about moduses and compositions, related the events of divers controversies in the exchequer court, complained of the resistance of their parishioners to the payment of certain dues, and recited arguments they had held in favour of tests, or repeated some dogmatical pieces of eloquence uttered at the last visitation; and if, losing his patience in listening to arrogant egotism from men who profess meekness and disinterested piety, Delmont turned to another group, it was of the lawyer of the next town, who, though bound to observe the most sacred silence, was by innuendos and half sentences telling the apothecary his opinion of the state of a client's fortune; on the other hand, the master of the house was disputing with an esquire of lesser fortune a point

about the game laws, on which, as they could not agree, both talked very loud, and probably both together; while a young man, who called himſelf a man of faſhion, accidentally down on a viſit, having ſtared at all the women of the party, and finding none of them worth his attention, had taken out his pocket glaſs, with which he was examining if he had picked his teeth with the ſcrupulous delicacy which ſeemed to be one great end of his life. Such, or with very ſlight variations, were the ſocieties he had for ſome time mixed with, merely becauſe they lived within twelve miles; but having long diſcovered, that to continue in them was a very great waſte of his time, as well as a needleſs trial of his civility, he no ſooner found himſelf his own maſter than he ventured to enquire why he might not recover the portion of his days thus unneceſſarily given to perſons whom he could not diſcover were at all the better, while he felt himſelf a great deal worſe, for his irretrievable loſs; and though he foreſaw that he ſhould make ſome enemies, and be ſtigmatized as proud, or inſolent, or conceited, he hazarded the experiment; and as he never deſired to be chairman at a quarter ſeſſion, or foreman of a grand jury, to which his family might have entitled him, he quietly ſubmitted to invidious remarks he did not hear, and heartily forgave both his male and female neighbours, if after awhile he was only remembered by them when they had occaſion to give an inſtance of the haughtineſs of ariſtocracy, which, however, accorded very ill with another accuſation they had againſt him, that of being tainted with principles of ſo contrary a tendency, that both his uncle and his father had therefore diſinherited him.

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But though he had now for ſome months eſtabliſhed his own liberty, ſo far as to ſhake off adherence to theſe forms, with which, under the name of politeneſs, men have agreed to fetter each other, he wiſhed his ſiſters and Mrs. Crewkherne, while ſhe was with them, to keep up any connection among their female neighbours that might give them any ſatisfaction, making it the rule of his life, as well in trivial as on material occaſions, never to trench upon the liberty of others, while he guarded againſt being cheated out of his own; but Mrs. Crewkherne was too proud to viſit the wives of men in buſineſs of the neighbouring town, and of thoſe of men of the next rank, many reſented that there was no intercourſe between their huſbands with Mr. Delmont, and others, who had daughters, were glad that the excluſion of the Miſs Delmonts from their ſocieties precluded all rivalry; and as they had no hopes of attaching the brother, who was now indeed no object in point of fortune to young women, they willingly relinquiſhed the company of the ſiſters, to whom they were indifferent, and ſtill more willingly that of the aunt, who was univerſally hated.

The female frequenters of the houſe, therefore, were very few. The curate's wife was one, who made tolerable amends to Mrs. Crewkherne for the deficiency of the goſſip in which ſhe really delighted above all other things, and her ſiſter, the widow of an attorney in the next provincial town, was ſo able, that very little paſſed within the circuit of twenty miles which was not known, by either a complete or incomplete narration, at the tea table of Mrs. Crewkherne within at leaſt the next fortnight after the events had taken place.

Dr. and Mrs. Winſlow had now been near a fortnight at Upwood Cottage; poor Miſs Goldthorp was gone half an age in love, and trembled at every mention (and ſuch mention now frequently occurred) of leaving the dear, the hoſpitable roof. The alarms of Dr. Winſlow and his lady increaſed, and the two Miſs Delmonts ſaw with diſquiet, that their fair gueſt and her fifty thouſand pounds made not the leaſt viſible impreſſion on their unaccountable brother, when it happened that their evening parties were enlivened by the addition at the vicarage of the notable and intelligent widow—Mrs. Nixon's viſits were more welcome than ever to Mrs. Crewkherne, who invited her to bring her work and ſit of a morning, while her ſiſter was buſied in the affairs of her family. It happened that Dr. Winſlow had rode out one day with an intention to prevail upon the ſurgeon to allow of his patient's removal, for which he was become intolerably anxious, his lady was writing letters to her ſon, and the two Miſs Delmonts engaged with their young friend, when Mrs. Nixon, accepting this invitation, began to unfold ſeveral entertaining anecdotes, while, to return her confidence, Mrs. Crewkherne, with an air of conſequential myſtery, told of the hopes ſhe had entertained that Mr. George Delmont might be ſo lucky as to obtain this rich heireſs, "which," ſaid Mrs. Crewkherne, "to be ſure, my good madam, will be the making of him and his ſiſters; for I am aſſured, and from good authority, that ſhe has not a ſhilling leſs than fifty thouſand pounds."

"I have heard it called more," anſwered her companion, "and I have no reaſon, I am ſure, to diſbelieve it; but to be ſure you have heard that

that the young lady has been engaged from her infancy to Dr. Winſlow's ſon."

"Yes, I certainly have heard it; and indeed the Doctor and his lady have taken care to repeat it; but I have very little ſkill in gueſſing, or the girl herſelf is of a very different mind.—Who can tell what an effect ſuch an accident as ſhe has met with may have upon a perſon?—I know ſhe thinks young Winſlow left her in danger, and ſaved himſelf, and ſhe ſeems to hold him mighty cheap; beſides, my dear Mrs. Nixon, I hope one may ſay without oſtentation, that there is not *much* compariſon either between the perſons or the families of theſe two gentlemen, and certainly Mr. Delmont's *fortune*, though very far indeed from what it ought to be now, may not always be ſo much unequal; for my part, even as it is, I think there are few women, even thoſe of the greateſt fortunes in England, that either George Delmont, or his brother the major, might not pretend to without much preſumption."

"I am quite of your mind, certainly," ſaid the intelligent widow; "and I am ſure, from my long regard for the family, there is nobody who would rejoice more ſincerely than I ſhould do at ſuch a rich match, and I heartily hope nothing will prevent it."

"Prevent it!" cried Mrs. Crewherne eagerly, for ſhe hated to have any ſcheme ſhe was fond of doubted; "and pray what ſhould prevent it? I hope you don't ſuppoſe me likely to be miſtaken about the young woman. No, no, I have obſerved her, and am ſure ſhe likes my kinſman. Dr. Winſlow's deſigns are nothing to us; and ſurely you cannot ſuffer yourſelf to imagine that Mr. Delmont would be ſo wanting

to

to himſelf and to his family as to let ſuch an opportunity of eſtabliſhing his fortune eſcape him."

The widow anſwered only with an "hem!" given in a tone ſufficiently expreſſive of incredulity. Mrs. Crewkherne alarmed, then entreated her to ſay if ſhe knew any particular relative to George Delmont's conduct, which made her believe he would be reluctantly engaged in a purſuit ſo advantageous, and after ſome queſtions artfully evaded, Mrs. Nixon ſaid, "Pray has not Mr. Delmont been more with his friend Mr. Armitage than he uſed to be?"

"He has been often out, certainly, and generally, ſince this family have been with us, goes out early in a morning, and returns to breakfaſt, or ſoon afterwards, that he may not be deficient in politeneſs to his gueſt." "His ſervant, then," ſaid Mrs. Nixon, "can tell you whither he goes."

"He never takes a ſervant with him, and oftener goes on foot than on horſeback; but I know that all his morning abſences are not on viſits, for he often goes about buſineſs relative to his farms, and into the cottages, on I don't know what ſchemes that he has got in his head about the poor."

A ſmile of peculiar meaning was added to Mrs. Nixon's anſwers, who ſaid, "About the *poor* are his mornings occupied? Oh! yes, I have always been told that he is a remarkably *conſiderate* young man, and he will be able to do wonders in regulating the *poor* no doubt."

Being again earneſtly preſſed to explain herſelf, Mrs. Nixon repeated her queſtion about Delmont's increaſed intimacy with Mr. Armitage, and then ſaid, "What then, my dear madam,

madam, is it poſſible that you ſhould not have heard of the ſtrangers who have now for ſome time been what I might indeed call your neighbours?"

"It certainly is poſſible," rejoined Mrs. Crewkherne, "ſince I have made no enquiry, not knowing that any connection of mine was intereſted."

"I don't mean," cried the other, "to ſay what they are, only I will leave you to judge. I do not exactly know how long ago it is ſince a perſon ſaid to be a lady, whoſe huſband was abroad, and who was herſelf an American, was by means of a friend of Mr. Armitage (for he did not like to interfere openly himſelf, I ſuppoſe) received at Denbury farm, which of courſe you know. It is a little out of the high road, among the woods on the other ſide the hill, and is, I believe, about a mile or a mile and an half from Mr. Armitage's own houſe, and about two from hence.

"I know the place well," exclaimed Mrs. Crewkherne, who now with breathleſs impatience waited for the ſequel.

"After the agreement was made for a bed chamber, and a light cloſet, and a ſitting room in the farm houſe, for which it ſeems the farmer was at ſome expence, a conſiderable time enſued before the arrival of the lodgers, and then, one night, a poſt chaiſe arrived quite late from ********** with theſe females in it—A lady, who is deſcribed as a tall genteel figure, who ſpeaks always very obligingly in Engliſh, but never willingly enters into converſation with any one on her affairs. Of the two with her, one was a girl apparently about fifteen, or hardly ſo much, fair and rather pretty, with looſe hair

hair of a golden brown hanging wild about her ears, and quite ſimple, and even childiſh, in her dreſs and manners; the lady it ſeems is her mother, or paſſes for ſuch, though ſhe looks almoſt too young; and the third is a French woman of three or four and forty, who cannot ſpeak any Engliſh, and who affects to underſtand ſo little of it, that ſhe anſwers only by ſigns. They live, it ſeems, very frugally, but after a ſort of French way, according to the account of the good woman of the houſe, who ſays the French woman has taught their Hannah to make ſtrange diſhes for them of ſtews and ſoups. They pay very regularly once a fortnight for every thing, and the lady herſelf ſeems reſerved, and ſeldom goes out, and nobody ever comes to ſee them but Mr. Armitage, who does not very often go, and your nephew ſometimes with Mr. Armitage, but of late very much alone. Now you know Mr. Armitage's character, which to be ſure is a very ſtrange one. You know, after he parted from his wife, that he went to America, and people *do* ſay that this myſterious lady is a woman who left her huſband on his account, and that this young girl is a daughter of his; and there *are* thoſe who have a moſt ſincere regard for your family, who are very much afraid, knowing what an artful man Mr. Armitage is, and the *amazing* influence he has obtained over Mr. George Delmont, that theſe perſons have been brought hither with the wicked view, for indeed I cannot call it any other, of drawing him into a marriage."

"Impoſſible!" cried Mrs. Crewkherne, half ſhrieking with ill ſtifled paſſion—"'tis impoſſible any one ſhould dare to think of ſuch a connection for a nephew, for a grandſon of the Earls

Earls of Caſtledanes; nor, unguarded, and miſled, and degraded as he is in too many inſtances, would he himſelf ever think of ſuch a thing—Marry an American girl, who may be a ſtroller for aught he can tell!—Here in the very face of his family, and next door almoſt to *me* and to his ſiſters! Here, on the very ſpot where his family, inferior to none in England, have been the very firſt people ſince the conqueſt?"

Fear leſt what ſhe urged as impoſſible ſhould nevertheleſs be true (and a thouſand recollections crowded on her mind to increaſe it while ſhe ſpoke) now ſtopped for a moment the ſharp-noted eloquence of Mrs. Crewkherne, and her companion, who ſecretly enjoying the ſight of the pain her intelligence had inflicted, obtained time to ſay in a ſubdued voice, and with great appearance of concern, "Nothing can be more juſt, dear Mrs. Crewkerne, than all you ſay. To be ſure, ſuch a thing would be not only very affecting indeed to Mr. Delmont's family, but, as one may ſay, a ſort of national concern, for nothing can be worſe than for great families to demean themſelves by low alliances, and eſpecially with folks not properly born according to the laws of England—and then an American too!—a race that for my part ſeem to me not to belong to Chriſtian ſociety ſomehow, and who, I underſtand, are no better than atheiſts; for I am told there are no clergy in America, as our's are, eſtabliſhed by law, to oblige and compel people to think right; but that all runs wild, and there are no tithes, nor ways of maintaining that holy order, as we have, but every body prays their own way, if indeed ſuch free-thinkers ever pray at all, which I dare ſay they do not.—But I am aſſured that they are exceſſive bad people, and that it is a dangerous thing to have any com-

munication with them, which certainly redoubles one's concern, *if* it be true that Mr. Delmont, who might, we all know, do ſo much better, ſhould be ſo miſguided, as ſo to connect himſelf."

"If!" cried Mrs. Crewkherne, who had been recalling numberleſs circumſtances that confirmed her in it—"if!—I tell you Mrs. Nixon, the thing is quite impoſſible, and I muſt beg of you to contradict it wherever you hear it; for my part I am reſolved to put an end to any ſuch report; for I'll tell Mr. Delmont of it, and repreſent to him how injurious ....."

"Give me leave, dear madam," interrupted Mrs. Nixon, "to aſk, if it would not ſpare you ſome uneaſineſs, and perhaps ſome painful altercation with your nephew, if you were yourſelf to aſcertain whether theſe people are at all like what they are repreſented to be?—Perhaps, after all, it may not be ſo; they may merely be ſome of Mr. Armitage's London acquaintance, and Mr. Delmont may only accidentally have ſeen them. Suppoſe, as you have gone out for airings with Mrs. Winſlow, you were to make an excuſe to go thither, and ſee Mrs. Jemmatt, at Denbury, yourſelf; ſhe is a very good kind of woman, and you may make any pretence you pleaſe to call at her farm."

"Not with Mrs. Winſlow," replied Mrs. Crewkherne; "in the firſt place, ſhe has ſuch a terror of the roads, that I ſhould never perſuade her to go up the hills; and in the next place, if ſhe ſhould once get a notion of ſuch an abſurd, ridiculous, wicked, and inſufferable inclination, *ſhe* would make her uſe of it, and mar at once all we are trying to bring about, and in which, if George ſhould not determine to ruin himſelf by his own folly, we ſhall ſucceed."

"Well

"Well then, if you think ſo," ſaid Mrs. Nixon, "ſuppoſe you borrow the carriage, as the Doctor's horſes *are now* hired ones; and as I ſhall return to-morrow to ——, which is but three miles farther, you may ſet me down."

To this Mrs. Crewkherne agreed, and promiſing to ſay nothing of what had paſſed, the *goſſips* parted; Mrs. Crewkherne, agitated by fear, pride, indignation, and impatience—the other delighted to be diſburthened of a ſecret that had long been very troubleſome to her, and obtained her conveyance home without hiring a poſt chaiſe, as ſhe would otherwiſe have been obliged to do; and theſe circumſtances, beſides the importance ſhe had acquired by being the firſt to divulge this news, were extremely grateful to her.

CHAP. VII.

'Entre nous, dites moi, ſi jamais un philoſophe a cauſé le moindre trouble dans la ſocieté? Ne ſont ils pas pour la plus part des ſolitaires? ne ſont ils pas pauvres? ſans protection, ſans appui?"

LEFT an orphan at ſix years old, and educated at a boarding ſchool, without any particular attention ſave what ſhe had received from Mrs. Winſlow during the two vacations of the year, Miſs Goldthorp had now attained the age of twenty-one, and had been a few months in poſſeſſion of her fortune. Her having arrived at her majority had hitherto made no other difference in her mode of life, than that of her aſſuming

aſſuming ſomewhat more conſequence, and dreſſing rather more expenſively. She ſeemed to meditate on her power of greater indulgence, and to be for a while paſſive, never troubling herſelf to contradict the frequent hints thrown out of the expectations of her uncle and aunt in regard to their ſon, nor ever ſaying what might be interpreted into a promiſe; and till ſhe became of age they had forborne to preſs a concluſion of the marriage, becauſe, had ſhe died before that period, her fortune would have gone to ſome diſtant relations of her father's. Miſs Goldthorp was one of thoſe young women, of whom it is common to ſay, that they are "highly accompliſhed;" that is, ſhe had made ſome little progreſs in the various branches of female education, which uſually paſs under the name of elegant accompliſhments. Conſcious of knowing ſomething, ſhe aſſumed credit for a great deal; and in conſideration of her fortune, credit was given her for all ſhe pretended to. On the piano forté ſhe was ſaid to poſſeſs wonderful execution; and certain it is, that both on that and on the harp ſhe made a very loud noiſe, and rattled away with the moſt perfect conviction that her auditors were amazed at her facility. She ſpoke French with the ſame undoubting confidence, and therefore ſpoke it fluently if not with extreme correctneſs; beſides which, ſhe occaſionally interlarded her converſation with words or ſhort ſentences in Italian, and had thence acquired the reputation of a very elegant Italian ſcholar. She often made her friends preſents of moſt beautiful pieces of her own painting and embroidery, and they would have been equally wanting in taſte and in gratitude had they queſtioned whether theſe productions,

tions, which Mrs. Winſlow pronounced to be *ſupremely elegant*, were really the works of her own hands, or whether ſhe had been aſſiſted in them by her maſters, or certain indigent young women who ſometimes attended her with faſhionable works.

As to her mind, ſhe had, with a great idea of her own importance, many other faults of an heireſs. She loved and hated with equal ſuddenneſs and violence. Her love was ſeldom beſtowed on any but thoſe who flattered her. The leaſt ſlight, whether real or imaginary, enſured to the perſon who was guilty of it her inveterate hatred; yet ſhe could occaſionally diſſemble, and had a way of affecting gentleneſs and affection towards thoſe whom ſhe would take the firſt occaſion to ridicule or vilify. A coquet from diſpoſition, ſhe liked to be ſurrounded with admirers, and to perſuade herſelf they followed her not for her fortune, but for her perſonal perfections. Some of theſe her adorers, who had become acquainted with her in her late excurſion to the ſea ſide, had diſcovered this foible, and were preparing to avail themſelves of the diſcovery, when her accompanying the Doctor on his viſit, and the accident that followed, removed their prey from their immediate purſuit, and threw her into the way of Delmont, whom ſhe had only ſeen twice, before ſhe fancied ſhe muſt acknowledge him as the predeſtined maſter of her heart.

Dr. Winſlow, ever alive to his intereſt, and piquing himſelf on his ſagacity, was ſoon alarmed at the ſymptoms which he thought he perceived of this growing partiality, and he became impatient to put an end to its farther progreſs, by removing his niece from a ſcene where ſhe

was

was not only reminded of the obligation ſhe owed, but had a conſtant opportunity of remarking the many perfections, which, it was not to be denied, were poſſeſſed by him to whom ſhe was obliged; but on application to the medical man who had ſet the limb, he declared, that it would be a ſingular inſtance of good fortune, if in a fortnight his patient was in a condition to be ſafely removed.

All that could be done, therefore, was, to counteract as much as he could the impreſſions which the good Doctor ſo greatly apprehended; and as his wife was the only perſon to whom he could communicate his fears, or on whom he could vent his ill humour, he took the firſt occaſion, when they were alone together, to remonſtrate with her on the encouragement ſhe frequently gave to Miſs Goldthorp's evident admiration of Delmont. His natural peeviſhneſs of temper ſeized on every trifle. "Why," ſaid he, "why, will you always, in your flattering fulſome way, be praiſing this young man before her? A fine buſineſs it will be indeed, if your folly helps to ruin your ſon's proſpects; but there is nothing, no, nothing that is fooliſh, that would be ſurpriſing from you. I ſtand amazed that you have not ſenſe to perceive, that all the family are trying to bring the match about; and you! you, in mere weakneſs, mere inanity, and for the pleaſure of hearing yourſelf talk, ſeem to me to be doing all you can to aſſiſt them."

The poor woman began in mild terms to defend herſelf. The preacher of patience and humility continued to reproach her, till he had nothing more to ſay, and till ſhe had promiſed to be more guarded in future, and neither to praiſe the *elegant* taſte of Delmont in his grounds,

or

or aſk Louiſa for his verſes, or remark on his fine perſon. "And let me tell you, Mrs. Winſlow," ſaid the Doctor, "that you are too apt, a great deal too apt, to fall into theſe fits of admiration. As to this young man, I have ſtudied him, and I aſſure you, that if our dear Middleton was out of the queſtion, I ſhould be ſorry to ſee Martha the wife of ſuch a one. Why, is he not the moſt ſingularly obſtinate man as to opinions, and blind to his own intereſt to an incredible degree? Will he take advice? No, not even from thoſe who are beſt qualified to give it. A very opinionated ſelf-ſufficient young man indeed! but he is a philoſopher it ſeems, and it does not become a philoſopher to follow any of the moſt reſpectable walks of life. Have a care, Mrs. Winſlow, have a care, for you will otherwiſe find that fifty thouſand pounds is a ſum of which this pretended philoſopher underſtands the value, and he'd no more ſcruple taking advantage of your folly, and the girl's romantic nonſenſe, to poſſeſs himſelf of it, than his brother philoſophers have dône to overturn Europe; for my part, I profeſs I loſe my patience at the idea! and ſtand amazed at the daily progreſs of theſe pernicious principles!"

Mrs. Winſlow, declaring that her nerves were ſo ſhattered that ſhe muſt call her maid for her drops, the Doctor finiſhed his reproachful lecture; but the fretfulneſs it had excited was not eaſily appeaſed; and entering the ſtudy, he unfortunately found Delmont buſied in unpacking and arranging books he had juſt received from London, among which were ſome of thoſe works which the Doctor held in the greateſt abhorrence from report only, for he had never read a line in them; but encouraged by the

the good nature and candour with which Delmont had on former occaſions liſtened to him, he began a bitter invective againſt what he termed innovations in political, moral, and religious concerns.

"Yet, my dear Sir," ſaid Delmont with great mildneſs, "you will allow, that if no innovations had ever been made, we ſhould ſtill have been what you certainly have learned to think of with a due degree of diſlike; we ſhould ſtill have been under the papal tyranny; the fires of Smitfield might yet have blazed, and we ſhould have been denied the milder effulgence ſtruck out from better principles by ſuch worthy and well informed divines as yourſelf, my dear Doctor."

"Perhaps ſo, perhaps ſo," cried the Doctor; "but what has all that to do with government?"

"It might have had nothing to do indeed," replied Delmont, "if the religious and civil government had not been ſo interwoven, that whoever diſſents from the firſt, as eſtabliſhed by arbitrary laws, is immediately conſidered as the enemy of the other. Church and king, you know, are coupled for ever. If any particular mode of thinking or of education forbids a man's implicit obedience to the firſt, he becomes diſqualified, by I know not what unjuſt and oppreſſive regulations, from ſerving the ſecond."

"And let me tell you, Sir," rejoined the Doctor, "very properly reſtrained; for he who does not acknowledge the infallibility of one, will hardly own the divine right of the other."

"Softly, ſoftly, good Doctor; your infallibility and divine right there is no contending with. So many quarrels, and ſo much bloodſhed

ſhed and miſery have already happened on account of thoſe two very *ſenſible* and reaſonable words, that we will not ſuffer them to raiſe even an argument between us; but give me leave to aſk you, my dear Sir, what crimes, in a moral ſenſe, you impute to theſe unlucky philoſophers, againſt whom your wrath is kindled? Suffer me to aſk you, in the words of one of them, 'Avez 'vous jamais vûe des philoſophes apporter dans 'un païs la guerre, la famine, ou la peſte?— 'Bayle, par example, a t'il jamais voulu crever 'les digues de la Hollande, pour noyer les 'habitans, comme le voulait, dit on un grand 'miniſtre, qui n'etoit pas philoſophe' *."

"Who but thoſe who call themſelves philoſophers," exclaimed the Doctor, with increaſed impatience, "who elſe have occaſioned all the bloodſhed and miſery we have unhappily lived to ſee in our time, in a neighbouring kingdom?"

"Pardon me, Sir; I believe it to be exactly the reverſe; if the perſons, whom you call philoſophers, ſought and imagined they had found truth; if ſo believing they endeavoured to emancipate the people from the fetters which galled and cruſhed them, to reſtore to them the rights of human nature ſo long withheld by ſuperſtition and tyranny; and if, in *trying* to do this, to benefit and enlighten the world, thoſe who had an intereſt in oppreſſing and keeping it in darkneſs have ſome of them ſuffered; nay, if the innovators, or thoſe whom they attempted to relieve, have many of them fallen in the

* "A t'on jamais entendu parler d'un philoſophe, qui avait voulu faire perir vingt millions de peuples par la famine, comme le voulait, dit on un grand miniſtre, qui n'etoit pas philoſophe."

ſhock

ſhock, it is not juſt to ſay, that the perſons who would have ameliorated the general condition of mankind have occaſioned even this partial deſtruction. The truth is, that the gloomy and abſurd ſtructures, raiſed on the baſis of prejudice and ſuperſtition, have toppled down headlong; many are cruſhed in their fall; even ſome of thoſe Sampſons, who themſelves ſhook the pillars, have been overwhelmed; but the baſtilles of falſehood, in which men's minds were impriſoned, are levelled with the earth, never, never to riſe again!"

The enthuſiaſm which Delmont felt at this moment glowed on his countenance and animated his geſture. Doctor Winſlow, who had never in his life been conſcious of ſuch a ſentiment, and who cared nothing for the ſtate of the world, ſo long as its arrangements permitted him to enjoy the gratifications he had learned to conſider as neceſſary, knew not what to oppoſe. However, though confuſed for a moment, he was not either convinced or paſſive; but was collecting, as ſilently he ſat ſwelling, all the common-place ſayings he could remember, which, ſurcharged with anger, and zeal, and perſonal reſentment, might have overcome, perhaps for a moment, the benevolent and hoſpitable temper of Delmont, had not the latter, who had finiſhed placing his books, and recollected ſome orders he had to give about his farm, walked away, and left the Doctor to have once more recourſe to his wife.

To her then he returned, and recommenced his complaints. Mrs. Winſlow, rouſed by a repetition of ill-humour, then attempted to divert it, by aſſuring him, that if there was any ſuch partiality on the part of Miſs Goldthorp, it was not

not noticed by Delmont. "Dear Doctor," ſaid ſhe, "how ſtrangely you are prepoſſeſſed. I am ſure Mr. Delmont is totally indifferent to Martha. We women are often more quick-ſighted than men in ſuch matters; and I have beſides reaſon to believe from Mrs. Crewkherne, that the family are very uneaſy about ſome imprudent connection or engagement he has made; and as to Patty, I'm ſure he hardly ever looks at her, or takes the leaſt notice of her, more than juſt common civility requires; and of an evening, when we play at cards, or converſe in her room to amuſe her, he addreſſes himſelf much oftener to me than to her."

This the Doctor pronounced to be art; again gave his wife ſtrict injunctions againſt expreſſing any admiration of any part of the Delmont family before Miſs Goldthorp; and then repeating his concern and impatience at being ſo long detained where he thought his favourite ſcheme was in ſo much hazard of being overturned, he was relapſing into more than his former ill humour, when he was fortunately diverted from it by intelligence, that a perſon whom Delmont had employed to procure game for the Doctor to ſend to ſome friends in London waited to receive his commands for the diſpoſal of three brace of pheaſants and a leaſh of hares.

His fears and his reſentment were for a while ſuſpended, and he haſtened to give directions for dividing them between one of his dignified friends and a man who had intereſt with a certain great beſtower of benefices.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

" Les travers, et l'infignificance de ces perſonnages aux quels reſſemblaient ſans doute beaucoup des gens du monde, me faiſaient rèflèchir ſur le vuide des ſociètès, et ſur l'avantage de n' etre point tenu à les frèquenter."

NO circumſtance of perſonal inconvenience could make Delmont repent an interference, which had even mitigated the commoneſt evils to the humbleſt of beings; nothing therefore could make him regret, even when he was moſt teaſed and interrupted by its conſequences, the fortunate accident which had put it in his power to reſcue from deſtruction a young, and, as far as hitherto had appeared, an amiable woman, though any thing more tormenting to him than the perplexities that had been brought on by the ſequel of this accident could hardly have been imagined by the miſchievous malice of the moſt capricious of thoſe powers which are fabled to preſide over the deſtiny of mortals.

The acquaintance with which it had entangled him were wholly diſagreeable to him. The pert pompoſity of Doctor Winſlow, only reſtrained by that ſenſe of ſuperiority which inferior minds always feel, though they place it to the account of any cauſe but the true one, was utterly diſguſting to Delmont. The Doctor, ready every moment to offer his advice, and even enforce it by that air of authority which his apron of ſilk and his wig of ſtupendous curl ſeemed to authorize, ſhrunk, he knew not why, from the open countenance, the generous glow, the plain but energetic reaſoning of a boy, who had hardly numbered 20 years. As the Doctor had not the remoteſt idea

of

of any other reaſon than that which had taught him, when only four or five years older, to ſecure a coheireſs with an handſome fortune, and not long after ſome excellent pieces of preferment (eſcaping with great adroitneſs from that very puzzling and diſagreeable perſonage, Simon Magus, who is ſomewhat like the John Doe and Richard Roe of our admirable and clear forenſic practice) the Doctor, when he felt himſelf ſubdued and abaſhed by the ſtrait forward arguments of a ſtrippling, who had never completed a courſe of logic, could only imagine that there was ſomething irreſiſtibly impoſing in illuſtrious blood — He looked with a look of deference on the fine figure, the animated countenance of the unfeed and untaught pleader who ſtood before him, while he urged the rights of plain reaſon and common ſenſe, and never ſuſpecting that it was the omnipotence of that plain reaſon and common ſenſe with which he was contending, while he had no other weapons than the wretched ones furniſhed by that inveterate prejudice and ſelfiſh intereſt which hood-winked all enquiry, Doctor Winſlow (rubbing his ſmooth ſhining forehead, and paſſing his two fore fingers politely and cautiouſly under the foretop of his well dreſſed wig, as if to air a little his brain, which felt heated and confuſed in the conteſt) Doctor Winſlow concluded with himſelf, that he was thus abaſhed merely by the powers of hereditary intellect, and that in argument with a plebeian adverſary he could be at no ſuch loſs. He ſaid—this young man's great grandfather was the celebrated Henry Delmont, who ſo ably (though to be ſure he was wrong) declared for certain doctrines in 1688. His grandfather was a man celebrated for the brilliance of his

wit, took another line in politics, and (though I am afraid he had rather looſe principles as to certain points) and notwithſtanding I never heard that his father was remarkably gifted with talents, yet, no doubt, the abilities of his remoter anceſtry are renewed in this youth.—Yes, yes, certainly ſtrong parts are hereditary; I am convinced of it, and that makes it the more mortifying, when one reflects that this young man, who now ſuffers his talents to evaporate in wild chimeras, in theories taken from vile, very vile books, might, if he would only hear *reaſon*, be a judge, perhaps a chancellor, or what is in every ſenſe a character more extenſively beneficial to our ſpecies, a biſhop, if not an archbiſhop.

Delmont had acquired, whether from hereditary preſcription or not, a way of looking at whatever propoſition was preſented to him, not as Dr. Winſlow had been uſed to do, exactly as it was ſhewn, but in every light it would bear. The Doctor had never thought of any object but exactly as his predeceſſors, his maſters, had told him to think. He had done ſo well for himſelf by this method, that he could not for the life of him imagine how a man of only common ſenſe could throw his bread upon the waters by attempting any other.

For all ſort of prejudices the Doctor had the profoundeſt reſpect, "becauſe they were prejudices." He loved "ancient opinions;" they ſaved him the trouble of forming any new ones, and were the only opinions to live by. Why then ſhould he caſt them away? why ſuffer the ſlighteſt doubt to reſt on his mind? Yet, unleſs he had ſuſpected that the want of general reverence might in time undermine theſe "ſalu-

tary

sary prepoſſeſſions," and diminiſh or do away the emoluments which the regular profeſſors of them enjoyed, he might never have felt that exceſs of zeal which induced him to try all his rhetoric on this young, and, as he hoped, yet unformed ſcyon of a noble houſe, who could not but do him ſo much honour as a diſciple, or fail to prove ſo beautiful and poliſhed an acanthus leaf in the Corinthian pillar of poliſhed ſociety.

This ardour of friendly inſtruction, however, did not laſt many days. There was nothing to be got in the way of preferment at preſent from the family, and Mrs. Crewkherne, by whoſe repreſentation his zeal had received its firſt impulſe, not only thought in many points quite out of the pale, but looked, he thought, very coolly on him, and he began at the end of the firſt week to fear, that the accidental introduction of Miſs Goldthorp into the family had opened views much more tempting to the ambition of a young man, than what could ever ariſe from his moſt ſucceſsful exertions to obtain eccleſiaſtical honours and emoluments; but he was compelled to endure ſeven days longer theſe tormenting fears, which the obſervation of every day increaſed, and at the end of that time the ſurgeon ſeemed ſtill unwilling to pronounce, that in the courſe of the next week his patient might with very great precaution be removed, and by journies of ten or twelve miles a day return to London. When Dr. Winſlow reported this to Mr. Delmont, watching anxiouſly his countenance, and at the ſame time making a laboured apology for the trouble he and his family had ſo long given, he could not perceive any marks of concern on the features of Delmont;

mont; nothing that indicated the paſſions of love or intereſt. He ſaid in return to his compliment all that civility and hoſpitality dictated, but with an indifference that made the anxious Doctor a little eaſier as to the heireſs; he began to hope he had been miſtaken.

But the female part of Delmont's family, who became every hour more ſolicitous for the ſucceſs of their views, were not idle. In a long tête-a-tête between Miſs Delmont and Miſs Goldthorp, the latter diſcloſed to her her reſolution to break the chains of guardianſhip, ſince ſhe was now become of age. She ſaid, that it was true Dr. Winſlow and her aunt had been kind to her, and ſhe had nothing to complain of as to their treatment of herſelf; but ſhe could not help ſaying they were the moſt diſagreeable people on earth to live with. "Yet, ah! my ſweet Caroline," added ſhe, ſighing, "it was only ſince my acquaintance with this family that I knew, by all that contraſt can impreſs, *how* irkſome they were. My uncle is the moſt peeviſh man in the world, and frets and teaſes about ſuch trifles, that there is never any repoſe in the houſe. He is a great epicure you muſt know, and piques himſelf upon underſtanding a table better than any houſekeeper or clerk of the kitchen. In London it is his buſineſs to waddle out early in the morning to the two neareſt markets to pick up nice things at reaſonable prices. He returns to breakfaſt, to recount with great ſatisfaction what he has done in this way, which always turns me ſick! one ſo hates to hear of dinner at breakfaſt-time!—Then in due ſeaſon, before dinner, he goes down to his duty in the kitchen, and directs how it ſhould all be. It is not eaſy for my poor good aunt always

always to find cooks who will bear this, and we change about once a month; for notwithſtanding all the dear Doctor's codling, it happens continually thatthe fiſh is boiled to pieces, orthe ſoup taſteleſs, or the ragout too ſalt, or too high, or too ſomething or other; and then the little round man does ſo lament himſelf! eſpecially if there is company, that he lives in a perpetual Jeremiad. My aunt uſed to pluck up ſpirits, and ſcold again formerly, and then we had ſuch dialogues of tart repartee that it was ſometimes laughable enough; but lately, poor woman, ſhe has fallen into what ſhe calls her nervous ways, and inſtead of retorting ſhe performs a fit; and really it is piteous to ſee her; though luckily her fits are of a ſort that are miraculouſly cured by cards and company, when aſſafœtida, and all the horrible drugs ſhe poiſons herſelf with, ſeem to do no good at all. Then there's dear Middleton, my coz, the ſon and heir of this worthy couple, who is, they both declare, the firſt and foremoſt of created beings, and who may be ſo for aught I know. I have known, ever ſince I was eleven years old, that I was intended for the happy wife of this paragon; and I aſſure you I was not much older when I determined to be no ſuch thing. I let them alone indeed, and do not poſitively contradict them; and poor Middletony does not put me to much trouble to repulſe him, or he is a moſt chilly and inanimate lover, and had a great deal rather contemplate his ponies than his miſtreſs; and though I know the notion of our being engaged keeps, as it is called, people off, yet, as I do not mean to marry till after I have been ſome time my own miſtreſs, and never," continued ſhe, ſighing, "wiſhed to attract any body, I never took the pains to

contradict what I was told of, to be ſure, often enough, but was rather amuſed to ſee the men, an hundred coxcombs or adventurers, who cared for nothing but my money, laying all ſort of plots and ſchemes to ſupplant poor Mid, and going ſlyly to work to find out my opinion of him, and whether this ſuppoſed engagement was of my own choice, or I had been teaſed or compelled into it by the old folks. You cannot imagine how many ridiculous adventures of that ſort I have had ſince I have lived with them.—For the firſt two years after I left ſchool, I reſided with my father's mother, who did not much love the Winſlow's; and the fortune *ſhe* left me, which is very conſiderable, the Doctor and my aunt have no power over at all; whereas, of that which was my mother's only, I am not to have the principal till I am five and twenty, unleſs I marry with their conſent, which I ſhall certainly never do if I do not agree to take their marvellous marmoſet. However, I do not much trouble myſelf, my dear Caroline, about that clauſe; for the income I ſhall have will be enough, I hope, for the wiſhes of any reaſonable man; and I can wait for the power to diſpoſe of the five and thirty thouſand till I am five and twenty."

Caroline Delmont had never heard her friend ſo communicative before, nor had ſhe any idea, large as ſhe knew her fortune to be, that it was to the amount ſhe now ſeemed to hint, for Mrs. Winſlow had, for obvious reaſons, rather diminiſhed than enlarged, when ſhe ſpoke of it; Caroline, therefore, when ſhe pauſed after having thus ſpoken, ventured to aſk her how much her income would be, when ſhe was poſſeſſed of it all?

"Not

"Not quite three thouſand a year, my ſweet friend," anſwered ſhe, "which, though it is not a very great fortune, gives me at leaſt a right to pleaſe myſelf, which I aſſure you I intend to do; not merely in the article of marrying, but, though I am ſorry, poor good folks, to diſappoint them, in the article of having an houſe of my own, and living my own way. I know well enough what I ſhall have to contend with: the Doctor will fret and fume till it will half melt my tender heart; but then it will be hardened again by his *advice*, which I dread more than all his other boring powers. I ſhall turn a deaf ear, and go my own way, as I often do now (though, ſince I've been ſick I have not been able to ſhew you a ſpecimen of my managing him). But then my aunt will come with her tenderneſſes, and her tears, and twiddle twaddle ways of dear niecing and ſweet girling me, and a thouſand fal lal's about my mother, and how ſhe hoped to have been, not in the fondneſs of her feelings only, but from the happineſs of *her dear Middleton*, another mother to me as well as aunt, and the moſt affectionate of all grandmama's to my ſweet babes, if ever I happen to have any, for the good lady always has a provident eye to poſterity. If all this ſeducing rhetoric ſhould fail, as fail peradventure it will, ſhe will fall into a fit, which I ſhall be extremely ſorry for, I aſſure you, becauſe I love my aunt very well; but I cannot give up my freedom becauſe of her aptitude to exhibit theſe pathetic ſcenes, knowing full well that the attack would be as ſharp, if at one of her great routs in the winter the three moſt boaſted of her fine friends ſhould fail to ſhew their faces—if the counſellor's wife in the ſquare had collected more peo-

ple of faſhion than ſhe could do, or any other woeful mortification of the ſame ſort. So I ſhall certainly oblige myſelf where myſelf is ſo much more in queſtion than any one elſe; and time, you know, will get the better of the mama's lamentation and the ſon's love."

"Not ſo eaſily the laſt as the firſt," ſaid Miſs Delmont. "Poor young man! he may be a ſad ſufferer."

"Not he, indeed! I tell you my dear Caroline, he cares not a ſtraw for me, nor for any woman; between ourſelves, poor Middy is very weak, and the fuſs the old folks make about him, which is perfectly ridiculous, ſhews his feebleneſs more, though he is ſuch a mere cub yet, that his being ſuch a ninny is not generally ſuſpected; but I know very well that he is a mighty poor creature, one of thoſe animals that any one may lead as they will, and who never venture to think for themſelves. He never comes from college without having a new horſe and a new friend, and it generally turns out that one recommended or ſold him the other, ſo that he diſcovers at laſt that they are both good for nothing. Then poor Middleton has another quality; he cannot bear any one ſhould be preferred to himſelf; for though he has not courage enough to aſſert it, he really does believe that he is all that his papa and mama declare him to be, ſo that when any other young fellow is talked of as being clever, or handſome, or daſhing, or faſhionable, little Mid looks as if an injury was done to himſelf."

"I remember now," ſaid Caroline, "that during the very few days he ſtaid after your accident, he ſeemed mightily cold towards George, and not to *take* to him, or indeed to any of us much

much—yet George is not tonniſh, nor daſhing, nor faſhionable."

"Not faſhionable!" exclaimed Miſs Goldthorp. "My dear, dear Caroline! you ſee with the eyes of a ſiſter to be ſure; but even thoſe I ſuppoſe will not deceive you, or miſrepreſent ſuch an uncommon figure as Mr. George Delmont's—To ſuch height, ſuch grace, ſuch a form, as ſtrikes you at once with an idea of manly beauty, who ever ſaw united ſuch a face? the fineſt complexion in the world, for a man perhaps *too* fine, he would certainly have, if it was not for that *ſunnineſs* which more than compenſates for its change. You ſee by his forehead that he is fair, but it is only becauſe that profuſion of fine brown hair is now cut away for that odious crop faſhion. Then tell me, Caroline, if ever there were in an human head ſuch eyes as your brother's! How commanding they are, yet how ſweet. If they ſpeak ſuch ineffable things in his own family, or among thoſe to whom he is indifferent, think, oh! no, I dare not truſt myſelf to think, what they would be if animated by love."

Caroline, who never heard a declamation of this ſort from a young woman before, and never ſuſpected from the ſoft languid manners of Miſs Goldthorp, that ſhe was likely to make ſuch a one, ſtared with amazement ſo viſible that her friend could not help remarking it. "You ſeem aſtoniſhed," ſaid ſhe, "my dear friend, at what I have ventured to ſay about your brother. It is not many people indeed I ſhould praiſe ſo warmly; but as to all ſqueamiſh prudery in not ſpeaking what one thinks, I've no notion of it, though I am ſo teaſed and ſo lectured by the old folks that I ſit mim-petty mimp before

before them merely for peace ſake; but I don't ſee why one may not admire an handſome man as well as an handſome ſtatue, or an handſome animal, or any thing elſe that is beautiful. I am very honeſt my dear Caroline, though I am forced to be a little of an hypocrite now and then, to ſave myſelf from being lectured to death; but there is no reaſon why, when you and I are alone, that I ſhould not ſay as I think. Oh! when the bleſſed time comes that I ſhall have had courage to exert myſelf, and be my own miſtreſs, I intend to ſhake off all this reſtraint, I aſſure you. I ſhall take an houſe in ſome pleaſant ſtreet near the Parks, and it ſhall be at the command of my beloved Caroline, if ſhe will deign to accept it, exactly the ſame as at my own. We may be ſiſters at leaſt in our hearts, Caroline! (a deep ſigh again gave pathos to the ſentence.) "We may be ſiſters in our hearts, if my inexorable deſtiny ſhould deny me the happy title I aſpire to."

Here the enthuſiaſm, the ſanguine ſpirit, which had a moment before animated the manner, if not the countenance of the love-ſick fair, ſunk at once. Tears filled her eyes, ſhe ſobbed audibly, and hid her face (though not her bluſhes) in the boſom of her friend. Caroline Delmont, new to all this ſtyle of behaviour, was extremely ſtruck with it; ſhe not only felt the tendereſt pity for her friend, but found herſelf materially involved in the ſucceſs of her paſſion.

The artful manner in which Miſs Goldthorp had thus contrived to addreſs her, was exactly calculated to ſecure her wiſhes for ſucceſs, had ſhe uot before felt them. All the ridicule thrown on the Doctor and his wife, as well as the romantic

mantic rhodomontade that followed it, and the concluding tender appeal to her pity, were calculated to amuſe and intereſt a very young perſon, who, ſince ſhe left her governeſs and her nurſery, had been confined to ſuch ſociety as were to be found at the houſe of Mrs. Crewkherne, among whom a ſmile was almoſt accounted a crime; where no book of amuſement was ever ſuffered to come, and where nothing was ever diſcuſſed but religious topics, which received the moſt gloomy hue from the manner wherein they were repreſented. Caroline had often been compelled to liſten to thoſe ſaturnine pictures of ſins and ſorrows, till ſhe had ſhuddered to find herſelf in a world ſo full of calamities, from which it ſeemed impoſſible to eſcape.

CHAP. IX.

" Behold the ſage Aurelia ſtand,
Diſgrace and fame at her command,
As if heaven's delegate deſign'd
Sole arbiter of all her kind!"

WHILE the romantic Miſs Goldthorp was thus ſecuring her intereſt with one part of the family, the active curioſity of Mrs. Crewkherne, raiſed by the report of Mrs. Nixon, was buſied in tracing, if poſſible, the cauſes that might impede the ſucceſs of a project, which ſeemed to be as near her heart as it was to that of her niece. But other motives than thoſe which had excited the zeal of the younger, ſtimulated that of the elder lady. It was indeed difficult to ſay, whether

whether ambition to reſtore to that branch of the family ſhe was related to, the wealth and conſequence they had loſt, had more influence than two other wiſhes that aroſe in her boſom; one was to mortify the young dowager Lady Caſtledanes, whom ſhe deteſted with the moſt inveterate malignity, and the other, to detect the artifices by which ſhe imagined Mr. Armitage had obtained ſuch an influence over the moral and political opinions of George Delmont.

Mrs. Crewkherne did, indeed, abhor Mr. Armitage, with a degree of animoſity that ſeemed hardly natural, when it was conſidered that this object of her hatred, knew her not even by ſight, having never ſeen her above once by accident, and in a crowd of other company, where ſuch a figure and face as her's, were very unlikely to make the ſlighteſt impreſſion on the memory of a man who was, by habits of retirement, become indifferent to general ſociety, and ſelected his own among perſons of a very different deſcription. But Mr. Armitage was an author, who had ventured, though with great candour and liberality, to ſpeculate on certain points which Mrs. Crewkherne could not bear ſhould ever be diſcuſſed at all, and by which he had acquired the reputation of a free-thinker. In moſt of the charities of life he was exemplary; the beſt maſter, and the beſt friend; his humanity to the poor, and his benevolence to all the world, were bounded only by his circumſtances, which were not affluent; but he dared, in many reſpects, to live for himſelf; and, conſcious of the equity and integrity of his own heart, ſerved God leſs according to the rules preſcribed in the country in which he reſided, than according to certain ideas of his own.

He

He had married early in life; but his wife, who brought him a very large fortune, and who had choſen him in a fit of romantic enthuſiaſm ſhe hardly knew why, was not long in diſcovering that his notions and her's could by no forbearance on his part, be made ſo to accord as to produce any degree of harmony. She hated literary ſociety, was wretched where ſhe could not be the firſt figure, and diſguſted by the plain truths told her by many of his friends, from whom ſhe expected adulation. The ſingle tie between them being broken by the early death of the only child they ever had, ſhe aſſumed the privilege her fortune gave her (for the greateſt part of it ſhe had reſerved to her own uſe) and paſſed every ſummer at ſome place of public reſort; every winter in London; where, had Mr. Armitage enquired narrowly into her conduct, he might have perhaps have found cauſes that would have juſtified his applying to the laws of his country to have diſſolved this ill-aſſorted connection. But he could not prevail upon himſelf to expoſe, in a court of a law, a woman whom he had once loved, and who had been the mother of a child he had been paſſionately fond of. He wiſhed not to try his fate again in a lottery, where he thought the chances ſo much againſt him; and it was at length agreed, that this ill-paired couple ſhould ſeparate for ever, Mrs. Armitage taking almoſt all her own fortune, with which, tired of her own country, ſhe ſeen after went to France, and on being alarmed by the public troubles of that country, had ſince eſtabliſhed herſelf at Florence; while Mr. Armitage had yielded to the inclination he had always felt for travelling; and being thus free from every domeſtic tie, had wandered for

near two years over Europe, from whence he had lately paſſed a ſecond time to America, and only twelve months had elapſed, ſince he had once more ſat down, in literary and philoſophical retirement, at Aſhley Combe, the ſeat of his anceſtors, not far from Upwood Cottage.

Mrs. Crewkherne, in every part of this hiſtory, found ſomething to nouriſh her hatred. She could not ſpeak with patience of a man who had parted with his wife, though it was her own wiſh. She hated a man who affected to revere, and had written in favour of the Americans; nay, who had aided and abetted, as far as in him lay, the atrocious French revolution; for he had been preſent at Paris at the taking of the Baſtille, and had applauded the ſpeech of Mirabeau, in the Jeu-de-Paumes; and, on his return, had ventured to write a pamphlet, in which, while he exhorted the French people not to ſuffer themſelves to be led by the firſt effervescence of liberty, into ſuch licentiouſneſs as would riſque the loſs of it, he hazarded a few opinions on the rights of nations, and the purpoſes of government, which though they had been written and ſpoken, and printed a thouſand times under different forms, and were beſides modified by the niceſt attention to the exiſting circumſtances of his own country, and ſoftened by a mildneſs and amenity of language, which was thought very conſiderably to weaken their effect, yet theſe high crimes and miſdemeanors had eſtranged from him two or three old friends who held places, and ſeveral others who expected them.

One of theſe, a nobleman of Mrs. Crewkherne's acquaintance, had very gravely told her, that whoever was not a declared enemy of this dangerous

dangerous Mr. Armitage, muſt be ſo to all order, all good government, and to our ever bleſſed conſtitution; ſo ſhe abhorred him not only from the impulſe of her own mind, but from that communicated to her by this worthy friend of her's, who was a man of rank, and of courſe infallible. Her exceſſive zeal on the other ſide was, indeed, without bounds, humanity, or reaſon; and ſhe ſcrupled not to declare, how greatly ſhe was delighted with the project that had been formed, for exterminating by famine twenty-eight millions of people; nor did ſhe heſitate to expreſs how much ſatisfaction it would give her, were it poſſible to realize the indignant ſuppoſition of Mr. Burke; and that France, republican France, could, by a ſingle blow, be ſtruck from among the nations of the earth.

All this political vehemence, much of which was very oppoſite to the tenets of her ſpiritual directors, was compounded from many ingredients which had accumulated in the mind of Mrs. Crewkherne, where, as in the magic cauldron of Hecate, they had fermented, till ſuch a ſpirit was produced by them as really gave the poor gentlewoman, in the paroxyſms of its operation, the air of a prieſteſs of Cybele, in all the horrors of inſpiration. Her little red eyes ſeemed too much inflamed to ſtay in their ſockets; ſhe ſtretched her cheeks, gaſped for breath, and trembled with ire, ſo that it was, if not dangerous, at leaſt ſo diſagreeable to encounter her in theſe phrenetic fits, that George Delmont, who did not love to ſee her expoſe herſelf, firſt, becauſe ſhe was a woman, and next, becauſe ſhe was his grandmother's ſiſter, uſed to wave the ſubject himſelf, and draw off from it any of his friends, who might unwarily be engaged

gaged to try with her the friendly controverſy of converſation.

If, however, it unfortunately happened, that ſome luckleſs wight unwittingly touched on any topic, in a way which ſhe thought indicated the leaſt partiality, or even mercy, towards that great magazine of fuel for her rage, the French revolution, the tygreſs, robbed of her young, was gentler. In proportion as her prejudices were violent, her arguments were weak. She hated every body born on the other ſide of the water, becauſe they were not Engliſhmen; and when it was humbly repreſented to her, that ſuch a circumſtance was rather their misfortune than their fault, ſince every man and woman would undoubtedly be born in England, if they could, ſhe then hated the French in particular, becauſe they were our *natural enemies*, and papiſts; but on its being gently obſerved to her, that of that laſt error they had, as far as they could, cured themſelves, ſhe then diſcovered that ſhe abhorred them ten times more for that very reaſon.

To all theſe wide and well-founded cauſes of her deteſtation, which ſhe had learned when a girl, and fancied was a part of a ſort of ſecond creed, were added her fears, not only for her money, the greateſt part of which was in the ſtocks, but, if the barbarians ſhould invade us, ſhe had terrible forbodings of what might occur to her perſonal ſafety in caſe of ſuch an event. In this laſt article, ſhe really had apprehenſions of the moſt diſtreſſing nature imaginable, inſomuch that Upwood, being only about ſeven or eight-and-twenty miles from the coaſt, had been with her one reaſon for refuſing to remain there the two firſt winters after Miſs Delmont became her

her charge, which, notwithſtanding her horror of ſolitude, ſhe would otherwiſe gladly have done, to ſave what ſhe loved extremely, her money.

Then, in addition to all this, ſhe felt an immenſe accumulation both of conſequence and wrath, from the remembrance of having once dined in company with the great and commanding writer and orator, who had enacted Peter the Hermit, and (ſo fortunately for Great Britain) preached a cruſade againſt "the Gallic ſavages." Sir Apulby Gorges had invited her to hear and ſee him. She had been amazed, petrified, enchanted, carried to the ſeventh heaven by his eloquence; and nobody, unleſs Whitfield himſelf was to return to earth, could ever again ſo affect and convince her. Ever ſince that bleſſed epocha, therefore, ſhe ſilenced every one who ventured to enter the liſts with—"Sir, I have heard from that moſt wonderful man."—"Sir, I aſſure you, on the authority of the firſt orator of the age, which I had from himſelf"—or, "Sir, it was a remark of my friend, the moſt admirable Mr. B——." The diſcomfited adverſary, whom ſhe thus put down, was often compelled to fly in diſmay, having nothing he ventured to oppoſe to ſuch authority.

Now Mr. Armitage was believed to have written, beſides the mild and gentle pamphlet he avowed, a very cutting argumentative book againſt one of the productions of Mrs. Crewkherne's idol; and when to ſuch offences was added, the terrible ſuſpicion he had lately been open to, of having produced ſome unknown creature a candidate for the affections of George Delmont, at a time when he had an opportunity of marrying an heireſs; the fury which agitated

tated the breaſt of Mrs. Crewkherne, when ſhe ſet forth to make diſcoveries againſt him, is not to be deſcribed. As they went along, it formed the ſole topic of her converſation; and Mrs. Nixon, for reaſons of her own, artfully fomented her indignation.

It happened that the poſtillion who was employed to drive them, knew nothing of the way acroſs the fields, and through a large tract of woodland, which led to the farm-houſe, whither there was not on any ſide any other way than that made by waggons. The man miſſed the gate by which he could, through encloſures, have reached the houſe, and got into a lane leading to the woods, where the ſoil being deep, the ruts made by the carriage of heavy timber from the wood to the neareſt navigable river, rendered the way almoſt impaſſable for a poſt-chaiſe; ſo that after a little ſtumbling on the part of the horſes, and grumbling on that of the man, Mrs. Crewkherne's fears for her limbs, got the better of thoſe ſhe entertained for her muſlin *ſultane*, or her blue ſhoes, and ſhe determined to walk on to the houſe, the poſtillion aſſuring her that he knew the path, to which he pointed on an high bank, led to it through a copſe. He aſſiſted the ladies to gain this path, and then told them he muſt draw "the chai out backord, by faſtening the horſes behind un, up athwart the doun, and then he know'd how, by gwine a mile about or there away, to get un round zafe enough to the fairm," where he promiſed to be almoſt as ſoon as they ſhould reach it themſelves.

The path they followed was high and dry for ſome time. It then led them into a copſe, where, as autumn was now very far advanced, the fallen leaves, loaded with moiſture, augured but

but ill to the ſhoes of Mrs. Crewkherne, while the briars and underwood every moment committed hoſtilities on her nice gown and elegant cloak, for ſhe had dreſſed herſelf very ſuperbly for a morning viſit, in order to awe and impoſe on thoſe ſhe expected to find, by the dignity of her appearance; and with all her humility and contempt for the vanities of this wicked world, ſhe loved as well to be thought *very faſhionable*, as Mrs. Winſlow did to be *very elegant*.

Buſied, therefore, in guarding againſt the inconvenience of this rude walk, the eloquence of Mrs. Crewkherne for a while was ſuſpended, and her companion, equally ſilent from the ſame careful attention to her garments, followed her, when ſuddenly the path turned ſhort into a ſomewhat wider way; and Mrs. Crewkherne hearing voices, looked up to enquire if ſhe was right, when ſhe ſaw before her a young woman certainly not a peaſant; her ſtraw hat, filled with nuts, lay on the ground beſide her, and her gown was held out to receive more, which were ſhowering from the hazle trees above her, among the boughs of which appeared George Delmont, who, little gueſſing who was the ſpectatreſs of his activity, was making his way among the branches, now ſhaking their fruit from them, and now cruſhing down ſome of the moſt flexible, that his fair companion might herſelf gather the nuts.

To be convinced that all ſhe had heard, that even more than ſhe had heard, was true, and that all her projects for ſecuring Miſs Goldthorp's fortune, were at an end for ever, were but the ideas of a ſecond in the mind of Mrs. Crewkherne. If ſhe had dared to have followed the firſt impulſe of her rage, ſhe would perhaps

haps have ſeized and have ſtrangled, if ſhe could, the object that thus excited it; forgetting however all forms, ſhe ſtepped cloſe to the young perſon, and drawing herſelf up, ſaid in a ſharp and imperious tone, "Pray who are you?"—"Who am *I?*" replied a ſoft and muſical voice, which however trembled with fear—"Who am I?" Delmont, who had from his leafy lodge beheld the queſtioner, and heard the queſtion, was inſtantly on his feet, and perceived at once that his viſits to the farm had been diſcovered by the reſtleſs curioſity of his aunt, who was determined to know to whom they were made.

Nothing remained but to avow openly an acquaintance, which he had no other reaſon for concealing, than his knowledge of that invidious ſuſpicion with which his aunt regarded every one in obſcurity, or not immediately recommended to her by rank, fortune, or connections.

The independent and ſelf-relying ſpirit, which had made him ſhake off the yoke impoſed upon him by opinion and prejudice, would not permit him to ſubmit for a moment to any reſtraint, attempted by one for whoſe underſtanding he had a thorough contempt, and of whoſe heart he had ſo ill an opinion. He, therefore, without diſguiſing his diſpleaſure, ſaid, "By what right, madam, do you queſtion this young lady? If you have any buſineſs in this part of the country, it certainly is not with her."

"Oh, Mr. Delmont, Mr. George Delmont," cried the angry aunt, her voice trembling with rage;—"and is it come to this? I thought indeed what would be the conſequence of your intimacy at Aſhley Combe. I find my intelligence

gence was but too true. Oh! what times are theſe!—when ſuch a man as Mr. Armitage pretends to be, is not aſhamed of encouraging ſuch vile doings, and of lending his aſſiſtance to ſeduce young men of family from the paths of honour and right. But I am determined," added ſhe, paſſing by him, "to know the very foundation of all this." She was only a few paces from the termination of the wood. It opened by an hunting gate, into an orchard adjoining the farm-houſe. Mrs. Crewkherne and her companion ſtepped haſtily on, while Delmont, hardly able to repreſs the indignation which this impertinent intruſion excited, was employed in reaſſuring the young perſon, who, trembling and terrified at the fierce looks and menacing tone of the old lady, though ſhe hardly comprehended the purport of what ſhe uttered, was obliged to lean for a moment againſt a tree. Then, recovered by the argument of Delmont, ſhe ſaid, "What can this lady have heard againſt me? Oh! Mr. Delmont, if ſhe ſhould addreſs herſelf in the ſame rude and unfeeling manner to my mother!"

"She ſhall not, by heaven," exclaimed he; "will you remain here, or accompany me while I go to check this inſolent intruſion?"

"Let me remain," anſwered the trembling girl—"I will go round the other way to the houſe.—I have not courage to encounter thoſe women again.—Save my mother, if poſſible, from being affronted by them."

Delmont now ſprang forward, and overtook the two ladies at the moment they entered the door of the houſe. He paſſed them without ſpeaking, and haſtened to the room where the lodgers uſually ſat—the perſon he ſought was not

not there. He returned haſtily to the kitchen, but ſtopped in the paſſage—the door was open, and he ſaw the enquirers were already ſeated in conference with the farmer's wife, who, amazed at their appearance, and ſomewhat awed by the air of authority Mrs. Crewkherne aſſumed, had already told them almoſt all ſhe knew, which did not, however, much enlarge their knowledge, ſince it amounted to no more, than that the ladies ſhe believed came from foreign parts, "though I don't juſtly," ſaid ſhe, "know where—they have a very good ſort of body for their maid, although ſhe is a French woman, and can't ſpeak no Engliſh at all; but the ladies themſelves, they talk Engliſh well enough, as far as I ſee, though to be ſure I'm no great judge; for the mother does not ſpeak much to me, being always a writing and ſuch like; and for the young thing, 'tis quite a child as 'twere."

"They are mother and daughter, then?" enquired Mrs. Nixon. "Yes, ma'm, ſo they ſay" replied the woman; "and to be ſure, the elder gentlewoman is ſo deſpert fond of Miſs, that ſhe is her mother I dares for to ſay—ſhe worſhips the very ground ſhe treads upon, and I don't much wonder at it, for Miſs is a ſweet pretty creature to my thinkings—ſo gay and good natured, and affable!—our folks quite takes to her."

"And how came theſe ladies your lodgers, Mrs. Jemmatt?" ſaid Mrs. Nixon—"you are not accuſtomed to take lodgers?"

"Why no, ma'am, not ſince Dr. Greams' lady uſed to come here for change of air, and to drink aſſes milk, as you may be pleaſed to remember. My huſband fitted up them there rooms,

rooms, as we did'nt want, for ſhe; and ſo when ſquire Armitage came to aſk us to take this lady and her daughter, why to be ſure we could not ſe agin it."

"It *was* Mr. Armitage, then," ſaid Mrs. Crewkherne, "who engaged you to take them?"

"Yes, ma'am 'twas the ſquire to be ſure, and very handſome he have kept his word with us about every thing he agreed for, and very good ladies to be ſure they are, and gives no trouble though they pay ſo genteel. But, however, if it 'twant as good a bargain I'm ſure, as my huſband ſays, we are ſo much obliged to ſquire Armitage, that we oft for to do any thing he requires to ſarve and obligate any friend of his—for if it had not been for him, our Harry would have gone off for a horſe ſoldier, that there time he was ſo miſguided as to liſt at fair—and if he had, he would have been juſt as poor Tom Wilſon and Philip Houſeman are, fine lads, neighbours ſons of ours, who would be obſtinate and go, and are both dead—dead and gone—and if the ſame ſort had befell our Harry, I'm ſure neither his father nor I ſhould have much cared what came afterwards.—But ſquire Armitage, ladies, never reſted night nor day till he got Harry releaſed, and perſuaded him into the right away again, to mind his farm, as his father did before him, and to be ſure what all we in this here country ſay of the ſquire is true enough—that he is the very beſt man, and the kindeſt hearted that ever lived."

This effuſion of gratitude was gall and wormwood to Mrs. Crewkherne.

"Kind hearted," ſhe repeated ſneeringly—"kind hearted indeed!—I'm ſorry truly, truly ſorry

ſorry for the profligacy of the times.—I ſee—ah! I ſee it is too true, *that* profligacy pervades the country, and a man, calling himſelf a gentleman, forſooth! is not aſhamed to corrupt the manners of good plain country people, nor to turn their houſes into brothels!"

Delmont, diſdaining to liſten to the converſation, had departed through the orchard to ſeek the perſon on whoſe account only he was alarmed at it; he did not therefore hear this illiberal ſentence; the good woman to whom it was addreſſed only partly underſtood it, yet comprehending that it was injurious to the character of her lodgers, ſhe with difficulty refrained from reſenting it.

"I don't know, indeed, ma'am," ſaid Mrs. Jemmatt, "what you are pleaſed to mean about corrupt; but there is no lady more honourable than our lodger, let the next be who ſhe will; and I wiſh for my part half our gentry was as good."

"Good," repeated Mrs. Crewkherne, contemptuouſly—"alas, dame, you know not what you ſay!—what, woman! don't you know the character of that Armitage?—a vile man!—and you pretend not to know that this perſon is one of his——God forgive me for naming the creature—one of the wicked women who have been the cauſe of his uſing his lawful wife ſo barbarouſly—and will you tell me, Dame Jemmatt, that this girl is not one of his baſe-born children, that he has brought here to miſlead a young man of honourable family to his undoing!"

The woman ſtood as if thunderſtruck. Amazed at the charge, and the vehemence with which it was delivered, and half frightened at the grim viſage, diſtorted with paſſion, of the

the accuſer, ſhe remained in ſilent diſmay, till Mrs. Nixon, who ſaw that this violence was more likely to baffle their enquiry than to procure the information they deſired, ſaid, "Come, come, dear madam, don't make yourſelf ſo uneaſy; perhaps matters may not be ſo bad as your anxiety for your nephew makes you fear; perhaps, good Mrs. Jemmatt, you do not know this lady."

"Yes, I have ſeen the lady," replied the farmer's wife.

"Then I need not tell you, Mrs. Jemmatt, that this lady is nearly related to Lord Caſtledane's family, and people of that high ſtation, you know, are naturally deſirous that the young folks belonging to them may not make connections beneath them, and diſgrace their families; ſo Mrs. Crewkherne having heard that this lodger of your's was a perſon of rather a ſlight character, and, to be ſure, we did hear that the elder of the perſons was Mr. Armitage's miſtreſs, why it was natural, you know, for a lady careful of the honour of a great family to make ſome enquiry—and if it really turns out as it is to be feared——"

The honeſt zeal of Mrs. Jemmatt could not bear theſe imputations on the characters of her lodgers any longer with patience; but interrupting Mrs. Nixon, ſhe ſtruck the iron ſhe held, and with which ſhe had been continuing her work, againſt the board, and ſaid, "If there was a ſon of twenty lords, or dukes either, that had a mind to Miſs Glenmorris, I am ſure ſhe deſerves him, and better too than a great many on 'em be; but it's no ſuch thing. As to young Squire Delmont, which is him that I ſuppoſe this gentlewoman is in ſuch a hoe about, he have never a bin a nighſt the place without Mr. Armitage till this morning, and for any one for

to

to go for to pretend that Squire Armitage is more than a friend to her mother, it's as big a lie, and I don't care who hears me ſay ſo, as ever was told. The Lady, as I be told, and verily believes, is the wife of one of his friends, who upon ſome account or another is beyond ſea, and ſhe have buſineſs as oblig'd her to come with her daughter to England; and Mr. Armitage, who does good to all that want it, whether gentle or ſimple, have took her under his protection, becauſe ſhe is a lone woman and a ſtranger; and I'm ſure there's no harm in their acquaintance."

"You ſure!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewkherne. "Good woman, learn to confine your aſſertions to things more within your own narrow ſphere of life. How ſhould *you* be a judge! what can ſuch folks as *you* know! Come, Mrs. Nixon, I ſhall return for this day to Mr. Delmont's on account of my nieces.—Poor girls!—But as to being longer an inmate in the houſe of that miſled boy, who will diſgrace his family, I will *not*. You need not give yourſelf the trouble to ſay a word more, dame what d'ye call it? (for Mrs. Jemmatt ſeemed eager again to be heard)—give yourſelf no more trouble—I am quite convinced—Call my carriage, you maid there."

Mrs. Crewkherne then ſtalked away to the chaiſe, her officious friend following, in their way to whoſe home the latter endeavoured to mitigate the miſchief ſhe had made, by intimating, that however appearances were againſt theſe women, it was *poſſible* they might be innocent. Mrs. Crewkherne had heard enough, and having taken leave of her informer, returned to Upwood, reſolute to take an eternal leave of her nephew, and vindicate, as far as depended upon her, the honour of her family.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

"Alas! maſter Doctor! what ſo wayward as the will of a woman?

IN returning to Upwood, after having ſet down her very officious friend, Mrs. Crewkherne had time to conſider, that by the violent meaſures ſhe had at firſt propoſed to take, ſhe ſhould inevitably and at once occaſion the loſs of the opportunity to ſeize a fortune which ſeemed to be thrown ſo providentially in the way of her nephew; whereas, by moderating her wrath, and endeavouring to reaſon with him, there might be yet a chance of awaking him to a ſenſe of his own intereſt. That he had ſome improper connection with the young woman ſhe had ſeen ſhe did not doubt; but if he was not frantic enough to marry her, the good lady hoped the evil might cure itſelf; for though, to be ſure, Mr. Armitage was a moſt wicked wretch to have cauſed ſuch a deviation from propriety, yet the ſin, ſhe truſted, would lay at his door; and if Delmont did but raiſe his fortune, means enough might be found to ſtifle the whole buſineſs; ſo much difference was there in her opinion between the crimes of the rich and the poor.

Having appeaſed the violent ebullitions of her choler by theſe prudent conſiderations, ſhe arrived at home to dinner, and found that Miſs Goldthorp was permitted by the ſurgeon to dine below on that day for the firſt time.

It was now that the attentions of Delmont would have been particularly gratifying, and ſhould, according to the laws of hoſpitality and politeneſs, have awaited her; but Delmont did not

not appear. Mrs. Crewkherne had again need of all her prudent forbearance to prevent her diſpleaſure from breaking out. Miſs Goldthorp ſaid ſhe was languid and fatigued only from ſo ſlight an exertion, and retired almoſt as ſoon as the table-cloth was removed, while her uncle and aunt, who thought they ſaw, in almoſt all ſhe ſaid or looked, proofs of her increaſing partiality for Delmont, were grown ſo eager to haſten her away, that ſhe became at length impatient of their repeated importunities, and took occaſion afterwards, in the courſe of the evening, when alone with the Doctor, to ſignify to him in very plain terms, that ſhe ſhould not be at all ſorry, ſince their departure was of ſo urgent neceſſity, if they went away without her.

"*I am* not obliged to go to town on a particular day, ſir, if you and my aunt are. I do not wiſh, certainly, to put you to the ſmalleſt inconvenience on my account; but ſurely there is no occaſion for me to riſque my health. I am very well placed here, and with people of faſhion, who are ſo good as to have taken a friendſhip for me, and I have my own maid to attend me—I really, dear uncle, will not be hurried."

"You will not! Patty! *will* not! my dear girl! God forbid *I* ſhould wiſh to hurry you, however I ſuffer in my affairs, and thoſe of our dear Middleton, from this unlucky delay."

"It was your dear Middleton's own fault, ſir. I am ſure I have the moſt reaſon to murmur, who have ſuffered ſo much pain, and been in danger of loſing my arm, if not my life."

"Ah! Patty, Patty!" cried the Doctor, in a moving tone, "there was a time when you would not have ſpoken ſo unkindly of Middleton

ton Winſlow; a young man of the very firſt promiſe; a young man whoſe affection for you is ſuch, as I ſhould have thought, my dear Martha, might have induced you to have expreſſed a *leetle* kindneſs for him."

"Lord, ſir!" peeviſhly interrupted the lady, "I do feel not a *leetle*, but a great deal of kindneſs for couſin Middy; but one cannot really always be playing at puſs in the corner with one's couſin—I wiſh, ſir, you and my aunt would recollect, that I am not a child; that I am now my own miſtreſs; and that it is almoſt time I ſhould leave off ſome of my leading ſtrings, leſt, if I am relieved from them all at once, I ſhould feel ſuch a ſudden alteration from my freedom, that I ſhould not know how to comport myſelf."

"I ſtand amazed!" exclaimed the Doctor—"Surely, Miſs Goldthorp, you never thought proper to addreſs yourſelf to me or your aunt in this way before."

"Yes I have, ſir," replied ſhe laughing; "but it's a great deal of trouble to be always differing with one's friend's, and I am naturally lazy. However, I am ſorry you ſtand amazed, for I don't wiſh to make you or Mrs. Winſlow uneaſy; but really one muſt conſider oneſelf a little ſometimes. You know I hated vaſtly to be dragged from the pleaſant acquaintance I had juſt made at a public place, to pay that viſit you propoſed to your old friend the Dean, who is a very worthy man no doubt, but did not promiſe *me*, I think, much amuſement: you ought to remember, uncle, how good naturedly I conſented, and that I never have ſcolded your Middleton once for breaking my arm; ſo don't be in violent wrath if I juſt beg to ſtay where I am

till it is quite well again. In ſhort, my dear uncle, I am not well enough to conteſt the matter, but my reſolution is taken. You may go whenever you like it; and indeed I think it would on ſome accounts be proper, for it is rather a long viſit to make for ſo many of us; but as to myſelf, I certainly ſhall ſtay till Mr. Cleyton, my ſurgeon, ſays I can travel without any hazard."

This peremptory deciſion, which was delivered in a way Miſs Goldthorp had never attempted before, conquered at once the patience which the politics of the Doctor had enjoined; his paſſion and peeviſhneſs broke through every reſtraint; and again declaring that he "ſtood amazed!" which was with him a favourite expreſſion, he intimated in very unguarded terms, that her deſire to remain where ſhe was did not ariſe from any apprehenſion ſhe entertained for her health, but becauſe ſhe had conceived a partiality for the maſter of the houſe.

"Well, ſir," retorted the ſpirited damſel, who now ſaw an opportunity of ſhaking off, at leaſt in part, a yoke that ſhe had for ſome time found very uneaſy. "Well, ſir, admitting it to be ſo, I think one may have a much worſe taſte. You muſt allow that Delmont is a young man of family; and certainly one of the handſomeſt men in the world."

"You are loſt, Miſs Goldthorp; I ſee you are loſt. I don't mean to ſay a word againſt the family of Mr. Delmont—I reſpect it—I highly reſpect it—but for himſelf....."

"Well, ſir, for himſelf!"

"He is, I am grieved to my immortal ſoul to ſay it (and the diſcreet Doctor lowered his voice) he is, I fear, a young man, abandoned, quite abandoned to his own imaginations."

"Moſt

"Moſt young men are, ſir," interrupted the niece; "but I don't know that they are the worſe for it. Whoſe imaginations would you have them take to?"

"You know my meaning well enough, Martha Goldthorp," cried the Doctor; "you only affect to miſunderſtand me. Oh! my inward ſoul is grieved to think what your good, your pious, your honoured parents would have ſaid, had they lived to ſee this day, when, without any advance on his ſide, you, a young woman ſo well, ſo ſtrictly, ſo properly and prudently brought up, ſhould fix her mind on a youth without principle, without piety. Why! what! can there be a greater proof of it? Will he take orders? No! though his own relation has told me that all his family have been upon their knees to him as 'twere!—And why?"

"Dear ſir, becauſe he is a vaſt deal too handſome for a parſon. 'Twould be ſhocking ſee ſo charming a figure in an odious black coat; and who could think without ſcreaming of that beautiful hair of his being cut off—and that his face, which is ſo remarkably fine, ſhould be diſfigured in a frightful wig?"

"A wig!—thou art abſolutely become an infant again, Miſs Goldthorp. Oh! the puerility, the folly of modern young women!—and ſo you do *not* deny but that you are in love with this young man.—In love!—I ſtand amazed!—Well may the times and manners be ſubjects of ſincere regret to all ſerious people!—A young woman ſo far forgets herſelf as to ſay, to profeſs, to declare, ſhe is in love!"

"Nay, ſir, I neither declared nor profeſſed any ſuch thing. *You* were pleaſed to ſay it; and certainly there are many things in which your

your great ſagacity and immenſe penetration might lead you to a leſs natural concluſion."

"The young gentleman has the character of being miſled by evil counſellors."

"Oh! I ſhould ſoon get him out of *their* hands, and counſel him myſelf."

"As to fortune, he has nothing, or next to nothing."

"My dear uncle, I have enough for both."

"Then he has the wildeſt, the moſt eccentric ideas."

"They muſt be infinitely amuſing, for I underſtand he has a wonderful deal of genius; and really one is quite bored by being obliged to liſten for ever to the ſame ſet of notions. I have been tired of ſuch John Trott ſort of proſing ever ſince I was ten years old, and ſhould doat exceſſively upon a dear creature who could amuſe one by ſtarting ſomething new."

"I am afraid, Miſs Goldthorp," cried the Doctor, whoſe wrath was now kindling beyond all reſtraint; "I am afraid you will repent all this when it will be too late. However, I have done, madam; I have done; I ſtand amazed at your conduct; and if you have forgotten what you owe to your own dignity and conſequence, I muſt at leaſt take care, as far as I can of you, for the ſake of your honourable and reſpectable parents; and as to the fortune, of which you are not to poſſeſs the principal till you are five-and-twenty, I ſhall put it before the Lord High Chancellor of England, and he, Miſs Goldthorp, he ſhall judge whether a young woman of fifty thouſand pounds fortune and upwards ſhall throw herſelf away in this manner—on a man!—of good family indeed, but for aught I can learn, with little or no fortune—a man

man too without a profeſſion, and who takes upon him to cavil and comment—and—and—and—I wiſh I had died, I ſay, Miſs Goldthorp, before I had lived to ſee this day."

"Well! but now, uncle, ſince you have lived to ſee it, do, there's a good man, be a little calm and reaſonable for once. Why, what *is* all this fuſs about? Suppoſe it were true that I ſhould be ſuch a naughty girl as to like Mr. Delmont rather than my own pretty little coz, what then? What has the Lord High Chancellor of England, or five hundred be-wigged and be-robed old fellows, all as ugly and diſagreeable, to do with me, beſeech you? You threaten to put the fortune I am not to have the principal of till I am five-and-twenty into his power. I don't care whether you do or no. He cannot, now that I am of age, hinder me from marrying—he can only keep that principal, and put me to ſome expence. My dear uncle, I am not to be ſo frightened. I know perfectly what I can do."

"Oh! yes," cried the Doctor, now abſolutely foaming with rage. "Oh! yes, you have gathered knowledge enough, no doubt, ſince you have been in this family!"

"There again, dear Doctor, you are in an error. A certain colonel of horſe let me into that ſecret many months ſince; and now, uncle, ſince you have forced me to ſay ſo much, I will tell you plainly once for all, that *I will not* be controuled in the moſt important concern of my life; I will not be wheedled or threatened into marrying your ſon, which is what you aim at; and if I am to be watched, and checked, and teaſed, as if I was ſtill a baby in leading-ſtrings, I muſt reſolve, though very ſorry to give my

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aunt concern, to leave her, and eſtabliſh myſelf in an houſe of my own."

"Doctor Winſlow now found he had gone too far, and was beginning to ſay ſomething which was meant to ſoften and appeaſe, when a violent ſhrieking and ſobbing in the next room put an end to the converſation; it was Mrs. Winſlow, who having overheard great part of this converſation, and unable any longer to reſtrain expreſſions of the pain and diſpleaſure ſhe felt from it, was, as her woman Mrs. Dibbins expreſſed it, "in ſuch a way!!"

The good Doctor was now under the neceſſity of quieting his own agitated ſpirits, leſt the diſtreſs of his lady ſhould be increaſed, till the ſubject of their ſolicitude became known in the houſe, which he deſired above all things to avoid. The party in the houſe, however, were themſelves employed in inveſtigating the ſame concern, as it affected themſelves.

Delmont not being returned, Mrs. Crewkherne had cloſetted his two ſiſters, and unable any longer to keep to herſelf the diſcovery ſhe had made in the morning, related it with ſeveral additions, which her own *candid* imagination failed not to invent; and then putting in the very worſt light the future proſpects of the family, ſhe lamented the probability there was, that this occaſion of ſecuring to it ſo handſome a fortune as Miſs Goldthorp's ſhould be ſo ſenſeleſsly loſt.

"I have always foreſeen," ſaid ſhe, "always from the very firſt, how it would be; but every body, forſooth, was wiſer than me. Did I not often tell your mother, that ſhe uſed to let you all have your own way a thouſand times too much, and particularly this ill-fated young man; but ſhe, poor woman! had heard ſo much praiſe

praiſe of her own underſtanding, that ſhe thought ſhe had found out a new way of educating children, and choſe to follow in a great many reſpects the nonſenſical ſchemes of ſome wicked atheiſtical French or German writer—You may know perhaps who I mean—I don't ſay all this now your mother is dead, by way of reflecting on her memory; but I am ſure, if your brother George had been educated and reſtrained properly like other young men, he would have known his own intereſt better."

"Do other young men, then," ſaid Louiſa (the youngeſt of the two ſiſters) "thoſe who have been under the reſtraint you mention, *always* do what is prudent? I think, madam, that I recollect your ſaying ſometimes quite the reverſe, and that you have found great fault with the preſent race of young people in general, moſt of whom have, to be ſure, eſcaped the misfortunes of poor George, in having a mother who deſired to accuſtom him to an early uſe of his reaſon, inſtead of compelling him always to act from cuſtom, or according to the humour of others, and never ſuffering him to reaſon at all." "Reaſon!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewkherne (evading to anſwer the firſt part of this remark) "reaſon! I ſhould be glad to know what *reaſon* children can have. Yes! it is from ſuch ſort of wicked and accurſed doctrine that all the miſchief we have ſeen, and a great deal more that we *ſhall* ſee, originates.—Reaſon! what is our reaſon?—poor weak creatures, as even the *wiſeſt* of us are, without grace. If your brother, Miſs Louy, *had reaſon*, which includes *grace*, to know good from evil, he would eſchew the one and embrace the other."

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"That is, madam," said Louisa, who never heard her brother blamed without pain, "he would find reason contained in fifty thousand pounds, and folly only in poverty."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Crewherne.

"So then, madam," ventured Louisa to reply, "all that I have heard you say as to poverty, and humility, and self-denial, goes for nothing, or is only a way of talking that means nothing. I am sure I have in my memory a great many sentences which you have directed me to write out at times, in order to impress them more deeply on my memory, which recommend poverty, and are calculated to humble the pride of the rich; therefore it does not seem that grace, which means, as you put it, the power given us to distinguish between good and evil, should only tell us to make ourselves affluent whenever we can, without any consideration of other circumstances, or any attention to our consciences."

"Conscience!—Grant me patience to hear a silly girl prate in such a provoking way!—What would this foolish boy have done against his conscience if he married Miss Goldthorp."

"A great deal, perhaps, if he preferred another to her, and married her only for her money."

Mrs. Crewkherne, internally conscious that simple truth, even timidly as it was brought forward by Louisa, had the advantage; that her hypocritical cant in praise of poverty and self-denial might be converted into a weapon against herself, had now recourse to invective, and what she thought ridicule, which however was in her hands so disgusting, that she presently drove her two young relations from her. Caroline was extremely vexed to see that this angry persecution

perſecution of her brother would in all probability produce an effect exactly contrary to its intention; and Louiſa, though ſhe had hitherto wiſhed that the marriage with Miſs Goldthorp might take place, was much more anxious that her brother might be happy, and ſtill more ſolicitous to know how much of the tale Mrs. Crewkherne had heard was true, and who the perſons were whoſe myſterious reſidence in the country had at leaſt given her ground for the invention. The good lady had long been eminent for a moſt fertile imagination, and had very frequently fabricated marvellous hiſtories relative to people in the neighbourhood on the ſlighteſt foundations, or without any; there would therefore have been nothing ſurpriſing, if the whole ſhe had been telling had been unfounded; but Louiſa reflecting on her brother's behaviour for ſome weeks, and on ſeveral trifling circumſtances that had occurred, felt a ſort of internal evidence that ſome part of it at leaſt was true.

Certain that Delmont would reſent any thing that appeared like impertinent curioſity, ſhe reſolved not to betray any part of the anxiety ſhe felt. Her caution, however, was uſeleſs, for that night, as contrary to his general cuſtom, George Delmont did not appear at ſupper, and the diſpleaſure of Mrs. Crewkherne was terribly augmented, when ſhe learned the next morning that he had not paſſed the night in his own *houſe*.

CHAP. XI.

"Beware of that relentleſs train
Who forms adore—whom forms maintain."

DELMONT had been betrayed by the ſudden appearance and rude remonſtrance of Mrs. Crewkherne, into a degree of unguarded warmth, which on a moment's reflection he repented.—"Why," ſaid he, "ſhould I ſuffer the intruſion of thoſe fooliſh women to diſcompoſe me, or why ſhould I convey any of the diſpleaſure they may give me to Mrs. Glenmorris? have I ever deſired to keep my viſits here ſecret? or have I ever made them clandeſtinely? Certainly not. I ought then to have been collected enough to have anſwered Mrs. Crewkherne's queſtion, inſtead of appearing angry, as if I was detected in company with one of whoſe ſociety I was aſhamed. Lovely innocent Medora, is it purity and ſweetneſs like thine that I bluſh to be ſeen with? and with thy admirable mother, can I feel any other ſenſation than that of conſcious inferiority? What can be meaner and more unworthy of the character I aſpire to, "to dare to think for myſelf, and to act what I think," than ſuch puſillanimity as I have juſt been guilty of, in ſhrinking from the enquiry of two goſſipping women, who will probably, from my weak attempt to avoid them, relate ſome legend, produced by their own malice; whereas, had I ſimply deſcribed the perſons I was with, I ſhould have deprived them of the power they now have to imagine and report evil."

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In conſequence, then, of having made theſe reflections, Delmont, inſtead of ſeeking Mrs. Glenmorris, to engage her to avoid the inquiſitors, whom he had left in full queſt in the farmer's kitchen, returned rather in the hope of finding Medora, and prevailing on her not to diſtreſs her mother, by repeating the ſtrange appearance and abrupt queſtion of Mrs. Crewkherne, than to guard that revered mother againſt theſe intruders. It was however too late for the former of theſe purpoſes; for Medora had met her mother, who was coming to join her in the coppice, and had related the extraordinary circumſtance of the two ladies ſo ſuddenly appearing; the rude queſtion one of them had put to her, and the angry manner in which the ſame old lady had addreſſed Mr. Delmont.

Mrs. Glenmorris, unconſcious of evil, was indifferent as to concealment; deſiring only to avoid viſits ſuch as are often made in the country for the mere indulgence of idle curioſity. From theſe, the ſequeſtered ſituation of the houſe where ſhe reſided, her being introduced there by Mr. Armitage, a man who was known in the country as a very odd and ſingular character, and her own retired temper and purſuits, had hitherto exempted her; and ſhe hoped that ſhe ſhould never have been under the painful neceſſity of declining civilities ſhe could not return, or reſenting the impertinence of arrogant intruſion. To the laſt of theſe only ſhe could refer the appearance of the two perſons deſcribed to her by Medora, at leaſt as far as could be judged by the words the elder of them had uttered, which however imperfectly heard, were evidently thoſe of reproach and anger. It now for the firſt time occurred to Mrs. Glenmorris,

that

that the family of Mr. Delmont might impute his viſits, ſhould they happen to know they were made, to motives very different from thoſe on which ſhe had received them, and though ſhe knew nothing of the plan ſo warmly adopted by Mrs. Crewkherne, to marry him to a woman ſo rich as Miſs Goldthorp, it was natural enough to believe that this antiquated aunt might be alarmed at the idea of his attaching himſelf to a young woman who was a ſtranger, and, from every appearance, totally deſtitute of fortune. As ſhe reſolved at once to put any uneaſy feelings on this matter out of the queſtion, by ſpeaking frankly to Delmont, ſhe no ſooner ſaw him approaching through the meadow in which they were walking, than ſhe bade her daughter go to the houſe, and finiſh the letter ſhe had begun to her father; then advancing towards Delmont (whoſe face no longer bore any impreſſion of the anger he had juſt felt) Mrs. Glenmorris enquired what Medora had ſeen during their walk that had ſo diſmayed her. "Who is this old lady that came to ſcold?" ſaid ſhe. "Why, did Medora," anſwered he, laughing in his turn, "tell you ſhe ſcolded?" "Something very like it; and I gueſſed directly that it was Mrs. Crewkherne." "You were not miſtaken," replied Delmont; "the good lady was not in one of her very amiable humours I believe, but when ſhe is, by the aſperity of her appearance, and the ſharpneſs of her tones, ſhe may well impreſs thoſe not accuſtomed to her with the idea of her being in a fit of ill humour."

"But ſeriouſly, it has never till this moment ſtruck me, Mr. Delmont, that your family may be made uneaſy by your viſits to me on account of

of Medora, who they know no otherwiſe than as a young and indigent wanderer, for ſuch no doubt ſhe is repreſented. Now, though I have great pleaſure in ſeeing you, and have owed to you ſome of the moſt agreeable hours I have paſſed in this ſecluſion, let me entreat of you to forbear a continuance of the acquaintance, if you feel or foreſee the ſlighteſt inconvenience from it. I have no wiſh that Medora ſhould marry while ſhe is ſo very young, and I am convinced no ſuch idea ever occurred to you." (Delmont did not look as if he perfectly acquieſced.) "Her father," continued Mrs. Glenmorris, "in a diſtant country, her future proſpects fluctuating between a conſiderable property, which it is poſſible ſhe may one day poſſeſs, and a proviſion which in England will ſet her but little above indigence; I have, I ought to have, no views for her at preſent, but ſo to inſtruct her as that ſhe may bear with an equal mind either of theſe extremes of fortune. Equivocal as my character and ſituation may at preſent appear to the few who may be induced by curioſity, or any ſtronger motive, to remark on it, I heartily forgive *them*, if they form unjuſt concluſions, but I ſhould *not* forgive myſelf, if your viſits here became a ſource of uneaſineſs between you and your family."

"My family," repeated Delmont gravely; "my dear madam, to what part of my family do you imagine me to be reſponſible for any part of my conduct? You cannot have higher ideas of the tie, that even after the age when the laws of this country give a man freedom, ought to bind a ſon to the obſervance of duty towards a father or a mother, at leaſt ſuch a mother as *I* once had, but as I have her no longer,

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as I have no father, I feel myſelf very little diſpoſed to ſubmit any of my actions to the controul, or even the opinion of any other of my relations. Do not think me arrogant or ſelf-ſufficient, madam, if I ſay, that as where ſubmiſſion is voluntary, it ſhould be given only to ſuch as have better ſenſe or judgment, than a man is himſelf conſcious of poſſeſſing, I have no ſcruples in denying it to the female part of my family, well as I love my ſiſters."

"But Mrs. Crewkherne?" ſaid the lady.

"Mrs. Crewkherne has not, nor ever will have the leaſt influence on my conduct. Good Heaven! have you, can you have had even for one moment, ſo ill an opinion of me, as to ſuppoſe that I ſhould humble myſelf before her, becauſe ſhe has money?—I *did* hope, ſhort as our acquaintance has been, that you might have ſeen enough of me to prevent your ſuggeſting ſuch a poſſibility."

"Be not angry," anſwered Mrs. Glenmorris, "I am, you know, very ſlightly acquainted with the circumſtances of your family; for beſides my thinking ſuch inquiries impertinent, I ſhould make them to very little purpoſe to Mr. Armitage; and you know he is my only viſitor in this country. But forgive me, if I thought of you in this inſtance, only as I do of the generality of the world. I know how nineteen young men out of twenty would act, when there was a rich old relation in queſtion; and I could not tell that you were an exception, and are in no inſtance a man of an ordinary mind."

"Believe me, madam," rejoined Delmont, "a man would have in every thing elſe, not only a *very* ordinary, but a very ſordid mind, who would give up the freedom of that mind to

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the miſerable hope of a legacy from a capricious old woman, and I ſhould ſcorn myſelf, were I capable of doing it even in indigence; but as *I am*, though I am far enough from great affluence, and though I diſclaim many of the ways by which affluence is acquired, I ſhould be indeed a poor and contemptible wretch, if I wore ſuch a yoke. My God!" added he with enthuſiaſm, "that any man ever *can* ſo ſubmit, who has the power of earning his bread by the ſweat of his brow."

Mrs. Glenmorris looked at him with pleaſure, but it was pleaſure not unmingled with concern. She ſighed, and after a moment's ſilence ſaid, "I wiſh you were acquainted with Glenmorris —how well you would in moſt of your ſentiments agree!"

"*I may be* ſo fortunate," ſaid Delmont, "ſome time or other."

"Yet," reſumed Mrs. Glenmorris, "I hardly know whether I ought to wiſh it, for the world would ſay, perhaps, that after having ſhewn by his own example, how to throw away all which *that* world is accuſtomed to call deſirable, he would renew his inſtructions to you, till you had done the ſame."

"And ſo, my dear madam, we are always to be the ſlaves of the world; the world, of which after all the ſacrifices we make, ſo few obtain the ſuffrage, and that ſuffrage when obtained, is not only ſo fragile, that the leaſt reverſe of fortune deprives us of it; but while we fancy we poſſeſs it, it cannot make us happy one ſingle hour. What is this world of which every one talks, and to which every one is inſtructed, that he muſt make all ſorts of offerings, of his taſte, his time, his inclinations. Let us look

ſteadily

ſteadily at it. It is a little atmoſphere which every man ſuppoſes round the ſpot whereon he moves. The merchant's world conſiſts of men in commercial life, and his wife's of the wives of theſe good men, till her ſpouſe gets money enough to remove her world to Bloomſbury or Bedford Square, or occaſionally to ſome faſhionable bathing-place. We know the lawyer's world exiſts in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the inns of court, with ſome enlargement, if he happens to be very high in the profeſſion, and in parliament, or with any chance of a ſeat on the woolſack. The world of a country curate is in the next market-town; that of his employer, the opinion of a few dignitaries of the church. The ſoldier's world is in his regiment, or in the favour of thoſe who order the moſt people *out* of the *world* in general: but to me, who neither am or ever intend to be a merchant, a lawyer, a churchman, or a military man, why ſhould I raiſe around me, by dint of preſcriptive prejudice, this imaginary atmoſphere, through the medium of which only I can look at every object? No, my dear madam, whatever the world may ſay of Mr. Glenmorris, or of me, I do believe that we ſhould on almoſt every ſubject agree. I am ſure we ſhould in our contempt of all ſuch prejudices as enſlave the mind, and reſtrain man's beſt prerogatives, that of thinking, ſaying what he thinks, and, where he can, acting up to his thoughts."

"But there are inſtances, ſaid Mrs. Glenmorris, wherein, to uſe a phraſe of the day, *exiſting circumſtances*, to which ſubmiſſion is compelled, will not allow this entire freedom of action. For example, look at Glenmorris's conduct about his daughter. No man is ſo little affected

affected by pecuniary conſiderations as he is—None have ſacrificed more to obtain a perfect freedom of ſpeaking, writing, and acting; for that he has become an alien from his country, and has ſought in another hemiſphere the liberty which he could not exerciſe in his native iſland. Accuſtomed to the elegancies and luxuries of life, he has relinquiſhed them all, and is become a citizen of an infant republic, though little more than the plain requiſites of life are to be obtained even there with the very ſmall fortune he now poſſeſſes. For himſelf he would be content, and I do not believe any conſideration would induce him to return to England or Scotland; yet, when his daughter's intereſt is in queſtion, you ſee he gives up both that daughter on whom he doats with the moſt extravagant fondneſs; he gives up for a time her mother, and ſends them to purſue the fortune which he thinks his child has a right to. This is ſubmitting not only to the greateſt deprivation that can befal him, for a purpoſe which, conſidering the glorious uncertainty of the law, and all we have againſt us, may never be anſwered; but it is ſubmitting to preſent pain for a purpoſe, which, were himſelf only concerned, he would deſpiſe.—He reaſoned however thus, "my child has an undoubted right, on behalf of her mother, to a very conſiderable fortune; it may probably be obtained by my inflicting on myſelf the pain of parting with her. It is true, I have brought her up to ſhare with cheerfulneſs the lot which is now mine, but may ſhe always be ſo content with it, as never to feel a ſentiment of reproach towards me, if I ſhould neglect, when it is in my power, to obtain for her a better? *The world* eſteems riches to be a good; and very

very certainly, in the preſent order of things, poverty is a very great evil. Such it may hereafter prove to my Medora, who ſuffering under it may ſay, "Why did not my father obtain for me the fortune which ought to have been mine?" "I mention all this," added Mrs. Glenmorris, "to prove to you, that there is hardly any caſe wherein it is poſſible for a man, however determined he may be, to ſhake off the fetters which are for the moſt part wantonly impoſed, ſo entirely to emancipate himſelf, as not to be dragged back in ſome inſtance to the forms of ſociety. It is Rochefoucauld, I believe, who ſays;

"*L'on ne peut ſe paſſer de ce même monde que l'on n'aime point, et dont on ſe moque.*"

"If any one but you had quoted a maxim," cried Delmont, half impatiently, "I ſhould have aſked, almoſt with ill humour, whether we have not too often recourſe to old laws, from habit and prejudice, as guides to our actions? What you have juſt ſaid, however, is unfortunately true, though the period may not be very far off, perhaps, when its truth may be diſputed. In the mean time, my dear Mrs. Glenmorris, pray never let me be mortified with ſuch an hint as that with which you opened this converſation, that Mrs. Crewkherne is to be conſulted about my acquaintance. I have not till now preſerved my independence, at what is perhaps accounted the expence of my fortune, to have it limited in a ſingle thought, by the interpoſition of Mrs. Crewkherne, or a whole legion of ſpinſters equally rich in purſe or in proſing, and equally prying in diſpoſition. The eleven thouſand virgins of whoſe accumulated ſculls ſome traveller tells, had they all lived to the age and affluence

affluence of my grand aunt, and though each came to offer me her advice and her fortune as the price of one hour's freedom, would certainly be ſent away without any applauſe."

"Well, well, I will abſtain from any ſuch offence for the future; but what if the anger of the old lady ſhould fall on me? how may ſhe not repreſent me? what may ſhe not ſay of me? by your ſiſters, if I am thought of at all, I ſhould particularly wiſh to be thought well of, and who knows in what a light Mrs. Crewkherne may repreſent us."

"None *know* indeed," replied Delmont, "for none can anſwer for the exceſſes of folly, malice, and ignorance; but certainly, whoever ſhould *care* for the effuſions of Mrs. Crewkherne, would be very much to blame. Now don't ſilence me by another proverb or maxim. I know you could talk very eloquently from a book, but I deſire rather to hear you from the fulneſs of your own liberal mind. You have told me, that on many occaſions, when a terrific image has been ſet up before you, by that ſuperſtition or that prejudice which make ſcarecrows of every thing or nothing, you have ventured to approach it, to look reſolutely at it, and calculating its real power to hurt you, have preſently ſeen it vaniſh into thin air. Be aſſured that my venerable ſibyl of an aunt, though an admirable ſcarecrow for the miſſes of ****** need not curtail you and Medora of one walk, whether you botanize with me, or poetiſe with Armitage, or philoſophize with us both. The only way in which this prying curioſity of Mrs. Crewkherne's can be the occaſion of my interchanging with her a ſentence more than uſual, will be by your conſidering it as a matter

matter of any importance. I am going," added Delmont, "to Aſhley Combe, have you any meſſage to Armitage?"

They then went into the houſe together, Mrs. Glenmorris having ſome papers on which ſhe deſired to conſult Mr. Armitage; and while ſhe collected them above, Delmont, with whom Mrs. Jemmatt was in habits of talking familiarly, related to him the queſtions that had been put to her by the two unwelcome viſitors who had juſt left her. "I wonder," cried ſhe, "what gentlefolks means by coming in that manner, calling one to account, as if one was afore the juſtices. I'm ſure that Mrs. Nixon mid'nt be ſo curious after other folks affairs. She'd have enough to do to look after her own, if every one did as they ought; but there, if ſuch as *ſhe* once gets among your quality, they thinks themſelves as great as if they were quality too, whereas Mrs. Nixon is'n't a bit better born nor bred than I be, for all her huſband was a lawyer, and ſcraped up a ſort of a fortune by ſuch tricks as them there lawyers always play; ruining poor folks. But ſhe's got a little money forſooth, and creeps into favour at great houſes, and ſo ſhe takes upon her to uſe "good woman," and "dame," and ſuch like ſayings to them that be as good as herſelf."

Delmont, though very much diſpleaſed at the impertinence with which Mrs. Jemmatt had been queſtioned about her lodgers, could not help ſmiling at the ready tranſition ſhe made from the affront done to them, to the want of reſpect ſhewn to herſelf. He told her, that as the voyage of Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter to England, was made in the hope of their recovering a ſhare of a very large fortune, which rich and powerful relations held againſt them, it

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was desirable that their residence in England might be as little known as possible, till they had collected evidence, and taken other measures in regard to the suit, which it might be greatly in the power of their adversaries to impede; "for these reasons," said he, "they live thus retired, and Mr. Armitage, who is the friend of Mr. Glenmorris, is engaged in arranging the business for them, which will be brought forward next month in a court of law. After that Mrs. Glenmorris will desire no secrecy to be observed; but, till then, you will oblige her, if you will let her name, or motive for remaining here, be as little spoken of as you can."

Mrs. Jemmatt, with high encomiums on both the lady and her daughter, and many wishes for the success of their cause, promised all that was desired of her; and Delmont, having received the papers, took his leave, and sought his friend Armitage.

CHAP. XII.

"Oh! she was a most exemplary gentlewoman; a very icicle on Diana's temple. St. Ursula and St. Bridget were but as her handmaids."

AT Ashley Combe, Delmont was always a most welcome visitor. Mr. Armitage was reading in his garden, in one part of which, by the judicious disposition of ever-greens, he had contrived a sheltered walk, even at a season when the woods and plantations were nearly stripped

ſtripped of their foliage. He advanced to meet Delmont. "You are not," ſaid he, "come to announce yourſelf the news I have heard this morning? you have not quite methinks the air of a bridegroom, who has juſt acquired a beautiful wife with fifty thouſand pounds in her pocket."

"What is all this?" enquired Delmont.

Mr. Armitage then ſaid, that his ſervants had that morning informed him, that it was certain Delmont either was married, or to be married in a few days to the lady he had ſo fortunately reſcued from danger, who had fifty thouſand pounds, and was a very fine woman. "The report," added he, "came from Mr. Cleyton, who has had the good fortune to attend the lady ſucceſsfully as her ſurgeon, and who has it ſeems been in the ſecret from the very beginning."

"You know," ſaid Delmont, "as well as any one, my dear Armitage, how very unlikely it is that I ſhould be induced to marry for the ſake of twice fifty thouſand pounds, any woman to whom I could not have devoted myſelf from affection, if ſhe had not fifty ſhillings. Let me aſſure you, I have no ſuch predilection for Miſs Goldthorp, nor am I coxcomb enough to ſuppoſe ſhe feels any ſuch preference in my favour, though I know my good aunt, with whom money and grace are ever the predominant ideas, is very deſirous that I may have enough of one, to ſeize this opportunity of obtaining ſo conſiderable a portion of the other. And my two ſiſters, impreſſed, as is natural enough at their age, with notions of all the tiffany and tinſel that fifty thouſand pounds can ſupply, are eager, for once, in the ſame cauſe

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as the old lady. I have for many days ſeen, though I have not affected to ſee, their politics; but it is unneceſſary to ſay more about theſe golden viſions, becauſe certainly they will evaporate and come to nothing."

"And *are* you," ſaid Mr. Armitage, "are you really, Delmont, philoſopher enough to look without emotion on a ſplendid fortune annexed to a fine woman?"

"I am mortified, my friend, that you ſhould doubt it; ſurely I ſhould have profited little either by the few obſervations I have been able to make by your converſation, or by the books to which you have directed me, if I felt, for one moment only a doubt about this acquiſition, ſuppoſing, which it were impertinent vanity to do, that it was really within my reach."

"You diſlike then the lady?"

"As an acquaintance I neither like or diſlike her. They tell me ſhe is what is called a fine woman—It may be ſo for aught I know. They ſay too that ſhe is very highly accompliſhed—That too may very poſſibly be—but I declare to you, that theſe acquired graces have ſo little power over me, that I am afraid, were I not to ſee Miſs Goldthorp after to-morrow, I ſhould totally have forgotten by to-morrow fe'nnight that I had ever ſeen her at all."

"What if I ſhould remark," rejoined Mr. Armitage, "that ſuch total inſenſibility on the part of a man of your age towards a woman of her's, may be owing leſs to any want of attractions on one ſide, or to any conſtitutional coldneſs in the other, than to your liking ſome other woman better."

"And if you ſhould ſay ſo?"

"I ſhould not be much miſtaken, perhaps."

"You

"You would not; and as I ſhall particularly want your counſel, I will open my whole heart to you. You introduced me about two months ago to Mrs. Glenmorris—I obtained liberty to ſee her in her retirement. A ſimilarity of taſte, as well as ſome trifling ſervices I have had the good fortune to render her, have occaſioned my viſits to be frequent. The more I have ſeen of her, the more of thoſe viſits I have felt myſelf impelled to make, till at length——"

"My dear George," interrupted Mr. Armitage, laughing, "you are not, I hope, going to make me the confidant of your paſſion for the wife of my friend?"

"There are many paſſions, however, infinitely more abſurd than that would be," ſaid Delmont.

"True," anſwered Armitage; "there is nothing abſurd in loving merit under whatever form, or at whatever age it is found."

"As to age, Mrs. Glenmorris is not above ſix-and-thirty."

"I believe not, and you are ——"

"I am two-and-twenty."

"Fourteen years is nothing certainly, *as times go*; but what do you ſay to the ſmall inconvenience of her being married? You know my ſentiments, George," continued Mr. Armitage, quitting the tone of raillery he had till then ſpoken in. "I have very unjuſtly the reputation of libertiniſm in regard to women; for I do aſſure you upon my honour, that with me a woman who belongs to another is ſacred. My friend Glenmorris, who is not inſenſible of the value of the jewel he poſſeſſes, knows that ſuch are my ſentiments, or, whatever might be his confidence in me in other reſpects, he would hardly

hardly have put his wife and daughter under my protection."

"Cato, then," cried Delmont gaily, "Cato is a proper person to entrust a love-tale with! But recollect, my good friend, whether there is not a possibility of my admiring the daughter of this charming woman."

"I thought it improbable; because I know how strenuously you insist upon *mind* and *character* in the woman who should attach you. Now a girl of Medora's age has no mind; it remains to be formed—Her character must be a mere rudiment—One cannot say what it will be. She is very pretty, and has all that bloom, that simplicity of youth, which renders beauty under twenty so seducing an object to many men; but lovely as I own she is as a child, I did not imagine she would have attractions for you."

"It is precisely," replied Delmont, "because she is so entirely the child of nature, that I find she *has* attractions. She will be, probably, what her mother is, with something of the best part of her father's singularities, such as you have sometimes described them to me. He has brought her up exactly as I should wish a woman to be educated for me. Not one idea has she that she blushes to avow; neither prudery or coquetry, neither a desire of conquest for herself, or envy of the advantages possessed by others, make any part of her studies or reflections. Oh! how unlike the artificial things one sees every where—which *I* see, even in my two sisters, who are reckoned so unaffected and ingenuous. Why may I not hope and believe, that Medora, now the most lively girl in the world, may, when she is formed, become such

a woman as her mother? and then, were I to make the tour of that world, where could I find a creature ſo well calculated to make me happy?"

"So you really are in love with Medora Glenmorris, the little wild Caledonian-American? and it is for her that you diſdain the banker's rich heireſs."

"If you mean by being *in love* with one and *diſdaining* the other, that I think I ſhould be a very happy man with one in any ſituation, while the higheſt degree of affluence could not give me happineſs with the other, ſuch is certainly my opinion, and on that opinion I mean to act, if you, my friend, know nothing of Glenmorris's views for his daughter, which ought to make me deſiſt from doing ſo."

Mr. Armitage then related, in a few words, ſuch circumſtances of Glenmorris's hiſtory as Delmont was unacquainted with.

"You have heard, perhaps, that Glenmorris's marriage with Miſs De Verdon was ſo much againſt the wiſhes of her parents, that it was always the declared intention of both, though Glenmorris was nearly related to the family of Lady Mary her mother, to diſinherit this their youngeſt daughter; and it is underſtood they did ſo; but on the death of the father, at a great age, which happened a few years ago, ſome of Glenmorris's friends, who went to look at the will, thought that reſentment thus carried to the grave had not all the effect intended, and that by an overſight the child of the daughter they had thus driven from any ſhare of their great property would reſume the rights of her mother. Whoever were the zealous friends of Glenmorris, were likely to purſue

purſue this inquiry, as well from their affection for him, as from their abhorrence of the tyranny and injuſtice that had deprived their friend of affluence, and driven him from ſociety he was ſo well calculated to adorn, to the wilds of America.

" In conſequence of this, copies of the will were obtained, and one among the gentlemen who was the beſt acquainted with the ſtate of the affairs, drew up a caſe for the conſideration of counſel. Of theſe, four were conſulted; of whom two gave their opinion decidedly againſt, and two as peremptorily in favour of, the right remaining in Medora Glenmorris to a very conſiderable part of the property of her grandfather.

" Theſe opinions were ſent to America, where Glenmorris had reſided ſome years; but it was not till after ſeveral other repreſentations from his friends here, that he was at length prevailed upon to ſuffer his wife and daughter to come to England, whither he could not accompany them, not only becauſe he is deeply in debt, but becauſe the freedom with which he ſpoke and wrote has made him enemies in this country, who have now ſo much the power of hurting him, that the perſuaſions of his few remaining friends againſt his return to England were added to the reluctance he felt to reviſit a country where he had found that fortune alone was the object of eſteem; and where he ſaw, or *fancied* he ſaw, a daily innovation on thoſe principles, which, though not a native of England itſelf, he had been taught to admire and venerate. If he is not," continued Mr. Armitage, " greatly changed ſince I ſaw him in his American retirement, you are, my dear George, the very man in the world to whom I think he would, if he

knew you, delight, in giving his daughter; nor do I believe him capable of adopting for her any of thoſe ambitious views of which he knows the folly and futility, if, contrary to what he expects himſelf, her fortune ſhould be great; I ſee nothing, therefore, that ſhould prevent your openly declaring to his wife in perſon, and by letter to himſelf, your ſentiments in regard to Medora. I am no advocate for very early or very haſty marriages; but it is becauſe they are often made by the tyranny or the avarice of parents. Where two young people have very good ſenſe, as I believe to be the caſe with you and your fair American; and where there is a probability that you will rather improve in intellectual qualifications, I think your time of life very far from being a cauſe even for delay. Life indeed is not long enough to allow a reaſonable man much heſitation, when once he has found a woman ſo well calculated as you think Medora is, to confer happineſs."

In conſequence of this converſation, which endeared Mr. Armitage more than ever to Delmont (as generally happens when the counſellor thinks like him who demands counſel) Delmont was deſirous of talking over his future proceedings, and determined to ſtay all night, while the charitable and delicate imagination of Mrs. Crewkherne led her to ſuch conjectures as to his ſtay as raiſed her indignation to the higheſt pitch, and though, while with the Doctor and Mrs. Winſlow, ſhe checked the ebullitions of her wrath, ſhe vented her ſpleen with ten-fold acrimony when alone with either of the ſiſters, who vainly attempted to appeaſe her.

To Caroline ſhe declared, that ſhe could not anſwer it to her conſcience to ſtay under the roof

roof of ſo profligate a young man. "The world," ſhe ſaid, "in its preſent depraved ſtate, ſhould have no reaſon to ſay ſhe countenanced ſuch libertine doings, and therefore ſhe bade Caroline prepare to return to London with her. It was in vain the poor girl endeavoured to mitigate her reſentment, by alledging that it was poſſible ſome accident might have detained her brother, or that he might have ſtaid at Mr. Armitage's. The very name of Armitage increaſed her indignation, and all that Caroline could obtain was a ſort of promiſe from the inexorable Mrs. Crewkherne, that ſhe would not attack Delmont on the diſcovery ſhe had made before any of their viſitors.

This promiſe, however, it was not poſſible for her to abide by. Delmont, reſolute never to ſubject himſelf to the controul the old lady had ſo great an inclination to impoſe on every body around her, appeared the next day at dinner, and ſlightly excuſed himſelf to Doctor Winſlow for his abſence. The Doctor anſwered in the common terms, "that he ſhould be ſorry to put him under any reſtraint;" but Mrs. Crewkherne, who probably expected ſome apology to herſelf, began to *talk at him* in ſo rude and virulent a way, as only the calm and dignified conſciouſneſs of his own blameleſs conduct, and manly compaſſion for her weakneſs and prejudice, could have enabled him to endure. His endeavours to laugh off her furious and illiberal attack ſerved only to irritate her the more: at length, dinner being ended, he took a glaſs of wine with the Doctor, and retired to his ſtudy, while Mrs. Crewkherne, whoſe iraſcible and malignant paſſions were now inflamed even to a ſort of phrenſy, forgetting all

all the reaſons ſhe had for ſecreſy, began vehemently to declaim againſt the licentious conduct of young men in general, and that of Mr. Delmont in particular; aſſerting, that it was owing to the profligate manners of modern youth, and the general wickedneſs of the world, that under the beſt of ſovereigns, and an heaven-born miniſter, and notwithſtanding ſo many orders for faſts, and other acts of pious humiliation, the war, ſo juſt and neceſſary, had been ſo little ſucceſsful. "I am ſorry," added Mrs. Crewkherne, "grieved to ſee that a kinſman of mine ſhould add to the number of wretched ſouls, by whoſe deliquency the puniſhment is drawn down on this generation. And as Doctor Dundermaſs ſays, "Woe, woe unto all who ſhall appertain to theſe—and behold the beaſt hath the upper hand—and the voice of wailing is heard." In this ſtyle the poor woman talked herſelf out of breath, Doctor Winſlow liſtening with profound attention; not becauſe he either admired the eloquence or participated the zeal of Mrs. Crewkherne, but becauſe he ſaw that an opportunity offered, which would deliver him, as he hoped, for ever, from all fear of Delmont's ſupplanting his ſon in the favour of Miſs Goldthorp.

To her he failed not to relate all that had paſſed at table (for ſhe was yet unable or unwilling to dine below) expreſſing great concern that a young man, in many reſpects ſo worthy, ſhould be ſo tainted with the vicious opinions and manners of the age, and expreſſing his ſorrow for Mrs. Crewkherne, "who, poor lady," ſaid the Doctor, "has a truly maternal yearning for the backſlidings of a youth ſo well calculated to fight manfully in the good cauſe."

Miſs

Miſs Goldthorp wanted not ſenſe to ſee, nor ſpirit to deſpiſe hypocriſy, and perfectly underſtood the Doctor's motive for retailing the hiſtory; ſhe heard it therefore with ſome impatience, and then, to the great diſmay of the narrator, ſaid, "All who know Mrs. Crewkherne know her malice—She is an hateful old cat, and Mr. Delmont is quite in the right to do exactly as he pleaſes, without conſulting ſuch a ſpiteful witch."

It is unneceſſary to repeat the Doctor's anſwer to the tart reply of his ſometime ward, nor to deſcribe the hyſteric with which Mrs. Winſlow ended the converſation—before it cloſed, it became ſo warm that Doctor Winſlow proteſted his reſolution to depart immediately, and Miſs Goldthorp as reſolutely aſſured him, that if he did, ſhe ſhould remain where ſhe was.

Never before had the preacher of patience to others ſo much occaſion to exerciſe it himſelf. Unuſed to the leaſt contradiction, and unable to endure it, the oppoſition he now found from a perſon over whom he was ſo unwilling to reſign his authority, was not to be borne—It ſeemed to him the moſt atrocious injury; and at length his irritable temper ſo far conquered his prudence, that he forgot at once his dignity, and that the paſſion to which he ſacrificed it was wholly impotent, ſince he had no longer any power to controul the actions of his wife's niece.

While this angry converſation was paſſing in Miſs Goldthorp's apartment, the party below were far from being very tranquil; for Mrs. Crewkherne, throwing off all reſtraint, was declaring to both her nieces her reſolution to quit the houſe; and to Caroline ſhe even gave direc-

tions

tions to prepare for their departure. The poor girls, who ſaw the deſtruction of all the projects they had formed for the proſperity of their brother, attempted, but vainly, to ſoothe her—The greater ſhe found her power of inflicting pain, the more delight ſhe ſeemed to feel. At length a note was delivered to Caroline, who, half drowned in tears, found the contents to be theſe:

"My dear girls,

"Think it not unkind in your brother if he abſents himſelf for ſome time from an houſe, where you will continue to exerciſe the duties of hoſpitality towards our gueſts, ſo long as Miſs Goldthorp's ſituation ſhall continue to make it a convenient abode for her and her friends. The concerns of a friend, to whom I am under obligations, and my own reſolution never to ſuffer my perſonal freedom to be encroached upon, unite to detain me. I am ſorry to do what may be termed rude to Dr. Winſlow; but the difference of my going or ſtaying is to him trifling, while I ſhould, by doing the latter, ſubject myſelf to many diſagreeable hours, which is, you know, what I determine never to do, when the ſacrifice of myſelf can be of little or no uſe to others. I need give you no other reaſons; and ſurely I need not to my Caroline and my Louiſa ſay, that they will always have a tender and affectionate brother in

"G. D."

"Direct to me at Armitage's, ſhould you have occaſion to write."

It

It ſeemed as if the certainty of having driven Delmont from his houſe had a momentary effect on Mrs. Crewkherne, and though ſtill vehemently reviling him, ſhe conſented to let his abſence paſs, as being occaſioned by buſineſs, if his ſiſters wrote to endeavour to recal him before it ſhould be known he withdrew in anger. While Louiſa therefore wrote, Caroline went up to the apartment of Miſs Goldthorp, who, irritated and wearied by the converſation ſhe had juſt before had with her uncle and aunt, and dreading the perſecution ſhe foreſaw on behalf of their ſon, heſitated no longer either in avowing her decided partiality towards Delmont, or in conſenting that it ſhould be made known to him. In this ſhe did not imagine ſhe made any ſacrifice of her pride; for ſhe was perſuaded Delmont had forborne to addreſs her merely on account of the diſtance fortune had placed between them; nor her vanity ever ſuffered her to ſuppoſe it poſſible, that there was in the world a man who could be indifferent to, or refuſe ſuch a woman with ſuch a fortune.

CHAP. XIII.

"O friendly to the beſt purſuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domeſtic life in rural quiet paſs'd."

DREADING nothing ſo much as returning to the gloomy ſociety of fanatics and bigots at the London reſidence of Mrs. Crewkherne, Caroline

roline Delmont assisted her sister, and both exerted all the little finesse they were mistress of to influence their brother; they represented the attachment of the young heiress, whom so many sought, as demanding all his gratitude; spoke highly of her good qualities, and touched on the independence as well as on the power of doing good, which the possession of such a fortune would bestow.

The letter being finished with great care, was dispatched by a messenger on horseback, and with beating heart Caroline and Louisa waited his return, contriving in the meantime how to proceed, if the answer should be unfavourable. The man who had been sent returned much sooner than they had expected with the following answer from Delmont:

"Believe, my dearest girls, that I am sensible of all I owe to your fond solicitude, and were there any consideration on earth that could induce me to swerve from the principles by which I have determined to govern my own conduct, it would be the desire I feel to give even temporary happiness to my beloved sisters; but indeed, my dear Caroline and Louisa, it would be only temporary, for you would soon cease to be happy, when you became conscious that your brother was miserable; and miserable it is very certain he would be, if he fraudulently possessed himself of the person of any woman for the sake of the fortune that belonged to it. Such would be my conduct, were I to avail myself of the good opinion of the lady you name to me. I respect and esteem her, and my opinion of her understanding is raised, not by the preference she honours me with, but by that

that liberality of mind which has induced her to be ſincere. If ſhe condeſcends to hear what my anſwer is, tell her, Caroline, that I honour and regard her too much to conſider her as the means of acquiring ſuperfluous fortune. That if I had an heart unoccupied, her excellencies, rather than her large property, might induce me to offer it; but it is already irrevocably another's. And I have only to aſſure your fair friend, that my gratitude, while it will end but with my life, ſhall be wholly confined to my own breaſt; and that in reſpectful ſilence I ſhall await the intelligence, that one who deſerves her, and knows her value, may render her happy; which that ſhe may be in the higheſt degree is moſt truly the deſire of

"GEORGE DELMONT."

The contents of this letter could not be concealed; and when, after ſome heſitation, the trembling Caroline gave it to Miſs Goldthorp to peruſe, nothing but mortified pride ſaved her from exhibiting her indignation and anger: ſhe reſtrained her tears however, though with painful and evident effort, and entreated of her two friends to conceal moſt cautiouſly from Doctor and Mrs. Winſlow the avowal on her part, and the refuſal on that of Delmont, which would occaſion ſuch exultation to them, and to her a degree of mortification it was hardly poſſible to ſupport.

Delmont's intentional abſence, however, it was now no longer eaſy to diſguiſe. The Doctor, glad of a pretence to haſten their removal, declared he could not think of remaining in an houſe from which there was reaſon to believe his preſence had driven the maſter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Crewkherne declared that the time ſhe had appropriated to her ſtay in the country was already expired; and Miſs Goldthorp making no longer any oppoſition to their departure, ſuddenly diſcovered that ſhe could travel without inconvenience.

The parting of the two ſiſters, however, was a painful idea to both; Louiſa, though ſhe loved her brother better than any other human being, knew not how far he might poſſeſs that ſhare of his affection which he had hitherto beſtowed upon her, when he had avowed his attachment to ſome woman, whom it was probably his intention to make the miſtreſs of his houſe; while Mrs. Crewkherne, without knowing what he had himſelf acknowledged, laboured to impreſs on the timid minds of both the ſiſters, that their brother's purpoſe was to introduce into his houſe ſome perſon of doubtful, or of bad character, to whom Mr. Armitage had made him known. Louiſa was at once hurt by Delmont's want of confidence in her, and fearful of finding herſelf in the way of any arrangement he had propoſed making, ſhe therefore liſtened to an invitation given by Miſs Goldthorp, and ſeconded by Mrs. Winſlow, to paſs the winter with them in Sackville-ſtreet, Mrs. Winſlow being delighted to continue the acquaintance with the ſiſters, now that her fears were over about the brother.

Louiſa, like moſt girls of her age, was eager for novelty, and yet fearful of quitting her brother, who, when ſhe was alone and deſerted, had proved himſelf ſo tenderly attached to her, and had ſince ſo kindly inſtructed, or fondly protected her; yet the dread of this new connection, which Mrs. Crewkherne repreſented as being

being formed with ſome miſtreſs, whom he only wiſhed for an opportunity of placing at the head of his family, almoſt over-balanced every other conſideration. She could not bear to be ſupplanted in her brother's affection; ſhe could not aſſociate with ſuch a perſon; it was even improper for her to ſtay in his houſe, while he viſited ſuch a one in the neighbourhood; yet, if her brother ſhould be offended with her; if ſhe ſhould loſe his friendſhip, ſhe muſt be miſerable.

This debate, which laſted a great while, was terminated at length by her reſolving to write to her brother, and aſk his aſſent, or rather his opinion of the propoſal made to her, which acquired new advantage in her opinion, when ſhe began to recollect the variety and gaiety of a winter paſſed in the metropolis, oppoſed to the languor and tedioufneſs of the ſame ſeaſon in a lonely houſe, far even from the melancholy mitigations afforded by the neighbourhood of a country town.

With apprehenſive timidity ſhe wrote, and awaited the meſſenger's return with even more anxiety than ſhe had done the laſt. The anſwer from Delmont was as follows:

"When the unhappy events, which I ſhall ever deplore, deprived my beloved ſiſters of the beſt mother that ever bleſſed grateful and affectionate children, and of a father tenderly anxious for their welfare, and when it became my duty to fill, as well as I could, the dear and ſacred character of their guardian and protector, I endeavoured to acquit myſelf as I thought would be moſt pleaſing to her, whoſe memory is ſo dear to my heart. I will always do ſo, as long as the charge is left to me; but though I

am

am proud of being the guardian, I will never be the governor of my ſiſters. You are now, my Louiſa, in your ſeventeenth year; you have a very good underſtanding, which wants nothing but a little more ſtrength, in points that relate to reſolution and firmneſs. If going this journey is agreeable to you, go my dear girl, and learn to rely, in the few inſtances where deciſion can be required, on your own judgment to guide your own conduct. It is not good to have always, even in trifles, ſomebody to lean upon; for as, ſooner or later, every body muſt act for themſelves, the earlier an habit is acquired of conſidering conſequences in every point, and being directed by judgment, the ſooner an uſeful character is formed. I do not love the wavering imbecility of temper, which, if long yielded to, becomes an habit; and if my Louiſa *has* a fault, it is a little tendency to what the French call, "l'inconſequence."

"It is, in a trifling degree, viſible in your letter. Why would you not write, in your fair hand, fair and ſimple truth? Then you would have ſaid, "Brother, I ſhould like to paſs the winter with Miſs Goldthorp, but I am afraid you will not willingly acquieſce. I love you, brother, but, indeed, paſſing a long long winter at Upwood, will be very melancholy for your poor Louiſa, and it will be ſad to be again ſeparated by ſo many miles from Caroline; beſides, they tell me that you have ſome attachment, and perhaps may wiſh me away; therefore, dear George, I deſire to go."

I can ſee through the pretty little well turned artifices in her letter, that my Louiſa meant all this. I will ſuppoſe ſhe had been candid enough to have ſaid it; and I thus anſwer. "Go, my dear

dear ſiſter, and amuſe yourſelf. There can be no impropriety under ſuch protection. "Il n'y á jamais du mal dans la bonne compagnie."—A winter in the country to a young woman not ſeventeen, is, I own, but a melancholy ſort of ſpeculation to look forward to, and I would never willingly have you and our Caroline long ſeparated, for nothing is ſo ſweet and becoming as ſiſterly friendſhip. As to what you have heard of any attachment of mine, let me aſſure you, I ſhall never have one to any woman, with whom my ſiſters ought not to aſſociate; nor any connection that can ever make me wiſh them away.

"But where there is reſtraint, let no one look for friendſhip; I never will therefore, my love, reſtrain you, unleſs I ſee you likely to commit ſome imprudence injurious to yourſelf, which I think I never ſhall. As a reſidence in London requires more of ornamental dreſs than the country, accept, my Louiſa, of the encloſed triſle, in addition to your allowance. Caroline has a rich friend, and therefore I know does not need it; and now, adieu, dear ſharers in my love. Write to me very frequently, as I will to you, and whenever your viſit ends, the houſe and heart of your brother are open to you, and not to you only, Louiſa, but to my ever dear Caroline, who never will, I hope, ſuffer herſelf to be eſtranged from her and your affectionate friend,

G. D."

The letter encloſed a bank note of thirty pounds. Louiſa, though a little hurt that her brother did not believe her ſincere, had yet too much pleaſure in being aſſured of going, to re-

flect

ſſect very deeply. Preparations were immediately made for the journey, and poſt-horſes ordered for the next day ſave one, it being ſettled that the Winſlow family and Mrs. Crewkherne ſhould depart at the ſame time.

This they accordingly did. The Doctor leaving a long formal letter of thanks to Delmont, who, two days after they left it, returned to his own houſe.

The interval of his enforced abſence from it, he had paſſed at Mr. Armitage's, viſiting however the lodging of his new friends every day. During that time, he had diſcloſed to both the mother and daughter, the affection he had conceived for the latter. Mrs. Glenmorris received his declaration with joy, which ſhe did not attempt to conceal, and Medora acknowledged very frankly, that ſhe did not believe ſhe ever could like any body ſo well as ſhe liked him. He had now opportunities of admiring the ſimple ſweetneſs of her character, and every ſtudy of her temper, and her unadulterated heart taught him anew the value of the jewel he had found. From Mrs. Glenmorris he learned ſome ſingular circumſtances that had occurred in her life, and that of the father of Medora.

The rigours of winter, which ſoon followed the departure of the London party, ſometimes made the return of Delmont to Upwood at a late hour of the evening, painful to thoſe he left, though the diſtance was hardly two miles by the footway. Mrs. Glenmorris was therefore occaſionally prevailed upon to paſs two or three days at the houſe of Delmont, and then it was they taſted the felicity of mutual confidence; of that ſort of ſympathy which unites people who love, and mutually underſtand each other.—

Delmont

Delmont had ſeized the firſt occaſion that offered to write to Glenmorris, and he looked forward with anxious ſolicitude to the time when he was to receive an anſwer, on which the future happineſs of his life depended. Mrs. Glenmorris, however, enconraged him to entertain the moſt ſanguine hopes; and Medora aſſured him, that if he knew her father, he would have no apprehenſions as to the ſucceſs of his application.

The winter fled away but too ſwiftly; for ſuch happineſs as Delmont then enjoyed was not ſoon to return. The clamour of the country was, in the mean time, loud and vehement againſt him; and Mrs. Nixon, as well as many old women of all deſcriptions in the neighbouring towns, as well as ſome young ones, aſſerted that Mr. Delmont had turned his aunt, good lady, and his two ſiſters, poor things! out of doors, to make room for a miſtreſs.

The optimiſts (however, very numerous among theſe good folks) ſoon began to conſider this imaginary crime and miſdemeanor, as ordered by ſuperior power; and as one of the proofs which they are fond of ſeizing, that "good always comes out of evil;" "that all is for the beſt, and could not poſſibly be better;" for a few weeks only after Caroline's departure with her aunt, ſhe was addreſſed by a young man of large fortune, whoſe mother was the intimate friend of the old lady, and who (doubtleſs without any view to the fortune Caroline was likely to have) had influence enough with her ſon to direct his choice. Caroline was indeed a young woman who had great perſonal recommendations, and Mr. Bethune found no difficulty in obeying his mother, when ſhe deſired him to prefer a very pretty girl, of a family

to

to which it gratified his pride to be allied, and who had an almoſt certain proſpect of a fortune of between twenty and thirty thouſand pounds.

George Delmont was not conſulted—his ſiſter indeed paid him the compliment of writing, to inform him of her intended marriage—to which he could only anſwer, that ſhe had all his wiſhes for her happineſs.

CHAP. XIV.

Se ſtava all 'ombra, o ſe del tetto uſciva
Avea di, e notte il bel giovine a lato
Mattina, e ſera, ov queſta, ov quella riva
Cercando andava, o qualche verde prato.

THE intereſt taken by Delmont in every thing that related to Glenmorris and his family, induced him to ſeize every occaſion of hearing the particulars of their hiſtory. Mrs. Glenmorris, as ſolicitous on her part to be thoroughly underſtood, embraced the earlieſt opportunity of relating to him the occurrences of her own and her huſband's life; an eventful hiſtory, which, though told to Delmont in fragments at various times, ſhall be related here compriſed in a ſingle narrative.

"My father," ſaid Mrs. Glenmorris, "though the native of another country, was one of the richeſt of thoſe merchants who frequent the Exchange of London. It was in London he became acquainted with a family, of which, though few boaſted of a more illuſtrious deſcent, the principal of it had the mortification to ſee himſelf

ſelf unable to provide for the younger branches; and one of them, the Lady Mary, was not unwilling to unite herſelf with my father in conſideration of the fortune he poſſeſſed. Of this marriage were born two daughters, of whom I was the youngeſt. Every acquirement uſually ſought for young women was laviſhed upon us with a profuſion of ill-judged expence. My father, having married late in life, doated on us both during our infancy with extravagant fondneſs, while the tenderneſs of my mother was almoſt entirely engroſſed by my ſiſter; and as they had no ſon, ſhe formed the project of giving to her eldeſt daughter a larger portion of their fortune, on condition that whoever became her huſband ſhould take the name of De Verdon.—My father, not inſenſible of the influence of family pride (though his higheſt boaſt in his own country was that of being deſcended from the magiſtrates of his province) became inſenſibly occupied by this ſcheme; and though he had ſtill a great affection for me, he gradually learned to conſider his eldeſt daughter as the object on which his fond ambition was to rely for its gratification.—Whether it was that our minds were differently diſpoſed by nature, or whether the different ideas with which we were educated influenced our opinions, it is certain that, from the time we acquired ſome degree of power to think of the future, my ſiſter's views and wiſhes were eſſentially different from mine. She had at an early age imbibed all the notions of family conſequence, for which Lady Mary was remarked (even among the proudeſt women of equal rank) and nothing under nobility was at all likely to be accepted by the mother, or was ever thought of by the daughter. I ſoon underſtood that I ſhould

ſhould be the victim of theſe exalted fancies; for as the elevation to which Lady Mary deſired to raiſe her eldeſt daughter was not to be obtained by perſonal beauty or accompliſhments, but by a very large fortune, it was certain that to give *her* ſuch a dowry mine muſt be proportionably leſſened. To that I was almoſt indifferent; for I had already learned that a very great fortune does not confer happineſs; and I flattered myſelf, that if I had not enough to purchaſe a title, I ſhould yet have enough for all the rational enjoyments of life. I loved the country, and was more delighted to fancy myſelf a wood nymph or a ſhepherdeſs, ſuch as I read of in the Aminta and Paſtor Fido, than to purſue the diſſipated life of which my ſiſter was fond, who, ſince ſhe had been introduced into ſociety, or as it is termed, "come out," lived, and ſeemed delighted to live, in a continual ſucceſſion of what is called pleaſure; while, as I was not yet judged old enough to undergo this ſame ceremony of being "brought out," I was left under the care of a governeſs, at a villa of my father's about ſix miles from London, where maſters, who were paid accordingly, continued even at that diſtance to attend me. I will own, however, that my enthuſiaſm for the ſcenes of nature was not wholly given to the woods, and lawns, and rivulets; the Italian poets had taught me to people the ſhades with imaginary beings, ſuch as alone could give them intereſt; and there was ſoon thrown in my way a young man who might well have paſſed, at that period, for the moſt amiable of their heroes perſonified.

"Glenmorris, for it is of him I ſpeak, had juſt left one of our public ſchools, where he had been brought up on the foundation. He was then

then in his eighteenth year; his perſon was tall, large, and uncommonly graceful; his complexion fair, yet not effeminate; a profuſion of light hair, not yet dreſſed, flowed wildly round his face; his form was, indeed, at that period, well calculated for an hero of romance; and the generous undeſigning and ſpirited temper, which his countenance expreſſed, was not leſs likely to captivate a girl ſo young as I then was, eſpecially as I ſoon learned what he was careful to conceal from every body elſe, that Glenmorris preferred me to every other part of the family.

Glenmorris was an orphan, who poſſeſſed only the laſt poor remains of a Scottiſh lairdſhip, not amounting to ſix hundred a year.—— Being related to my mother, he was at her requeſt received by the mercantile houſe, in which my father had ſtill a very large concern, in the hope that he might by a lucrative trade reſtore his comparatively reduced fortune. Glenmorris at firſt had thought of this engagement with reluctance; and certainly neither his diſpoſition nor his education were ſuch as were likely to make it ſucceſsful. The earlier part of his life he had paſſed on the mountains of his native land with a father, who ſtill conſidered himſelf as the head of an ancient and illuſtrious clan, though it was now reduced in numbers, and ſhorn of its power. On the death of this his only parent, and almoſt his only near relation, his guardian and half uncle, my mother's father, got him received as a King's ſcholar at Weſtminſter, where, if he ſoon learned to contemn the feudal pride with which his father's prejudices had fed him, he acquired no knowledge likely to fit him for the monotonous drudgery of a compting-houſe. He was a ſcholar,

lar, a poet, a young man of extraordinary, though ſomewhat eccentric genius; and on his very firſt inſight into the buſineſs of a merchant's aſſiſtant, conſiſting of dry details, of endleſs accounts, and letters in a ſort of bald jargon peculiar to them, he found ſo little pleaſure in the view of being placed from day to day in a kind of railed box, with his legs dangling from a high ſtool, and his breaſt preſſed againſt the edge of a deſk, while his mind was to be thus chained down, that he would have abandoned the hope of every advantage which he was told might accrue from it, and have determined to content himſelf on his ſmall patrimony, if the attachment he ſoon felt for me had not made him diſſemble, and endeavour to make himſelf acquainted with a buſineſs which might one day enable him to demand me of my father.

"Love has often been the worker of great miracles, and ſuch was now the patient perſeverance of Glenmorris for near ſix months — During that time, being received as a relation, and a young lad to whoſe viſits no conſequence could be attached, he had continual opportunities of ſeeing me, and our mutual affection had acquired ſo deep root, that nothing was ever able to eradicate it.

"A match now offered for my ſiſter Guilielmina. The ſecond ſon of a noble houſe, very rich as heir to his maternal grand-mother, was accepted with joy by all the parties, the only objection, his want of a title, being removed by the agreement made by his father to purchaſe one, and my mother, Lady Mary, as it had formerly been in her family, deſired this title might be Daventry, which was at firſt to be a barony

for

for Mr. Cardonnel, then an earldom, and he was to receive his new name as a wedding preſent from his illuſtrious parents. The marriage was to be celebrated at the ancient family ſeat in the north of England, which had belonged to the old Baronet from whom Lord Daventry derived his fortune. For ſome reaſon or other my mother determined that I ſhould remain at the houſe on the banks of the Thames, obſerving, that I ſhould loſe a great deal of time by being ſo long abſent, and become too much diſſipated for a perſon of my age. I well knew that theſe were not her real reaſons; but I was too well pleaſed with the reſolution to be very ſolicitous about its motive. My ſiſter and the bridal train, accompanied by my father, mother, and the governeſs who had been principally entruſted with us, and who would not be ſeparated from her '*deareſt young lady*,' departed together, and I was left to the ſuperintendance of a younger governeſs, who was not likely to be a very troubleſome monitreſs. She was glad to make uſe of the firſt moment of liberty to viſit her friends, and I willingly permitted her abſence, happy to be able for once to ſee Glenmorris for a whole day—to meet him again unqueſtioned on the river's banks by moon light (for he affected to depart at an early hour) and, as he took up his abode at an obſcure lodging in the village, to rejoin him again at the earlieſt dawn of morning.

It was mid-ſummer, and every object around me breathed, methought, the ſame delicious ſenſations as animated my breaſt. I had never been happy before; cloſely guarded by my mother's formal auſterity, I had never till now felt the value of exiſtence, or taſted the delight of an

an hour's freedom; I ſeemed to be inſpired with a new ſoul, and nature kindled in my heart the innocent enthuſiaſm of affection. Glenmorris, always paſſionate and tender, now mingled ſomething of a ſoft melancholy with his acknowledged fear of offending me by treſpaſſing on my indulgence. He never was ſo intereſting, yet he appeared leſs content than I had often ſeen him when we were under greater reſtraint; he declared, however, that he was but too happy—for we lived almoſt all day in the plantations and woods, and it was with reluctance I returned to a ſhort meal alone, when I dared not aſk him to accompany me. Some management and precaution was neceſſary in this reſpect, becauſe there was an old houſe-keeper in queſtion, fiercer than ten dragons, who, though ſhe knew nothing of what I did with myſelf at other times, would, I knew, infallibly acquaint Lady Mary if I had ſeen Glenmorris often at table.

"Having taken therefore ſuch precautions againſt her remarks as I ſimply imagined would ſecure me from them, I feared nothing but that the return of the family would deprive me of my temporary freedom, and ſend poor Glenmorris back to the dungeon called a compting-houſe, in a dark lane of the city. To this period he looked forward with loathing and abhorrence. A thouſand times, as we wandered together amidſt the beautiful ſhrubberies of my father's villa, he declared, that ſo repugnant was that way of life to his taſte and temper, that he would not have ſtaid one week in it for the riches of Peru — "But for thee, Laura," ſaid he, looking tenderly on me, "what is there I would not endure?"—Once, I remember, he broke

broke out ſuddenly in lines which he at that moment compoſed—

Ah! think'ſt thou, Laura, then, that wealth
Should make me thus my youth, and health,
And freedom, and repoſe reſign?
Ah! no, I toil to gain by ſtealth
One look, one tender glance of thine.

Born where huge hills on hills are piled
In Caledonia's diſtant wild,
Unbounded freedom once was mine;
But thou upon my hopes haſt ſmiled,
And bade me be a ſlave of thine.

Think! mid the gloomy haunts of gain
Reluctant days I paſs in pain,
And all I once deſired reſign;
Ah! let me then at length obtain
One ſoft, one pitying ſigh of thine.

Though far capricious fortune flies,
Yet love ſhall bleſs the ſacrifice,
And all his purer joys combine,
While I my little world compriſe
In that fair form, and fairer ſoul of thine.

"You, Delmont, are one of the few perſons to whom I believe I may relate many of theſe circumſtances without being thought wildly romantic.—Oh! what romantic ſtuff! is a common exclamation, if any one ventures to feel or to expreſs themſelves out of the ſtyle of common and every day life. But why is it romantic? I ſhould be ſorry, it is true, that a daughter of mine, ſuffering her imagination to outrun her reaſon, ſhould ſo bewilder herſelf among ideal beings as to become either uſeleſs or ridiculous; but if affection for merit, if admiration of talents, if the attachments of friendſhip are romantic; if it be romantic to dare to have an opinion of one's own, and not to follow one formal tract, wrong or right, pleaſant or irkſome, becauſe our grandmothers and aunts

have followed it before; if not to be romantic one muſt go through the world with prudery, carefully ſettling our blinkers at every ſtep, as a cautious coachman hoodwinks his horſes heads; if a woman, becauſe ſhe is a woman, muſt reſign all pretenſions to being a *reaſoning* being, and dares neither look to the right nor to the left, oh! may my Medore ſtill be the child of nature and ſimplicity, ſtill venture to expreſs all ſhe feels, even at the riſk of being called a ſtrange romantic girl."

Delmont, it may eaſily be believed, acquieſced in this with his whole heart.

Mrs. Glenmorris went on.

"I had but little idea then, that I was actually paſſing the happieſt days of my life. They fled too rapidly; for my father being taken ill with the gout, of which he had frequently very ſevere attacks, he and my mother returned ſome weeks ſooner than they originally intended to their villa on the banks of the Thames.

"The awe I had always felt in my mother's preſence was now ſo much increaſed by the conſciouſneſs of my having encouraged Glenmorris's paſſion, which, though I did not believe ſhe would finally oppoſe it, ſhe would, I knew, think moſt preſumptuous and indecorous, that in approaching her I trembled, and could hardly anſwer the queſtion ſhe put to me. She ſeemed to have returned in very ill humour, and began by finding fault with every thing that had been done in her abſence; and as to me, "I was grown," ſhe ſaid, "ſo blowzy and robuſt, that ſhe believed I had paſſed my time in aſſiſting Sharman (the ſteward) to ſuperintend the haymakers." "This," ſaid her ladyſhip "comes, child, of your notions of being a ſhepherdeſs,

and

and ſitting on a bank of daiſies.—Why you are tanned!—ſo tanned that it will be twelve months before you look again like a daughter of mine. I ſuppoſe you have got a tame lamb, and have been making garlands for him, and carving true lovers knots on ſome of the beech trees. Have you not ſighed too for a ſhepherd? or have you imagined one in a green jacket, and with his crook bound with daffodils?" I feared from this ſtrange attack that ſomebody had already mentioned the frequency of Glenmorris's viſits, and I felt that my cheeks were deeply crimſoned by the idea, and that my knees, for I was ſtill ſtanding, were almoſt unable to ſupport me. My mother however did not immediately remark it, but turning to Miſs Hayns, my governeſs, aſked, "Who has been here?—has Glenmorris called often?"—

"Miſs Hayns had been abſent great part of the time herſelf, and feared my mother even more than I did; ſhe bluſhed, heſitated, and at length ſaid, "Mr. Glenmorris has called ſometimes, and once or twice, or oftener, I believe, dined here."

"You have not been playing at ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs with *him*, I hope," ſaid Lady Mary; "he is almoſt as abſurd, and as little likely ever to do himſelf any good as even you yourſelf. Pray, miſs, when did you ſee him laſt?"

"This queſtion, and the ſarcaſm that preceded it, almoſt deprived me of the little courage I had left. I ſtammered out, however, that I had ſeen him about two days ago, and then, unable to bear the rigorous ſcrutiny of my mother's eyes, I turned from her, aſking leave to attend my father, which ſhe refuſed, and bade me go to my own apartment.

"There was every reaſon to fear, that ſome perſon had already been buſy to inform my mother of the meetings between me and Glenmorris; and I now felt for the firſt time in my life the pain of conſcious duplicity; I felt that I had done wrong; yet the harſhneſs of Lady Mary's conduct towards me, the little affection ſhe had ever ſhown me, and her having left me ſo needleſsly in ſolitude and neglect, were, and I was conſcious they were, ſuch palliations of my fault, as in a great degree reconciled me to myſelf: I had, however, dread and apprehenſion enough to contend with—I knew that it was Glenmorris's determination to explain his views to my father, and I had in vain endeavoured to prevail upon him to wait ſome time longer, as I foreſaw that our extreme youth would be thought a ſufficient objection, if the indigence of Glenmorris ſhould be overlooked, in conſideration of his being related to Lady Mary; and if, as we ſometimes ſuppoſed poſſible, my father had entertained any project of his ſucceeding to a ſhare of his mercantile concern.

"The reception my mother had given me was ſo unpromiſing, that I was now more than ever ſolicitous to prevail on Glenmorris to delay his propoſals. I knew his impetuoſity to be ſuch as would make it very difficult for me to perſuade him, even if I had an opportunity; but I dreaded his not giving me one; and I dared not now write to him, or take any other meaſures to obtain a private conference; and I was aware that if once he attempted, and failed to intereſt my father, there would afterwards be no alternative between a clandeſtine marriage and our eternal ſeparation.

I vainly

I vainly ſought how to meet Glenmorris. It was ſoon too late; and while I meditated on the means of evading a danger, all I apprehended had already happened. On going down to dinner I found Glenmorris at table with two or three other gueſts. My father was grave and cold, hardly attended to what was ſaid, and, I thought, looked at me and Glenmorris with concern. Lady Mary never took much pains to conceal her ill humour whenever ſhe felt it, and the party now preſent was not one likely to impoſe any reſtraint upon her.—She had often been abrupt and rude to Glenmorris, which paſſed as a freedom natural to her, and in ſome meaſure authorized by her character and her relationſhip; ſhe now affected the haughtieſt reſerve, pointedly avoiding to ſpeak to him, and caſting on him looks of anger and reſentment which I knew too well how to interpret.

"The moment when I might withdraw from this irkſome ſcene at length came; I ran into the gardens that ſurrounded the houſe, hardly knowing with what deſign, unleſs to breath freer, and eſcape from the ſtern and reproachful looks of Lady Mary. The plantations bounding theſe gardens were very extenſive: I fled as far as I could from the houſe, and found myſelf at their extremity, where only ſome high paling and a border of flowering ſhrubs within divided it from an heath. My tortured imagination was buſied with what had paſſed, and the dread of having loſt Glenmorris for ever, when a few paces before me I ſaw a perſon ſpring over the fence, and I remained a moment terror ſtruck, till I heard the voice of Glenmorris, who endeavoured to reſtore to me the courage which I wanted even to hear what he had to ſay.

"I muſt

"I muſt be brief," ſaid he, "for we are every moment liable to be interrupted. I have ſpoken to your father."

"Ah! Glenmorris," exclaimed I, "how could you riſk it? You have undone us."

"That," anſwered he impetuouſly, "muſt depend upon you. Cured as I am of family pride, which, as a fooliſh boy, I indulged to a ridiculous exceſs, I yet feel as a man who is in nothing but riches inferior to Mr. De Verdon; and the inſolence of high blood, with which Lady Mary inſults moſt other people, is ſurely very ill placed when addreſſed to me, whoſe family was in fact the original ſtem from which her own derived its conſequence. They have already ſhewn you, Laura, what they intend in regard to you. Your ſiſter is to ſucceed to their great poſſeſſions, while you, if they indeed allow you to marry at all, are to be ſacrificed to ſome old man, who, in conſideration of your youth and beauty, will take you without a fortune. Your father, in anſwer to my application, hinted as much; and when I urged that I would devote myſelf to buſineſs, in the fond expectation of being permitted to *hope*, and that I would be content with whatever fortune he gave you, he anſwered me without anger indeed, but coldly, that he could ſhew no encouragement whatever to ſuch a propoſal; that ſuch chimeras were the mere viſions of inexperience; and he was ſure Lady Mary, to whom he muſt at all events refer himſelf, had very different views. We were then interrupted by a ſummons to dinner. Soon after you left the room your father left it alſo, and Lady Mary ſent by her own footman this note."

"Glenmorris

" Glenmorris then produced a paper, on which was written,—

' Mr. Glenmorris,

' You ſeem ſo little to underſtand yourſelf, and have ſo ſtrangely preſumed upon my kindneſs to you as my diſtant relation, that I can no longer in juſtice, or in prudence to my family, countenance your viſits here, you will therefore think of theſe doors as ſhut to you for the future.

' M. De V.'

" Imagine," continued Mrs. Glenmorris, " with what mingled emotions of terror and anguiſh I read this! I ſaw my lover torn from me, and that I ſhould be expoſed to the ill-treatment of my mother, enraged againſt us both; I could not articulate a word. It would indeed have been cruel to have reproached Glenmorris for his raſhneſs. I trembled and liſtened in ſilence, therefore, while he thus proceeded—

" The great fortune your father has amaſſed makes him look on mine as a contemptible nothing; and it is true that in this country it would not enable me to live as well as his maitre d'hotel.—But, Laura, we are not confined to this country! Where his foreſathers lived Glenmorris can live alſo. If Laura really loves him, as ſhe has ſometimes deigned to own, if ſhe wiſhes to ſave him from theſe impetuous paſſions that threaten, if he is left to himſelf, to plunge him into intemperance, perhaps diſgrace; if for him ſhe does not fear to quit the luxuries ſhe is ſurrounded with!"—" Oh! ſtop, Glenmorris," cried I, " and do not drive me diſtracted.—*If* I would do this—and can you *doubt* it?—But ſurely I ought not to determine upon

upon it till I have at leaſt tried what humbling myſelf before my father may obtain for us. I ought not, for *your* ſake, to throw myſelf thus haſtily out of the probability of obtaining what is juſtly due to me, a ſhare at leaſt of my father's fortune. Do not think I am of ſo abject a ſpirit as to fear the loſs of luxuries and refinements that never have given me any pleaſure.—What your forefathers have lived upon, it is true, may ſuffice us—I am ſure it will content me—But why would Glenmorris refuſe to his Laura the power of reſtoring him to ſuch eaſe, as well as to ſuch pecuniary rank, as we each of us have enjoyed in our country? Let me try my father—he loves me, and I have hopes."

"They will be vain," interrupted Glenmorris.—"You will be intimidated by ideas of undutifulneſs; you will yield to the violence of your mother; I ſhall give way to my deſpair, and become, perhaps, a very wretch; for you know not, Laura, from how many errors my love has ſaved me—the hope I have cheriſhed once cruſhed—Ah! take care, my dear girl, leſt you deſtroy him you profeſs to love. When you are loſt to me, why ſhould I care what I do, or what becomes of me?"

"I was about to anſwer, when I ſaw, at the other end of the walk, my mother and Miſs Hayns approaching. Fear conquered for a moment every other ſenſation—"Oh! fly," cried I to Glenmorris; "for pity's ſake do not let us be found together."

"No, Laura," anſwered he ſteadily, "the guilty may fly; I have done nothing that I ought to bluſh at, and I will not eſcape like a thief. I ſaw you, and came the ſhorteſt way to meet you,

you, but I ſhall leap no fences either to ſeek or to avoid the preſence of Lady Mary."

"Glenmorris then walked towards her, but I was ſo fooliſhly, ſo childiſhly timid, that I dared not go on with him to the interview that I now ſaw muſt inevitably take place between him and my mother; but with trembling feet made my way to the houſe, ſtopping at intervals to liſten for my mother's voice, which I expected would be very loud; and I fancied I heard her reproaching Glenmorris, and tormenting him with threats of the confinement and puniſhment ſhe meditated for me. I would have ſought my father, but he either ſlept, as was his uſual cuſtom, or had ordered his ſervant to ſay he did, to avoid my importunity."

CHAP. XV.

"I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe."

MRS. Glenmorris thus continued to relate the circumſtances of her life.

"Imagine all that an angry and malicious woman is capable of uttering to thoſe ſhe has been accuſtomed to conſider as in her power, when her authority has been, ſhe believes, inſulted, and her projects diſarranged—All that you can imagine would probably fall ſhort of what Glenmorris heard with contempt, and anſwered with firmneſs, but which, when it was repeated to me, I was far from being in a condition to anſwer at all.

"My father, when he was allowed to ſee me, ſeemed, I thought, to look upon me with pity; but he had no voice. My mother's original aſcendency was now confirmed by her violence and arrogance, and more implicitly ſubmitted to on account of his daily increaſing infirmities; and he could do but little more than expreſs his compaſſion by his looks; yet that compaſſion never ſeemed to amount to a wiſh to make any effort to ſave me. He was abſorbed in the care of his own health, and in contemplating the honours done to the new Lord and Lady Daventry, at a town for which he had been a member during the ſhort interval between his being twenty (for he waited not his majority) and his acceſſion to a ſeat among the hereditary legiſlators of his country. Theſe ſort of details gave my poor father great delight, and he was fed with them inceſſantly; while I, amidſt the mournful ſolitude I was condemned to, was ſo far from envying my ſiſter theſe ceremonies and feſtivities, that I would not have exchanged lots with her, though half the world had been thrown into her ſcale. I was, notwithſtanding, very miſerable, and every day my wretchedneſs encreaſed. I had now an older governeſs put over me, for Miſs Hayns had been diſmiſſed immediately after my mother's converſation with Glenmorris. From him I never heard, though I had every reaſon to think he had attempted to convey letters to me; and my father being recovered of his indiſpoſition, we ſet out at a very ſhort notice for an eſtate he had purchaſed in Lancaſhire, where, I ſuppoſe, they imagined Glenmorris would not follow me, and where, as it was an inſulated houſe, far from a poſt town, the Lady Mary

Mary probably thought I could not eaſily find the means of correſponding with him.

" Lady Mary had prevailed on my father to purchaſe this place, becauſe it had, above two hundred years ago, been the principal ſeat of her family. It had at that period been a fortreſs, and ſtill retained many marks of its former ſtrength. The country it ſtood in was wild and gloomy, and from its gothic windows there was a view of the Iriſh Channel, and an immenſe extent of ſand, covered only at times by the tide, which took off the bold grandeur of a ſea view, and left only ideas of ſterility, danger, and deſolation, in its place.

" No ſtronger proof could be given of the influence of Lady Mary over her huſband, than the purchaſe of this place; for my father, bred in a Dutch compting-houſe, and having paſſed all his life in great cities, immerſed in commercial purſuits, had no idea of any pleaſure reſulting from landed poſſeſſions and rural improvements; ſtill leſs could he ſhare the delight Lady Mary expreſſed at being poſſeſſed of Sandthwaite Caſtle, which he thought the moſt gloomy and comfortleſs abode that ever the caprice of a wife compelled a poor huſband to inhabit. He confined himſelf wholly to one apartment, which was indeed rendered luxurioufly habitable by modern improvements, imagined by Lady Mary, and executed at an expence which the worthy old merchant ſhrunk at internally, without daring openly to complain. The walls, which were in no part of the edifice leſs than ſeven feet thick, were made to yield to the ſlight and elegant introduction of modern windows with braſs frames, encloſing the largeſt crown glaſs; and theſe were double; one faſh

opening

opening door-ways within the room, the other at the other extremity of the wall's thickneſs, and in the interval there were placed pots of exotic flowers and ſhrubs. The old wainſcotting was removed, and its place ſupplied by French damaſk in pannels with gilt frames. The ſophas and low chairs, ſtuffed with down, were covered with the ſame, and the moſt expenſive Bruſſels carpet covered the floor. A chimney piece of ſtatuary marble, encloſing a regiſter ſtove, and all the leſſer inventions of modern luxury, entirely obliterated in theſe rooms, and in thoſe appropriated to Lady Mary, which were ſtill more ſplendidly furniſhed, all ideas of antiquity —and in his eaſy chair my poor old father ſat like the ſtatue of a gothic king, brought from ſome other part of the houſe, and new clad and moderniſed to repreſent the paſſive maſter of this. The ill humour, however, which he felt at being compelled to paſs two months, and thoſe two autumnal months, at Sandthwaite, he could not vent on his wife; it conſequently fell on me; and I found him ſo peeviſh and ill humoured that I dared not attempt the project to ſoften him in my favour. My days, therefore, paſſed in a ſort of hopeleſs langour. I heard not from Glenmorris —and ſometimes fancied that with the ſudden fluctuation to which tempers ſo ardent as his are often liable, he had determined to forget me. My heart ſhrunk from the idea. I recalled all he had ſaid—every look, every ſentence was preſent to me, and then I felt myſelf re-aſſured, and once more ventured to hope we were deſtined for each other.

" Lady Mary, occupied by giving directions for improvements round the houſe, and for renewing by new plantations thoſe of the laſt year,

year, in which moſt of the trees had abſolutely refuſed to grow, troubled herſelf very little about me. She was ſure I could no correſpondence with Glenmorris. My old governeſs was very vigilant, and followed me in all my walks; no ſervant dared take a letter from me under pain of inſtant diſmiſſion without a character; and contented with having made me unhappy, and with the power of keeping me ſo, Lady Mary rarely perſecuted me with her preſence. Hopes were given my father, that Lord and Lady Daventry would croſs the country, and ſtay a fortnight with him at his new-old caſtle; and Lady Mary was, after receiving that intelligence, doubly active in preparing another ſet of apartments for them, and giving the beſt appearance poſſible to a place of which they were to be the future poſſeſſors.

"In conſequence of theſe new arrangements, I was directed to remove from the rooms I and my duenna inhabited, and *which were now wanted*, to a part of the building where no other *improvement* than what ſufficed to keep out the weather had, I believe, been made ſince the place was a fortreſs in the wars between the Yorkiſts and Lancaſtrians. My own bed, however, was removed thither, and my ancient governeſs was moſt unwillingly compelled to follow with her's, which was placed in a receſs of the thick wall, not very unlike a cavern in a mine. The only entrance to both the rooms was oppoſite the foot of her bed, where a narrow door of oak, with iron nails, opened to a ſomething between a paſſage and a gallery, ſo high that the rafters could hardly be ſeen, and ſo long that the eye failed to diſtinguiſh through the gloom any object that appeared at the other end.

end. Two doors, beſides that which gave entrance into my room, opened into this forlorn avenue—that neareſt to us had been nailed up for ages, the very cauſe of which was now forgotten; the legend had faded away with the ancient inhabitants, and the farmer, whom the laſt poſſeſſor of the eſtate had put into the houſe, had never opened the room, merely becauſe he did not want it; the next he had made a repoſitory for his wool, and for lumber, which had lain about the houſe—old ruſty breaſt plates and gyves; a gauntlet which was bruiſed, and, as it ſeemed, was encruſted with the blood of the hand which it had once guarded; the heads of lances; an iron cap, a barred helmet, and a ſhield intended to guard againſt arrows, which was made of ſlight bars of iron covered with leathern thongs, once thickly interwoven, but of which nothing now remained but a few ſhreds, explaining what it had been. You wonder, perhaps, that among the piles of lumber, ſcraps of moth-eaten furniture, and old banners, together with the packing caſes accumulated by the arrival of Lady Mary's London furniture, and the rubbiſh left from generation to generation in this repoſitory, I ſhould be able to recollect theſe relics of ancient chivalry. My retentive memory about things apparently ſo little intereſting will hereafter be explained.

"Lady Mary had taken it into her head, from I know not what dream of her grandmother's, that her illuſtrious blood was derived from Geoffry Plantagenet, the ſecond ſon of the ſecond Henry, not indeed by the unfortunate Conſtance, but by a French lady of family in Armagnac. Nothing was ſaid of this in the records of the race; it was therein ſuppoſed to be

derived

derived from quite another ſource, but of leſs antiquity, and leſs nearly allied to royalty. But Lady Mary was ſo much better ſatisfied with this illegitimate deſcent from ſo illuſtrious a ſtem, that ſhe would have chriſtened her ſon, had ſhe been happy enough to have produced one, by the name of Geoffry; and it was a great effort of complaiſance when ſhe yielded to call both her daughters by the names which belonged to the family of her huſband, and forbore to inſiſt on calling one of us Elinor, after the mother of her great progenitor.

"Why any one ſhould find delight in fancying that ſome of the moſt hateful characters in hiſtory were their anceſtors I never could imagine. If any man calls another the ſon of a woman of looſe character, he would run the riſque of being knocked down; yet theſe worthy folks find all that is not endurable to day ſo mitigated and ſoftened by the medium of one hundred or two hundred years, that the fame of being the deſcendant of ſome elevated ruffian, by a damſel of doubtful reputation, who lived at that period, is ſought for as an honour, as if the ſimple offspring of the humbleſt cottager was not a thouſand times more reſpectable. Of this honour, however, the head of my poor mother became ſo full, in conſequence of ſome old parchments which ſhe pretended to have found at Sandthwaite, that ſhe talked of nothing but Plantagenets, and the bough of broom was worked, painted, and flouriſhed on all her furniture. Every body that had any ſenſe laughed at her; my father, who was no great laugher naturally, could not forbear to ſmile, till he found that Geoffry Plantagenet was likely to occaſion him more expence than all the living relations

relations of Lady Mary, yet they had by no means been a cheap connection.

"Lady Mary had heard of, or perhaps ſeen, the ſword of Sir Bevis, who was one of the ſeven champions of chriſtendom; ſhe had gazed on the helmet of Hotſpur, and looked with reſpect on the ribs of the dun cow, victim to the proweſs of the Earl of Warwick. In rummaging therefore over Sandthwaite Caſtle, theſe pieces of armour had been diſcovered, which only their being worth nothing, even as old iron, had probably preſerved ſo long; and on an old ſword, with a croſs of iron by way of guard, ſhe ſeized, as the weapon undoubtedly uſed by Geoffry Plantagenet himſelf; this therefore was hung up in the entrance hall in great ſtate—and her ladyſhip meditated forming a trophy of what remained to decorate the lodge which ſhe was building as an entrance to the park, meaning to have them, as ſhe obſerved, "taſtefully diſpoſed in a ſort of feſtoon, and painted white."—Till they could undergo this operation, and be dedicated to the memory of Geoffry Plantagenet by a Latin inſcription, they were ſuffered to remain in the lumber room, where the ſervants now began to imagine ſome nocturnal myſteries were celebrated by this Geoffry Plantagenet, of whom they heard ſo much, and his aſſociates. The upper houſemaid was of opinion that there was money had there, and told a very true ſtory, how her mother's great uncle had found, in one of his fields, a ſort of an houſe under ground, where there was a pavement of comical ſhaped bricks, all blue, and yellow, and red, making the figures of ſnakes and birds, and a pot full of money, with ſome heathen gods upon it, which he ſold to a ſilverſmith at Liverpool, and which

was

was ſuppoſed to be hid by the fairies, "or ſuch like *ſpiritous creturs*."

"As to fairies," cried my father's man, (a perſon of erudition and conſequence from London) "the ſtories of them there ſort of *inwiſable* beings, and ſuch, appearing, is all nonſenſe and ſtuff, and nobody believes ſuch things now a days; as to this Geffry ſomebody, that my lady makes ſuch a talk about, I wonder what *he* was?—ſome Lord or Duke I warrant, or ſhe would not claim a couſinſhip to him—I ſuppoſe ſuch another as Duke Humphry,—but for my part I ſhould like to ſee one of them grim goblins riſe up out of a church yard now, or under the great hollow yew tree by the old chapel wall, with ſaucer eyes, and ſpitting wild fire out of his noſtrils—Egad, nothing would divert me more."

"How *can* you talk ſo, Mr. Malloch," ſaid my Lady Mary's own woman, a perſon of infinite delicacy and ſuperior feelings, who only occaſionally condeſcended to hold converſe with the reſt.—"I'm ſupriſed you have ſo little notion of propriety. I aſſure you, people of conſequence *do* believe in ſpirits, and if you would but read ſome ſweet books I met with juſt before I came from town, which I got from the circulating library, I'm ſure you would never be ſuch an infidel. You can't think how frightful the ſtories are—all about tapeſtry waving in the wind, a bloody dagger, and voices calling at midnight, howlings in the air, and dark paſſages, and coffins full of bones, and poor young ladies got among theſe alarming objects; quite ſhocking, I'll aſſure you."

"Curſed fee fa fum nonſenſe," cried Malloch, "I heard a very good judge of them there things

things ſay ſo.—But I cannot ſtay prating about them now, I muſt go up to old Hogen Nogen—he is the moſt frightful thing in *this* houſe (this was the name his ſervants gave my father, from their idea that he was a Dutchman) and I wiſh this Jeffry Plantagenet, or Jeffry Belzebub, would fly away with him and his damned old old place together; and if they took Lady Mary into the bargain ſo much the better."

"I give this ſpecimen of the converſation of her ladyſhip's domeſtics, which by an odd chance I overheard, to ſhew what the ſort of arrangement really was on which Lady Mary prided herſelf, being accuſtomed to ſay, there was not any houſe of equal faſhion half ſo well regulated as her's.

"This reſuſcitation of Geoffry Plantagenet continued to make part of the converſation of the houſe, till folly begot folly, and all the ſtories of ſpectres and ſprights that were remembered by any of the ſervants, or could be collected in the neighbourhood, were at length related with exaggerations every night at the ſecond table, growing more terrific as they reached the ſervants hall, and in proportion as the evenings grew dark and long, till at length there was hardly a maid who would go to turn down the beds, or a ſtable boy who would venture to attend his horſes alone.—The infection did not ſtop there—it reached my old governeſs, Mrs. Margyſon. This prim gentlewoman was near ſixty, very upright, very preciſe, and very weak. She had poſſeſſed a ſmall fortune left her by her mother, who kept a boarding-houſe at a public place, but having entruſted it to the management of an attorney who was her relation, he had contrived to rob her, *ſecundum artem*, of ſo much of it, that

that ſhe was glad to accept the offer of a woman of ſome faſhion, who had lodged in the houſe, to live with her, in a ſort of indefinite capacity between a lady's woman and a governeſs.—As ſhe knew nothing, ſhe could teach nothing; but ſhe was careful of the children's health, and ſcolded the other ſervants ſo much to the ſatisfaction of her employer, that on her diſmiſſion ſhe received an handſome preſent beſide the yearly ſtipend, which ſhe had ſaved almoſt entirely, and ſhe only wiſhed for a little addition to enable her to return to her native place, and live in part of a ſmall houſe of her own, play a ſixpenny rubber or pool every night, and attend chapel three times a week, as well dreſt in her way as Mrs. Simmings, Miſs Butterworth, and other perſons with whom ſhe aſſociated in her younger days, and to emulate whoſe preſent manner of life was the object of her actual ambition.

"Being recommended to my mother on the diſmiſſion of Miſs Hayns, as a perſon who might be confided in, Mrs. Margyſon accepted the offer, as likely in the event to anſwer her purpoſe, by compleating the little competency ſhe coveted. To me it was indifferent who was ſet over me, for I had determined never to tempt them to forget their fidelity.—Mrs. Margyſon was very formal, very tedious, and very diſagreeable, but not ſo ill-tempered as ſhe was wearieſome, by a ſort of fid fad ceremony about trifles, which often tried my patience to the utmoſt—it had been dreadfully irkſome to me while we were near London, but now as the apprehenſions about Glenmorris gradually faded away, and there appeared no poſſibility of my ſeeing him, the poor woman was not ſorry to relax in her

her vigilance, and the more readily ſuffered me to walk out alone, becauſe the evenings were very cold, and the ſharp air and cold houſe had already given her the rheumatiſm, of which ſhe moſt piteouſly complained to the few who would hear her complaints."

We had now been above a month at Sandthwaite, and the name of Glenmorris had hardly been mentioned—One evening, however, at dinner, Lady Mary took occaſion to relate many articles of news, which ſhe had learned by a letter from one of her relations—and at length ſhe added, caſting a ſignificant glance at me, and addreſſing herſelf to my father—"It is very lucky indeed, Mr. De Verdon, that you diſmiſſed my unhappy relation, that poor ill-ſtarred Scotch boy Glenmorris, from all connection with yourſelf or your houſe; for Lady Bab aſſures me he is in a moſt dreadful way indeed—and in the ſhort ſpace of time ſince he has been his own maſter, has quite entirely ruined himſelf by gaming—and that not like a gentleman neither, and in an handſome way, but by frequenting all the loweſt gaming houſes and moſt blackguard ſocieties in town."

"My father, who, though he dared not own it, had always a ſort of good-natured partiality towards Glenmorris, anſwered drily, "If it is ſo, I am ſorry for it."

"How I looked I know not, but my mother ſeemed to enjoy my confuſion; and that I might gratify her as little as poſſible, and breathe freer, for I felt choaked; I roſe from table, and haſtened into the garden.——

"It was a mild evening—the wind blowing from the ſea, brought with it the hollow murmur of the waves with the riſing tide; they broke

broke ſhallow and ripling on the broad bed of ſand, on which, where it was not dry, and on the ſurf as it whitened beyond, the trembling luſtre of an early moon was reflected.—The very circumſtance of being alone, and at liberty for a few moments, was a ſpecies of enjoyment, and I ſoon recovered recollection enough to conſider, that what Lady Mary had ſaid was probably unfounded; that it was unlikely that the perſon with whom ſhe correſponded, an old woman of quality, who aſſociated with beings ſo very unlike Glenmorris, ſhould know any thing of him. My ſpirits were quieted by theſe reflections, and recalling to my mind every reaſon I had to rely on the affections of Glenmorris, I had once more felt myſelf capable of enduring with calmneſs my preſent ſituation however comfortleſs.

"I knew, that not to forfeit by indiſcretion the privilege I had obtained from poor Margyſon's illneſs, that of walking alone, I muſt not be long abſent; I forbore therefore to lengthen my walk beyond the end of a terras, or embankment, which was carried on before the houſe, at the diſtance of four or five hundred paces, rather as a guard againſt the ſea, which in high tides overflowed the place, that if graſs would have grown in it might have been with more juſtice called a lawn, than as affording any ornament. On reaching its termination towards a ſalt marſh, I ſtopped a moment to obſerve ſome ſea birds, whoſe white wings catching the moon beams, ſeemed like tranſient meteors floating from the ſea, which was now covering the ſand, where at low water they ſought their food. Every thing was ſo ſtill that I could hear the whiſpering of their wings, when my attention was ſuddenly

ſuddenly and forcibly arreſted by a low yet ſtrong voice, which, iſſuing from beneath the place where I ſtood, ſang an air, of which Glenmorris had written the words, and it had been ſet to muſic by one of his friends; once before I had heard it; now, without waiting for its concluſion, I called, hardly knowing what I did, on Glenmorris, and in a moment he was before me.

"I was at firſt unable to ſpeak, but conſcious that we were in view of moſt of the windows of the houſe, fear mingled itſelf with ſurprize and pleaſure. I explained to Glenmorris, in a few words, the danger we were in. He aſked me if I had courage to venture down from the terrace, which would then afford us a ſhelter, to the ſands below it; and when I aſſured him I had, he ſprang down before me, and aſſiſted me to follow him. I ſtill dreaded the enquiry of Mrs. Margyſon, and therefore liſtened trembling.

"Laura," ſaid he, "we have now been ſeparated four months—how have you borne it? and do you ſtill love me?—Ah! Laura, I will tell you the cruel effect this enforced abſence has had on me—It drove me at firſt to attempt diſſipation as a cure for deſpair. When it ſeemed ſo uncertain whether we ſhould ever meet again, when I thought you might be induced to forget me, I became careleſs of every thing. My friends, who love me beſt, were abſent—I found a poor ſubſtitute for them in acquaintance—and I will tell you, Laura, the whole of my folly—You may yet ſave me, unleſs you believe him, who ſolicits you to ſnatch him from perdition, already unworthy of your regard,

gard, and then I have nothing left but to complete my undoing."

"I interrupted him, entreating him to explain himself.

"You know," said he, "the heart which is wholly yours, and you have lamented its extravagant and ungovernable temper; you alone can mould it as you will. When I am no longer under your influence, I am under that of those violent passions which I feel I have not reason enough to govern—and—alas! Laura, I have been the prey of men with whom I ought never to have associated—I wandered about the town, forlorn and wretched—my feet involuntary took the way to that part of it where I had been used to see you—but you were gone!—and nothing remained but the cruel remembrance that we might never meet again.

"Thrown from your father as unworthy of his countenance, and detesting the occupation which I had attempted to follow, when every chance was removed that you would be the final reward of the sacrifice I should have made of my taste and my time, I seemed to be burthensome even to myself; and an outcast from the world.

"There were moments in which I felt a dreadful temptation to quit it—But you were in it, and amid the wild tumult of my mind, hope did not wholly forsake me—yet, to quiet by momentary forgetfulness the misery that preyed upon me, I rushed into company. The mere conversation of men, whose ideas and pursuits were altogether unlike mine, irritated rather than appeased the agitation of my mind; I wanted something that could animate me, could induce me to take some interest in what was passing;

paſſing; I went to a gaming table, and my purpoſe was for the moment anſwered.

"Again and again I repeated the dangerous experiment—I won, and fancied I underſtood what I was about; I even imagined, fool that I was, that fortune might favour me to ſuch a degree as to renew all my hopes of engaging your father's favour. My gains, however, were merely the reſult of the fineſſe of my companions. I ſoon loſt to three times their amount, and found it to be impoſſible, for me to continue long in the ſame line—but I ſought tables of an inferior deſcription, and often, inſtead of trying by rational means to ſooth and reduce my fevered ſpirits to reaſon, I have rambled all night from one of theſe receptacles of deſperation to another."

"Glenmorris, who held my hands within his while he ſpoke, felt that I trembled, and had no courage to interrupt him.

"Yes, Laura,"—he went on to ſay,—"I have waſted in this ſenſeleſs and deſtructive vice ſome of the little property I poſſeſſed, and leſſened, in the phrenzy of my deſpair, the little hope I had of happineſs—if it vaniſhes quite I will no longer reſiſt ruin, I will rather court it. Conſider then, my firſt, my only love, if you can reſolve to ſhare my deſtiny, inferior as it is, to what you ought to expect, or whether you more prudently, as the world would think, determine to abandon me to my fate.—I know I am unworthy of you, every way unworthy, ſave in poſſeſſing an heart which knows your value, and adores you. I have yet a property left in the highlands—there lived my anceſtors—why ſhould I, falſely refined, ſuppoſe that I cannot alſo live there? With you, Laura, the wildeſt moun-

tain

tain of my rugged country would be to me an Eden."

"You may imagine what was my anſwer to this propoſal. I not only paſſionately loved Glenmorris, but had no pleaſure in that way of life which my parents wiſhed to force me to continue in. The aſſurance that my ſiſter would be with them obviated all objection to my leaving them, and appeaſed the concern I ſhould otherwiſe have felt for my father. The idea of ſaving Glenmorris from the errors, the ruin, which his impetuous temper was hurrying him into, ſuſpended in my mind every other conſideration. "I will follow you, Glenmorris," ſaid I, "as your wife, as your friend, whitherſoever you will, at any hazard—I dread nothing but your forgetting me."

CHAP. XVI.

"With love's light wings did I o'er perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot love hold out:
And what love *can* do, that dares love attempt.

"A MOMENT only remained," ſaid Mrs. Glenmorris, continuing her narrative, "to conſult on the means of our eſcape. The impoſſibility of my paſſing through the bed-chamber of Mrs. Margyſon, whoſe bed exactly fronted the door, was our greateſt impediment, and ſuch as for the moment appeared inſurmountable. She herſelf locked the door every night, and uſually ſat up later than I did—To obviate ſuch

a difficulty was not the contrivance of a moment, and lights being now ſeen, and voices calling me from the houſe being heard, Glenmorris, hurrying to aſſiſt me to regain the terras, had only time to entreat me to ſee him again the following evening.—"I," ſaid he, "will in the mean time walk round the fortreſs, and as you have given me an idea of your chamber, I think I ſhall find ſome means to ſettle our plan by to-morrow night." I implored him to take care, which he promiſed, and in his turn entreating me to have courage, and not betray myſelf by the appearance of fear, we parted. Glenmorris diſappeared, and I walked towards the perſons whom I obſerved coming from the houſe in ſearch of me. Mrs. Margyſon, though quite a cripple with the rheumatiſm, came towards me as nimbly as ſhe could, and enquired why I walked ſo late? I anſwered with apparent unconcern; and as ſhe ſaw me ſafe her fears and her diſpleaſure vaniſhed together. I went in to ſupper, not without dread of hearing a more ſevere remonſtrance from Lady Mary; but I found that during my abſence ſhe had heard by an avant courier of Lord and Lady Daventry's propoſed arrival the next day ſave one, and had been too buſy in giving orders, and ſettling every thing that was to be done the next day, to think about me. Indeed ſhe hardly ſeemed to recollect that I exiſted.

"I haſtened moſt willingly to my chamber, and waited impatiently till Mrs. Margyſon ſhould be aſleep, as I then hoped to ſee Glenmorris reconnoitring as ſoon as the ſervants ſhould be retired; but the windows, if they might be called windows, of the room I inhabited, were ſo far from the ground that I could not reach them,

them, or if I had I could not have opened them, I was therefore compelled to reſtrain my impatience till the following evening, when every body being buſied in preparations for the great event of the enſuing day, I was ſuffered to take my walk unnoticed; I even told Mrs. Margyſon, who was buſied as the reſt, that I ſhould go for a long ramble on the ſands, to which ſhe made no objection.

"I ſoon met Glenmorris, and we got as quickly as we could out of the way of obſervation.

"He then told me, that as ſoon as the lights were extinguiſhed he had gone round the houſe; and "there is," ſaid he, "very near the room which I know to be your's, an high heap of ruins, or rather rubbiſh, which has been piled up, I imagine, at different times, in that receſs, as alterations have been made in the building; I am ſure that if I mounted on theſe ruins I could either get into the room myſelf, or take you from the window ſafely. What is in that room?—Does any perſon ſleep there?"

"I informed him that the room, as has been ſo frequently the caſe in ſuch houſes, had been nailed up nobody now knew why; that I had never been in it, and believed that no perſon now in the caſtle had ever ventured to explore it.

"Glenmorris declared that nothing could be better for our purpoſe.—"I am ſure," ſaid he, "by the appearance of the window, that I can force it open. If any noiſe is heard while I do it, it will be imputed to the evil ſpirits who have doubtleſs held their vigils there from time immemorial. Expect me, therefore, as ſoon as every thing is quiet round the caſtle—When I am

once within ſide I have no doubt of finding the means to conduct you ſafely without."

"I recollected at that moment, and mentioned the remains of the armour of Geoffry Plantagenet, which was depoſited in the lumber-room, from whence it occurred to me that there was a door opening from that he propoſed to enter, though it was half hid by boxes, packing caſes, pieces of worm eaten furniture, and immenſe frames of old pictures, which, for aught I knew, might heretofore have furniſhed the apartments of Geoffry Plantagenet himſelf. Glenmorris ſmiled at my deſcription, and replied, that if the inſide of thoſe rooms anſwered to their appearance without, he had no doubt of being able to force any door with little difficulty or noiſe. He deſired that, as I had acceſs to the firſt room, I would take ſome ſafe occaſion to remove as much as I could of the obſtructions near the door that opened to the other; then pauſing a moment, he ſaid, "What if to ſecure our flight I were to enact your mother's illuſtrious anceſtor, and ſtalk in the armour of Geoffry himſelf? Yet," added he, his natural generoſity prevailing, "yet I ſhould not like to owe my ſucceſs to a ſtratagem which might terrify fatally your poor old governeſs. There is ſomething ſo pitiable in the ſituation of a little unprotected old being, who is forced to eat the bitter bread of dependence under a woman like Lady Mary, that I feel it almoſt unmanly to inflict on ſuch an one any additional dread."

"The idea, however, was too happy a one to be given up. "We may have to encounter," ſaid he, "perſons againſt whom I ſhall have no ſcruple to uſe any means that may fall in my way; endeavour, therefore, my Laura, to have the

the armour ready; take ſuch other precautions as occur to you; prepare a little packet of linen, and if poſſible make your appearance reſemble that of a peaſant girl."

"The part Mrs. Margyſon voluntarily took in the buſtle my mother choſe to make about my ſiſter's reception had greatly fatigued the poor woman, who was alſo very much indiſpoſed by one of thoſe rheumatic affections which occaſions particular ſuffering as ſoon as the patient is warm in bed. To ſave herſelf from this pain Mrs. Margyſon was accuſtomed to take an opiate, and ſhe had on this night, I believe, doubled the doſe, for ſhe was, contrary to her cuſtom, ſoon in a faſt ſleep. I never heard any ſound more delightful than that which convinced me the good woman was in a ſtate of forgetfulneſs; I liſtened to the ſhutting the doors in remote parts of the houſe, and at length heard the clock tell twelve; but there were ſtill diſtant murmurs about the building; I could not hear any thing diſtinctly, but I imagined the houſekeeper, and the ſervants under her, were kept by their confectionary and paſtry from their beds till a later hour than uſual. My heart beat ſo violently during all this ſuſpence, that I was almoſt unable to breathe. I had dreſſed myſelf, as ſoon as I was ſure Mrs. Margyſon ſlept, as nearly as I could in the manner Glenmorris had directed, and lay down in my clothes. When one o'clock ſounded ſullen from the entrance tower through the building, I aroſe, and in ſtill more breathleſs expectation liſtened, while a thouſand fears aſſailed me. I figured to myſelf that the pile on which Glenmorris propoſed to mount might be hollow; that, light and active as he was, it might give way with his weight, and that not only

only diſcovery but danger to himſelf might follow; I dreaded too, leſt if he reached the window and attempted to force it, the ſtone work, which was very much disjointed, might cruſh him; and in truth I believe, though he afterwards made light of it, that mounting a breach would not have been a much more dangerous exploit than that he thus engaged in. The walls, however, on that ſide, were ſo thick, and his precautions ſuch, that attentively as I liſtened I heard nothing, till a ſudden craſh very near me announced that Glenmorris had made his way into the adjoining room. My anxious terror was now inſupportable, for I thought it impoſſible that ſo loud a noiſe ſhould not awake my duenna. She ſtill was faſt aſleep; I had previouſly had the precaution to unlock the door which was near her bed, and now, after waiting a moment, I crept ſoftly to it, opened it, and ſhut it after me as gently as poſſible, and then almoſt ſinking to the ground from the violence and variety of the fears that aſſailed me, I entered the lumber-room. Glenmorris had already forced away the rotten door, and was waiting for me with a light he had ſtruck by means of one of thoſe little tapers prepared with phoſphorus.——"We have not a moment to loſe," ſaid he;—"arm yourſelf with courage, for our eſcape is more difficult than I had reckoned upon.—I doubt whether the men in the ſtables are not up; they are preparing to go forth before day-light to meet the bride and bridegroom with your father's horſes—I am ſure of it, as well from the converſation I have heard as from the light that yet remains in the ſtables and hall, from one of which to the other men are paſſing backward and forward.—This would not ſignify

if

if I ſaw any other means of your getting out of the houſe than going through a paſſage immediately near them."

"I enquired eagerly why I could not deſcend, as he had got up, by the ruined pile? Glenmorris replied, that I might aſſure myſelf it was impoſſible; that he could not ſuffer me to hazard it; but would ſooner relinquiſh all hope of taking me with him, dear as that hope w s to his heart.—"Have you then courage," continued he, "to venture through the houſe?—To heſitate is to ruin every thing. We can now paſs over the ſands in ſafety, while in two hours our flight that way will be rendered impoſſible, and by any other we ſhall be expoſed to the probability of meeting the perſons we moſt wiſh to avoid."

Eager and anxious as his manner was, and trembling as I did leſt Mrs. Margyſon ſhould awake and miſs me, I conſented to whatever he propoſed, while my dread of our failure, and the anticipation of what I ſhould inevitably ſuffer if we were detected, were ſo terrible to my imagination, that with difficulty I could follow Glenmorris, who puſhed open the heavy door that cloſed the paſſage leading down a ſtaircaſe which communicated with an unfrequented paſſage below, that might rather be called a ſtone gallery.—He ſtept ſoftly on before me, provided with a ſmall dark lanthorn, into which he had put his taper; but on deſcending the laſt ſtep he ſaw a ſervant whom my father had long kept, rather on account of his imbecile ſimplicity than becauſe he was of much uſe.—Old Amos, deſirous that every thing might be in great order for his fine young lady, and not finding elſewhere ſufficient employment for his officious zeal,

zeal, was mighty buſy in cleaning a ſort of marble ciſtern fixed in this place, and which ſerved to ſave the ſervants the trouble of going farther for water to ſupply this ſide of the houſe. Glenmorris ſtopped, concealed his light, and by a motion of his hand pointed him out to me as he ſtood with his back towards us engaged in this needleſs work. To paſs him as we were was impoſſible; but it occurred inſtantly to Glenmorris, that here the armour of Geoffry Plantagenet might moſt effectually befriend us. We ſaw beyond the fooliſh old man a door moſt conveniently open to the moon-light, and knew that from thence we could gain a path among Lady Mary's paled plantations, which would ſoon lead us out of ſight of the houſe to the ſands. Glenmorris, as ſoon as we had re-aſcended the ſtaircaſe, communicated his idea to me. I knew that old Amos was the butt of all the ſervants on account of his cowardice and ſuperſtition, and I ſilently acquieſced, while I helped to equip Glenmorris in the armour of the heroes of the red roſe.—But little of it was neceſſary to make him a moſt formidable figure, and he would not encumber himſelf with any thing that might impede our ſpeedy march acroſs the grounds.—The clock ſtruck two as for the ſecond time we deſcended the ſtairs, and found Amos ſtill buſy, though apparently near the end of his labours.—He was arranging ſome fire buckets, of which this place was a receptacle, and talking to himſelf, as he uſually did when he thought he had performed ſome notable ſervice for which he ſuſpected nobody elſe would applaud him.

"Glenmorris advanced on tip toe cloſe to him, ſtruck the candle down that ſtood on a chair, and then throwing the light of the lanthorn

thorn directly on his own figure, pronounced in an hollow voice—"Amos! Amos! Amos!" There was no occaſion for the repetition, for the very moment Amos heard himſelf ſo called, and caught a glimpſe of the frightful figure from whom the ſummons came, he uttered ſomething between a ſhout and a groan, and fell on his face on the floor, invoking moſt piouſly the aſſiſtance of all the powers of Heaven. We left him to his ejaculations, and fled through the open door, which let us out to a place uſed for drying linen, and communicating one way to the ſtable yard, though by another we could paſs out to the nurſeries and ſhrubberies.—Thither we were haſtening with quick and light ſteps, when the gate from the ſtable yard opened, and we ſaw an under groom appear, probably with the intention of calling Amos, as their work in the ſtable was done, to go to bed.—This was a country lad about ſeventeen, who had never been five miles from the foot of the fell where he was born, and whoſe head was full of ſuch ſtories as have been the terror and delight of the Lancaſhire clowns for ages.—Glenmorris putting me behind him faced the affrighted boy, who had he ran back the way he came would probably have alarmed the reſt of the men; but following the firſt impulſe of terror he ruſhed forward to the door of the place where we had left poor Amos, when not being able to open it, and on looking back ſeeing the ſpectre again, he ſtood apparently petrified with fear, his hands upon his eyes, and ſupporting himſelf againſt the door caſe, while we, fortunately finding the little wicker gate open, paſſed with all ſpeed through it, and never ſtopped till we gained the ſands. There

Glenmorris diſengaged himſelf from his armour, and fondly claſping me to his heart, whiſpered, that with a very little more exertion we ſhould be ſafe. I was, however, ſo breathleſs between the haſte and terror of our flight, that he inſiſted on my ſtopping a moment to recover myſelf. I did not long indulge this weakneſs; but fancying I heard voices from the houſe I implored Glenmorris to haſten on — He took from me the ſmall packet of linen I had provided myſelf with, and putting my arm within his, we proceeded ſilently, yet as faſt as we could well walk, along the ſands.

"The moon now lent us her lateſt light; we ſaw her ſinking in the ſea, and Glenmorris, while we ſtopped to liſten if any noiſe came from the Caſtle threatening purſuit, was alarmed by the murmur of the tide, which ſeemed to be nearer covering the ſands than he had calculated. Without communicating to me the extent of his fears, I obſerved him very anxious that we might quicken our pace—I ran rather than walked; but notwithſtanding our utmoſt exertions the tide gained ſo faſt upon us, that Glenmorris became ſoon terrified, even to agony, eſpecially as he found that it would hardly be poſſible for me to continue much longer the haſte I now exerted myſelf to make.

"His ardent and rapid imagination repreſented me as periſhing among the riſing waves, while unable to ſave me he was to ſtand an helpleſs ſpectator of my death.—With an emotion that communicated quite a convulſion to his whole frame, he graſped my arm within his, and I heard him murmur, "I can always, however, eſcape the miſery of ſurviving her." —Finding by my ſhortening breath and feeble

ſtep

ſtep that it was impoſſible for me to proceed ſo faſt much farther, he ſtopped, and looked towards the water, which was now very near us, with an eye of deſpair—and much as we had before dreaded to hear any ſound approach us from the quarter we had left, I believe Glenmorris now felt a ſort of relief when the ſilence was broken by ſomething elſe beſide the hollow ripling of the approaching waves. We heard an horſe that ſeemed to be coming faſt to the place where we were.—We liſtened; the ſound of his feet on the ſand came nearer and nearer, and now they ſplaſhed the water which we felt riſing over our's.—The light was yet ſufficient to enable us to diſcern a man on horſeback, now almoſt cloſe to us, and to conceal ourſelves from him was impoſſible. Glenmorris hallooed to him to ſtop, though we neither of us doubted but that it was ſomebody diſpatched from the caſtle in purſuit of us.—Rudely and ſurlily the man anſwered Glenmorris's enquiry of who he was? and whither he was going?—He was going, he ſaid, to the village of Kenthwaite, if he could get there before the tide overtook him, and he had no mind to be drowned by ſtaying to give an account of himſelf to us—ſo ſaying, he was urging his horſe by us, when Glenmorris ſtepped on, and ſeized the bridle.—The man liſted a great ſtick and aimed it at him, but he caught it, and then ſaid in a loud and authoritative manner, "Whoever you are you *ſhall* hear me—I am overtaken by the tide with this young woman—our lives are at ſtake—I am well armed, and I will not ſuffer you to leave us in this ſituation; but if you will take her up upon your horſe and land her ſafe at Kenthwaite, I will make it the beſt night's work

you

you have done in your life.—The man, at once awed by the peremptory manner and tempted by the promiſes of Glenmorris, agreed; but I poſitively refuſed to mount the horſe unleſs he alſo was admitted to the ſame conveyance.—There was no time for debate—Glenmorris enlarged his promiſes, and at the ſame time contrived to make a pair of piſtols and a cutlaſs viſible. The man, who was a ſmuggler employed in conveying contraband goods inland from the coaſt oppoſite Ireland, at length ſuffered Glenmorris to place me behind him, while Glenmorris himſelf took a third place on the horſe, and ſtraining me in his arms conjured me to have courage, and truſt to his protection.—We then proceeded more rapidly than could have been expected, eſpecially as the water gained upon us every moment, and the overloaded horſe muſt ſoon have ſunk with his burthen, if we had not, juſt as the water was almoſt obliging him to ſwim, arrived at the end of our perilous journey. Nor ſhould we ever have reached it in ſafety if the man, whoſe hazardous trade thus threw him in our way, had not been one of thoſe employed during the day in conducting paſſengers acroſs theſe dangerous ſands, and who therefore knew, even when covered with water, the places which were to be avoided.

"Glenmorris was anxious that I ſhould ſtop at the firſt village we came to; but fatigued and half drowned as I was, I had ſuch a dread of being betrayed by the accidental guide, who ſeemed to be a ruffian capable of committing any baſeneſs for money, that I aſſured him I had a thouſand times rather remove to a greater diſtance than riſk his informing the inhabitants of

Sandthwaite

Sandthwaite Caſtle which way we had taken.—My entreaties were ſo earneſt that Glenmorris at length conſented.—We croſſed the river Ribble, and the next morning reached, on hired horſes, the village of Charley.—I know not with what ſtory Glenmorris amuſed the people at the little ale-houſe where we took ſhelter, but I found every accommodation ſuch a place afforded, and conſented to remain there a day, Glenmorris aſſuring me there was no longer any thing to fear from the information of the ſmuggler; and that it was far more probable Lady Mary, if ſhe thought proper to purſue us, ſhould ſend northward, as imagining we were gone towards Scotland, whither it was now Glenmorris's intention to haſten by croſs roads, and along the eaſtern coaſt.

"I paſs over a journey which had nothing in it remarkable. At the firſt great town we came to, Glenmorris furniſhed me with clothes, and on our arrival in the country where the laws do not oppoſe the marriage of minors, our fates were united for ever."

CHAP. XVII.

"Length of years ſeemed to be the lot of my love, yet few and fleeting were his days of joy; he was ſtrong as the tree of the vale, but untimely he fell; the morning ſun ſaw thee flouriſh as the roſe before the noontide heat; low thou droopeſt like a withered plant."——

DURING our ſubſequent journey," continued Mrs. Glenmorris, "my huſband endeavoured to prepare me for the new ſcene I was going

going to, and the new manner of life I was to lead in it.—I was indifferent to every thing ſo long as he was to be my companion, and my girliſh imagination delighted itſelf with the proſpect of the wild romantic ſolitude which love only was to embelliſh.

" The paternal houſe, or rather caſtled tower, of Glenmorris was in Sutherland, and not far from the part of the county joining Caithneſs, the moſt northern extremity of the iſland.

" It was a ſtone fortreſs, built on an almoſt perpendicular rock, its baſe beaten by the waves of the German ocean. To the Weſt aroſe mountains, whoſe ſummits crowned with eternal ſnow, were often concealed by, and ſeemed to mingle with the clouds. Nearer the houſe theſe pointed acclivities were leſs towering, and a few ſpots near the bottom were ſhaded with birch and hazle. From between two rocks of fantaſtic form ſtarted a mountain torrent, which at the ſeaſon I firſt ſaw it was ſwelled by the autumnal rains, and appeared like a river precipitating itſelf from an immenſe height, its foaming water looking bright and pellucid amidſt the brown and purple hues of the projecting eminence, covered with faded heath and other ſcanty vegetation. This ſtream, raiſing a perpetual cloud of miſt where it fell, daſhed away among huge fragments of ſtone, till it was received, at the diſtance of half a mile, by the Loch, that winding through the valley of Glenmorris, was at length loſt among the mountains, which in many places beetled over it, and in others receding, left a ſmall tract of cultivated or paſture land, which with their fiſhery ſerved to ſupport the ſimple natives, whoſe circular huts doubly wattled, and the interval filled with

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ſods and roofed with turf or heather, were thinly ſcattered along the glen—the whole of the inhabitants amounting then to about three hundred perſons.

" The houſe, if houſe it might be called, had never been inhabited ſince the father of Glenmorris, having loſt a wife he adored when his ſon was about eleven years old, took him in his hand, and ſet forth to wander round Europe, often on foot, and at other times by ſuch accidental conveyances as offered.

" He died of a fever in Spain about five years afterwards, having in that time traverſed the continent of Europe twice, and viſited many of the iſlands of the Archipelago; it was then that Glenmorris, an orphan, and ſuppoſed to be even more indigent than he really was, having found his way back to England, was patroniſed after her manner by Lady Mary as a relation of her own—for while the acknowledged antiquity of his family prevented her from diſowning him, ſhe felt a degree of exultation in having it ſaid, that ſhe reſcued from poverty the laſt heir of his ancient houſe.

" Glenmorris, during his minority, had derived more pride than profit from being poſſeſſor of a large tract of land thinly inhabited and poorly cultivated; and ſince it had been in his power, he had unfortunately managed ſo ill as to be under the neceſſity of ſelling two of his farms; but ſanguine in his diſpoſition, and ardent in the purſuit of any project that ſtruck him, he now returned to his native mountains with the expectation of improving his ſmall inheritance by the knowledge he had acquired in other countries, and he ſuppoſed he could enforce the practice of what he knew by the moſt benevolently

benevolently directed uſe of his power as a feudal chief and the head of his clan. With ſuch hopes he ſoon ſhook off the gloom which the recollection of his parents, now both dead, and of the many changes of his fortune ſince, unavoidably brought with it.—He was delighted to ſee that I did not affect or feel any of that faſtidious delicacy which might be diſconcerted at the ſight of the rude and remote habitation he had brought me to.—His affection for me and his country was equally flattered, when he ſaw the honeſt highlanders of his clan crowding round me, and felicitating each other on the happineſs of their young laird, whom they appeared to conſider as a tutelary divinity: they could never enough admire his fine and manly figure, which brought to their minds the heroes celebrated in their traditional ſongs; while the women, unpoliſhed as they ſeemed themſelves, knew how to admire the grace and beauty of the laird of Glenmorris.

"The interior of our houſe, though far enough from being cheerful or convenient, was better rather than worſe than my imagination had figured it. The extreme thickneſs of the walls made it warm—The furniture, though old, was clean, and many conveniencies but little known in the highlands had been conveyed thither during the reſidence of Glenmorris's mother.—Our beds and couvrelits were of eiderdown, the produce of one ſpecies among that myriad of ſea-fowl that almoſt darkened the air amid the rocks under my window.—I did not diſlike the ſmell of the turf fires, and I procured a female ſervant who had been uſed to wear ſtockings and ſhoes, which removed the uncouth and uncomfortable appearance of having

ing a woman gliding around me with naked feet.

"Our little arrangements completely employed us for ſome weeks, and by that time winter was ſet in, but not with that ſeverity of cold that I had expected in a ſituation ſo far north.—The ſtorm, however, of November and December was loud and heavy on our elevated roof, and the huge waves of the eaſtern ocean broke inceſſantly at its baſe; but within I had the countenance of the huſband I loved to cheer me—I heard his voice repeat that he was happy, and bleſs me for conſtituting his happineſs—I ſaw him, though almoſt deſpotic, the beloved monarch of a group of people, to increaſe whoſe comforts was his ſtudy—He found in that benevolent taſk, and in the cultivation of his little farm, ſufficient employment during the day—At night, as we had a few books, and ſometimes got a ſupply from Edinburgh, he read to me, while I was occupied in preparing clothes for the infant, whoſe birth we looked forward to as the completion of our felicity.

"During theſe months—ah! months too ſwiftly fled! it ſeemed as if our happineſs was too great to admit of permanence; and ſometimes when Glenmorris, enjoying the preſent and looking forward to the future, would dwell on the ſuperiority, in his eſtimation, of the rational courſe of life he now paſſed, compared with the tumultuous and feveriſh exiſtence he had experienced during his ſhort career of diſſipation, when deſpair had driven him from the haunts of luxurious idleneſs to the frenzy of the gaming houſe, I heard him with I knew not what emotions of apprehenſive tenderneſs, and though I had no diſtinct idea of what ſo affect-

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ed me, my eyes were frequently ſwimming in tears.

" Glenmorris, imputing theſe tranſient fits of deſpondence to my ſituation, ſought only to ſoothe and tranquillize my mind. He had always deſigned to take an houſe at Edinburgh for three months before my expected confinement, that I might not be ſubjected to the inconvenience of a journey through the Highlands immediately near it. It was now the beginning of March, and as he fancied, though he forbore to notice it, that my dejection increaſed, he one evening mentioned his intention of writing to a friend he had at Edinburgh to ſecure us this houſe immediately. I oppoſed his propoſal as an unneceſſary increaſe of expence, and aſſured him that I was perfectly well, and had not a ſingle wiſh to deſert our romantic home while he was happy in it. Glenmorris, who thought that ſome regret at having left my parents might at this time prey on my mind, then turned the diſcourſe on them. I underſtood why he did ſo, and confeſſed to him, that though I often thought with tenderneſs and concern of my father, yet I was ſo well convinced that the preſence and proſperous fortune of my ſiſter conſoled him for the loſs of me, that I knew I inflicted no unhappineſs on him, or unhappineſs ſo tranſient that he had long ſince forgotten it. " And as to Lady Mary," added I, " I believe my abſence is ſo far from having given *her* pain, that ſhe is happy in having found ſo good an excuſe for throwing off for ever a daughter, for whom ſhe ſeemed not to have room enough in her heart. I ſhould, however, like to hear of my father. I ſhould, I own, feel ſatisfaction in knowing that he has not withdrawn

drawn entirely from me that little ſhare of affection which I uſed ſometimes to think he *wiſhed* to expreſs more than his deſire of domeſtic quiet would give him leave to do."

"Glenmorris, fondly embracing me, promiſed, that if I would make myſelf eaſy he would find means within a very ſhort time to procure for me intelligence of my father, and even to let him know that, though withdrawn from his immediate protection, I ſtill felt for him the affection of a daughter, and whenever he commanded it would haſten into his preſence. Such was the watchful tenderneſs of Glenmorris to prevent my very wiſhes, and ſuch the conſoling ideas I carried with me to my pillow; ſo that whatever preſentiments I might before have felt or fancied, I had none of the hideous calamity at that moment impending, and threatening to cruſh me for ever.

"The evening had been cold and tempeſtuous, with a ſtrong breeze from the eaſt. As we ſat at ſupper in the tower, of which the windows looked eaſtward, Glenmorris remarked that he heard two guns off at ſea, and the weather was turbulent enough to make him fear they might be ſignals of diſtreſs. As nothing was ſo habitual to him as acts of humanity, he called his people, and bade them look out, as well as put out lights to mark the rocks and breakers, ſhould any veſſel, ignorant of the coaſt, be driving near it with this ſtrong wind.

"He went down himſelf to the path cut in the rock, juſt wide enough to ſuffer one perſon to walk round on that ſide of the caſtle, and looked anxiouſly out, ſeaward, for the lights of the veſſel which he fancied might need aſſiſtance; but the ſky was ſo darkened by great rolling clouds

clouds driven impetuouſly by the wind, that he could diſtinguiſh nothing but the white ſurf thrown up with violence, and breaking againſt the rocks, of which three were ſharp, and riſing like huge ruins out of the ſea about an hundred yards from the foot of the caſtle-cliff.

"Believing therefore he had been deceived, or that, if not, the guns might not have ſignified the peril of any veſſel, but that they were perhaps fired by two ſhips that they might not part company during the darkneſs and ſtorm, Glenmorris ordered his people to retire at the uſual hour, and the whole family, which conſiſted, beſides ourſelves, of four female and five male ſervants, were buried in ſleep. It was three hours after midnight when I ſuddenly was ſtartled from an uneaſy dream by a loud and unuſual noiſe which ſeemed very near me. Glenmorris, inſtantly awakened by my ſtarting and exclamation, had hardly time to attempt re-aſſuring me, before the noiſe, yet nearer, was repeated, and in half a ſecond four fierce and terrible looking men, armed with piſtols and cutlaſſes, were in the room. Glenmorris ſnatched a broad ſword that hung by the ſide of the bed, and proteſting he would periſh a thouſand times rather than ſuffer one of them to approach me, he kept them for a moment at bay, while he demanded what they were, and what they wanted? It was ſoon underſtood that they were the crew of an American privateer, and that their buſineſs was plunder*.—Glenmorris, who had at firſt conceived ſtill more frightful ideas of

* The celebrated pirate Paul Jones landed in this way more than once on the coaſt of Scotland, during the American war.

them

them, made light of his property when put in competition with my ſafety, or even with my fears; and to draw them from the room where I was, he deſired them, with great preſence of mind, to give him time to put on his clothes, and ſaid, that he would then ſhew them himſelf where the few valuable things he poſſeſſed were depoſited.—This the men refuſed.—They knew that the alarm would ſoon be given to the clan, and that, overpowered by numbers, they ſhould be compelled to relinquiſh their booty if they did not immediately ſecure it; they therefore demanded of Glenmorris to give up his broad ſword, and to ſuffer himſelf to be bound. He ſtaid not to hear the concluſion of a propoſal ſo infamous, but ruſhing forward ſtruck the ruffian who made it a blow which felled him to the earth. Two piſtols were then fired; I ſaw Glenmorris fall. I ſaw no more; the ſhades of death encompaſſed me. I ſhrieked in frantic agony to Glenmorris, and my eyes cloſed in the ſtupefaction of anguiſh and deſpair.

"When my recollection returned, I found myſelf on the bed, with my maid and ſeveral highland women weeping over me, and endeavouring to recal me to life. I raiſed myſelf, and looking wildly around me, enquired for Glenmorris. The lamentations of the women were redoubled, and all that had paſſed flaſhed horribly on my ſevered brain. Again I heard the piſtol, which had, I concluded, deſtroyed Glenmorris—again I ſaw him ſtagger and fall—I ſtarted from my bed, and beheld the floor covered with blood.—The ignorant and affrighted women who ſurrounded me knew not how to ſoothe the firſt agonies of deſperation; their ignorance and their own terrors ſerved only to irritate

irritate the phrenzy that ſeized me; but my miſery was ſo ſevere that I have now no diſtinct remembrance of what I ſaid or did. I heard from them that Glenmorris was carried away, they knew not whether dead or alive, by the pirates; that two of his faithful ſervants had been deſperately wounded in attempting to reſcue him; that before the free-booters retired, the inhabitants of the glen being alarmed, had come down to the ſhore, and that it was with difficulty, and not till ſeveral ſhot had been fired on both ſides, that they had eſcaped to their veſſel with their priſoner, or their murdered victim, together with the booty they had gathered in the caſtle, which was almoſt every thing portable that it contained.

"I was incapable of hearing this narrative but by ſnatches and intervals. The horror of what I had ſeen, the dreadful uncertainty I was left in as to the fate of the only friend I had on earth, my lover, my huſband, my protector, was ſuch as to deprive me at intervals of my ſenſes; I gave myſelf up to deſpair; I deſired to die; nor would any thing have prevented my ſeeking death during thoſe dreadful paroxyſms, but the wiſh I was ſtill conſcious of to preſerve the infant of my murdered Glenmorris—whenever that occurred to me I conſented to take nouriſhment; I tried to calm my agonized ſpirits, and then I ſometimes ſunk from this enforced reſignation into a ſtate of morbid tranquillity, and placing myſelf at that window of the tower which commanded the greateſt horizon, I watched from morning till night the boundleſs extent of ocean, and half ſtupefied, half delirious, fancied I ſaw a diſtant ſail, and that it might belong to the veſſel where was the bleeding corſe of Glenmorris.

"This

"This horrible image was ever preſent to me, and hourly gained upon my mind, whether I raved or was compoſed; whether I was awake, or yielded through mere fatigue to unquiet and ſeveriſh ſleep. Of every perſonal inconvenience or perſonal fear I was totally inſenſible, but it was not ſo with the women about me, or the ſervants of the houſe. Their dread was leſt the pirates might return; and with lamentations for their dear maſter, and their unfortunate companions (one of whom had by this time died of his wounds) theſe poor people mingled fears for their own ſafety and mine.—It was in vain, however, that they entreated me to quit the caſtle, and remove farther up the country.—When I was capable of underſtanding them, I refuſed with anger and indignation to hear any mention of quitting it; but at other times I ſat totally unmoved, and neither ſpoke nor gave any ſign of comprehending them.

"There was not a ſuperſtitious notion, with which this poor and ignorant race of people are taught to torment themſelves, that did not receive its confirmation from the miſerable cataſtrophe thus overwhelming me. The ſhrieks of ſpirits, portending future evil, were nightly heard, either from the ſea or among the rocks. This idea was repeated till it reached me; but *I* feared no future evils; *mine* were inevitable and incurable, and I felt ſomething not unlike an horrible kind of pleaſure in prognoſtics*, which, if they might be depended upon, announced to me the end of my inſupportable ſuf-

* The highlanders imagine, that when any perſon is to die, it is announced by a ſhadow appearing in his or her likeneſs, which flits before the ſpectator, ſhrieking and lamenting, towards the place of interment.

ferings;

ferings; at other times I wiſhed to live only to give birth to my child—yet when I had reaſon enough to conſider how unprotected and deſolated a little wretch it would be, I deſired rather that we might die together before it ſaw the light.

"I gradually learned to check the violent expreſſions of my deſpair, obſerving that the giving utterance to them occaſioned me to be more cloſely watched and reſtrained by the people about me, and nothing was now ſo grateful to me as being left quite alone, where I might hear only the hollow breaking of the waves againſt the cliffs, or the cries of the innumerable ſea fowl, which now covered every rock within my ſight and often appeared like living clouds floating above me."

CHAP. XVIII.

"Whom ſhall I now call my friend? or from whom ſhall I hear the voice of joy?

"THE only relation Glenmorris had in Scotland was the widow of the laird of Kilbrodie, who was the ſiſter of his grandfather, and whoſe ſon, the preſent laird, was heir to what was left of the Glenmorris eſtate, if Glenmorris died without children.

"There had been a family feud between this old lady and her brother, which ſhe had ſuffered to tranſmit itſelf to her ſon and her brother's grandſon. She was a Roman Catholic, bigotted to her religion, and one of the few remaining adherents

adherents of the unhappy race of Stuart. Excluded by her prejudices and her remote ſituation from the knowledge of modern improvement, her notions were thoſe of an hundred years ago, and to them were added the ſtrange and wild dreams of local ſuperſtition.—Her pride and her poverty had made her avaricious; not for herſelf, for ſhe ſeemed to ſupport her withered form on the mere air that ſurrounded her, but in the hope of aggrandizing her two ſons, the eldeſt of whom was major of an highland regiment; the younger had been ſent, when he was almoſt a child, to the Eaſt Indies; and ſo little had been heard of him ſince, that the Ladie of Kilbrodie, who had no more notion what he was doing there than of the occupations of the inhabitant of another world, imagined that ſome time or other he might return loaden with gold and diamonds, and that in the interval the moſt intereſting point to her, was, to ſcrape together every thing ſhe could amaſs for his brother, now a man near fifty.

"The ſuppoſed death of Glenmorris, and the probability there was that his child, if born alive, might not long ſurvive, were circumſtances not to be overlooked by Ladie Kilbrodie. The good humoured generoſity of Glenmorris, who had viſited his old relation, (ſaying he could not keep up a family quarrel about nothing with a poor old woman) had opened an occaſion which ſhe otherwiſe would not have had to come to the houſe, where now, alas! there was no Glenmorris to protect from her folly or her malice his wretched and heart-broken wife.

"Ladie Kilbrodie then, whoſe gloomy habitation, (being one end of a ruined monaſtery) was near ſix miles from Glenmorris, made her

appearance one morning, about five weeks after the cruel event I deplored, and with very little ceremony informed the ſervants about me, that as I was oout of my moind, ſhe was coom as my nixt of kin to tak the care of the cheel, and ſhould tak me too her ain hooſe. The people around me had no authority to interpoſe, but when I was made to underſtand her intention, I reſolutely reſiſted it. I had ſeen her but once, and had conceived a diſlike to her bordering on averſion; and when now ſhe propoſed to make me a reſident in her houſe, and to take me from that where only I could weep over the miſery of my deſtiny unmoleſted, I poſitively refuſed to accompany her; and as it was no time for ceremonious inſincerity, I very plainly told her, that I had no inducement whatever to viſit her abode, while the only conſolation I could taſte was, being allowed to remain uninterrupted, even by intended kindneſs, in my own. This ingenuous declaration irritated my aſſailant, but by no means turned her from her purpoſe; and, notwithſtanding my tears and entreaties, I was placed on one of the little horſes of the country, and led away, guarded by two of the Ladie Kilbrodie's highlanders, while thoſe more immediately belonging to Glenmorris, and even the ſervants who ſtill remained in the houſe, dared not oppoſe what they believed the Ladie Kilbrodie had a right to do, as Glenmorris's neareſt relation. My own maid only was permitted to attend me, and even that was refuſed till my tears, and the importunate entreaties of the poor girl, prevailed on the old lady to grant it, though with evident reluctance.

"Figure to yourſelf, my dear Delmont, if it be poſſible for imagination to reach it, the place and the people I was now among.

"The

"The abbey of Kilbrodie had formerly been a very large building, and great maſſes of ruins were ſcattered, for ſome acres, beyond that part of it which ſerved as an habitation for its preſent Lairds. Above it, on a riſing ground, now overgrown with ſcanty bruſhwood and furze, were ſtill ſeen part of a ſingle tower, the largeſt relick of the caſtle, from whence they had in other times looked down upon, and guarded the pious monks of St. Cuthbert. The feuds that levelled the fortreſs had ſpared the religious houſe, till Knox and his reformers had deſtroyed that alſo; but to the walls of the kitchen, refectory and dormitory, ſtill left ſtanding, roofs had been reſtored within the laſt fifty years, and an habitation, large, cold, and dreary, made up; an habitation, which ſerved at once to evince the former conſequence and preſent penury of the Lairds of Kilbrodie. This forlorn abode was ſituated, like many other religious houſes, in the boſom of a deep glen, and on the banks of a ſmall river, whoſe ſullen waters, making their way through a deeply worn channel, were rather heard than ſeen, and gave an additional gloom, inſtead of any degree of chearfulneſs, to the ſcene. A few ſcattered yew and ſtunted elder-trees, grew among the ruins; and all that part of them which was either known, or ſuppoſed to have been conſecrated as the body of the abbey, or as its cemetery, was left uncloſed for fear of profanation; ſo that nothing like a ſpot cultivated for domeſtic uſe, mitigated the dark horrors of the "*half ruined aiſles and intermingled graves.*"—Among them, hardly ſheltered from the weather, the old lady had contrived to repair a ſmall chapel, which ſhe had furniſhed with croſſes and relicts; around it

were interred all thoſe of the clan who died in the Catholic perſuaſion, and the demon of ſuperſtition himſelf could no where have choſen a ſpot more congenial to his rites.

"The country beyond was in uniſon with the horrors of the cell I have deſcribed, mountainous and barren; ſcarce would the hardieſt plant that tapeſtries the rude boſom of the north, lend its reluctant vegetation here.—No glittering ſtream fell from the chaotic and miſſhapen maſſes of rock about it; though ſome were, indeed, heard roaring at a diſtance, and the murmurs of the ocean were ſometimes brought by the wind; but its view, often chearful and always ſublime, was ſhut out by the intervention of a chain of hills, or what would in any other country have been called mountains. To the north-eaſt, aroſe Carmor, one of the higheſt in that part of Scotland, which, rearing its enormous creſt over the ſea, ſeemed to be ſet as a mark, viſible even on the coaſt of Norway.—On a ſcared crag near its ſummit, inacceſſible even to the adventurous highland fowler, a pair of eagles had for ages made their eirie and their ſcreams at this ſeaſon, when they were continually in ſearch of food for their young, were almoſt the only ſounds that broke the mournful ſtillneſs of this frightful ſolitude.

"Such was the outward appearance of the place I was compelled to remove to—within it was ſtill worſe.

"The Ladie of Kilbrodie was fortunate not to have lived a century and an half earlier, for ſhe would moſt undoubtedly have been in danger of being tormented, or killed as a female warlock *. Imagine a ſhrivelled and diſtorted

* Warlock or witch.

countenance,

countenance, disfigured rather by evil paſſions tracing their lines upon it, than by the lapſe of above ſeventy years;—a long and ſharp noſe, the point depending lower than the noſtrils—little fierce grey eyes, round which a red and raw border had ſucceeded the fire-coloured laſhes they might once have had—a mouth falling in, ſo that two withered lips were ſeldom viſible but in ſpeaking, and a thin ſharp chin, with dewlaps depending beneath it. Such were the features of the Ladie of Kilbrodie; but to the expreſſion of theſe features it would be difficult for any deſcription to do juſtice.

"The uſual dreſs of this ill-favoured head, was the piece of ſtrait cloth pinned acroſs the forehead, peculiar to the highland women; but by an œconomiſt, like Lady Kilbrodie, the cleanneſs of this ornament was but little conſidered. The reſt of her dreſs was uſually confined, by the ſame œconomical conſiderations, to a gown of black ſtuff, very ruſty from time—and in ſome places rather injured by the quantity of Scotch ſnuff, which had for a ſeries of years fallen about it. A cotton handkerchief, black and grey, covered her neck—and on Sundays, yielded precedence to an old ermine tippet which had been long in the family, while her ruſty ſtuff gown was exchanged for one of ſilk of the ſame ſhades, or rather of a more varied appearance.

"When I tell you that the domeſtics were exactly ſuited in the ſtyle of uncouthneſs to their miſtreſs, you will have ſome idea of the inhabitants of the abbey of Kilbrodie.

"During the firſt days of my enforced abode among them, I ſunk into ſuch dejection, that I hoped and believed my wretchedneſs was nearly

nearly at an end; but my faithful Menie, the ſervant who was ſuffered to follow me, exerted herſelf to ſupport my failing courage, and by degrees ſucceeded. Her principal arguments were founded on the preſervation of my unborn infant; and on the hope that Glenmorris, though wounded and a priſoner, might yet ſurvive, and hereafter return to bleſs me and his child. The natural love of life at my age, and the natural ſtrength of my conſtitution, inſenſibly conquered even the additional diſcomforts of my preſent abode. I once more ſuffered Menie to lead me out; I ſaw once more the light of the ſun ſhining on the diſtant mountains, for his beams were yet too remote to be felt or ſeen in the dark and inhoſpitable vale of Kilbrodie.

"But it was very ſoon viſible that my recovery, my health, and the birth of my child, were circumſtances which were not deſired by my hoſteſs. In proportion as I ſeemed to reſiſt the bitterneſs of my deſtiny, and likely to emerge from the gloom that overwhelmed me, the countenance of the old gentlewoman became darker towards me. She perpetually annoyed me with her irkſome preſence, and talked to me of the judgments of heaven, which ſhe ſaid always purſued, and ſooner or later overtook, undutiful children. She deplored the condition of her kinſman's ſoul, who doubtleſs, ſhe ſaid, had died in a ſtate of reprobation; adding, that ſhe had cauſed prayers to be put up for his poor ſinful ſpirit in her chapel, and hoped I ſhould repent me of the great wickedneſs of having left my affectionate parents to run off with him. I had liſtened to ſuch cant before; and though it ſhocked me to hear Glenmorris thus named, I

deſpiſed

deſpiſed the folly of the old hypocrite as much as I deteſted her cruelty. But ſhe ſoon opened other batteries upon me, which ſhe thought muſt anſwer her inhuman purpoſe. As the time of my lying-in approached, ſhe cauſed the ſuperſtitions of the country to be brought forward, to alarm me with ideas of danger and dread of death.

"Sometimes portentous ſounds were heard in the air; and at others the * corpſe candle was ſeen to go from my chamber to the burial ground of the abbey. The cry of an Engliſh bogie or ſprite was heard, intimating the death of a perſon of that nation—but that was rather a miſcalculation on the part of thoſe who directed this machinery, for I was not only *not* a native of England, having been born at Florence, but I had never been naturalized. This, however, the *graunie* did not know; though it helped me to repreſs ſuch fears as might have ariſen from the "cry of an Engliſh ghaiſt!†"

"The old highlander, who had the care of the boats by which the Lady Kilbrodie ſupplied her houſe with fiſh, never went down to the ſea but he returned with a tale of *kelpies of the maiſt eldritch kind, which ſkreeked around him*—and theſe ſtories were ſometimes repeated in my preſence as if by accident, and ſometimes told to

* In certain places the death of people is ſuppoſed to be foretold by the cries and ſhrieks of Benſhi, or the fairies' wife, uttered along the very path where the funeral is to paſs; and what in Wales are called corpſe candles, are often imagined to appear and foretel mortality.

From PENNANT.

† Dr. Johnſon relates, in his Journey to the Hebrides, that in his paſſage from one place to another, one of the highland boatmen declared he "heard the cry of an Engliſh ghoſt."

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me with great appearance of concern, by the old witchlike-looking woman, who was, I found, engaged by the lady to attend me. This frightful creature boaſted of poſſeſſing the gift of ſecond ſight, or at leaſt a degree of preſcience nearly approaching to it; and I ſoon was given to underſtand that ſhe foreſaw ſome great calamity was about to befal me.

"Theſe preſentiments of evil are often the cauſes that evil really arrives, eſpecially to perſons in my circumſtances, even when ſurrounded with every convenience, and aſſured of every aſſiſtance. On me, however, the cruel impreſſions thus endeavoured to be made would have had little effect, had I not known that the perſons who prophecied, had the means of aſſuring the truth of their predictions. I now too clearly underſtood the reaſon of Lady Kilbrodie's officious zeal, which I had at firſt but imperfectly comprehended. I remembered an hiſtory I had read of the cruel machinations uſed to deprive a Counteſs de * Guiche of her child; and I ſaw in Lady Kilbrodie the ſame motive as influenced the perpetrators of that crime, with more eaſy means of effecting it.

"The horror which ſeized on my mind is not to be deſcribed. Sometimes I ſo yielded to the influence of this dread, as hardly to have any other conſciouſneſs of my exiſtence than that which fear impreſſed—and I refuſed to quit my bed to ſee the light, or to take any nouriſhment but what Menie gave me, firſt taſting it herſelf; then, rouſed by the ſtill active principle of ſelf-preſervation, I tried to aſſume ſome degree of apparent chearfulneſs, and went out

* Related in Les Cauſes Celébres.

with

with Menie, meditating on the poſſibility of eſcaping. But, alas! whither could I go? From the caſtle of Glenmorris, could I have taken ſhelter there, the ſame pretence, and the ſame uſurped power, might again have compelled me. I had neither money to procure the means of removal, by any carriage which could be obtained in that remote country, or ſtrength to ſeek on foot a place where ſuch might be hired. I now thought of writing to my father, and imploring his pity and forgiveneſs; now of throwing myſelf on the mercy of Lady Mary, and then of trying to intereſt my ſiſter, and her lord, in my deplorable fate. But I doubted whether any letter of mine would ever reach my father, and even the mercy of my mother I thought of with terror. My ſiſter might perhaps ſcorn and neglect me; and to her huſband I was almoſt a ſtranger. And far from aſſiſting me, they might fear my reſtoration to my father's favour as likely to be injurious to themſelves. It was in vain I conſulted with Menie. She was a Scotch girl, who had never left the highlands, and was totally ignorant of any mode of life beyond them. All ſhe could do was to weep with me, and to promiſe that nothing ſhould induce her or force her to leave me.

"Every obſervation I made, every word that fell from Lady Kilbrodie, now ſerved to confirm my apprehenſions. To ſecure to her ſon the ſucceſſion of Glenmorris, it was neceſſary my child ſhould periſh; for that reaſon only, had it appeared to Lady Kilbrodie worth her while to take me from my own houſe; that we ſhould die together, was probably a yet greater object, and that we might indeed do ſo was the

next wiſh I formed, after thoſe that perpetually tempted me to try to eſcape were evidently fruitleſs.

" To a young mind, to one yet uninformed by ſad experience, of how much wickedneſs avarice may render a human being guilty, it is hard to believe that ſuch atrocity could exiſt, as I now imputed to this old woman. But her whole conduct, as well as that obſerved by her people by her orders, the dark hints and myſterious phraſes of old Meggy Macgregor, the howdie * who was to attend me; the continual endeavours, that were evident, impreſs my mind with ideas of impending danger; and the anger Lady Kilbrodie expreſſed, if any mention was made of the poſſibility that Glenmorris might ſurvive; the ſatisfaction which lightened in her eyes when ſhe ſaw me ſinking, and cruſhed beneath the weight of my miſeries; all theſe, and many other circumſtances, left not a doubt remaining, either of what her expectations were, or of her being equal to any deteſtable action that might render thoſe expectations not ineffectual.

" No dreary deſcription, drawn from imagination of tombs and caverns haunted by evil ſpirits, could equal the gloomy horrors of the place, where I was doomed to linger out the few and wretched days of my remaining exiſtence. The long, narrow, and only partially glazed windows of my cell, looked upon the fragments and half fallen arches of the ruined convent.—Caverns yawned in many places beneath them; among which echoed only the howling of the hunting dogs, that were kept,

* Howdie, a midwife.

for

(or rather half ſtarved) by the Lady Kilbrodie, to procure her game from the mountains and muirs, which they perhaps purſued more ſucceſsfully, as the entrails of what was taken, was almoſt the only food they ever got, unleſs the ſea, to which they frequently reſorted, afforded them a repaſt of dead fiſh.

"Often has the little reſt I could obtain, been broken by the cries and yells of theſe wretched animals—

"And loud and long the dog of midnight howl'd *."

"On ſuch occaſions Meggy Macgregor, the howdie, never failed to aſſure me, that—"quhan the collies gan ſcrachin and makin croon, dule wad befa."

CHAP. XIX.

"One only boy, her laſt ſweet hope, ſhe warms,
Huſh'd on her boſom, circled in her arms,
Daughter of woe! ere morn, in vain careſs'd,
Clung the cold babe upon thy milkleſs breaſt,
With feeble cries thy laſt ſad aid requir'd,
Stretch'd its ſtiff limbs, and on thy lap expir'd."

"SUCH," proceeded Mrs. Glenmorris, "was my ſituation, and I had yet two months to look forward, with anguiſh, to the dreadful moment that muſt in ſome way change it. It was now the month of May, every where ſave in the place I was confined to; but hardly any additional verdure, or even a reluctant flower,

* I ſuſpect this to be a line of Miſs Seward's.

marked

marked to *me* the progreſs of ſummer—cold and joyleſs was all around to me—cold and hopeleſs as my own ſad heart!

At this time the major, Laird of Kilbrodie, and, alas! as his mother almoſt ventured to call him already, of Glenmorris, arrived from America, where he had been ſome years with his regiment.

"His mother had, probably, in their firſt interview, explained to him the likelihood there was that he would ſucceed to the eſtate of his nephew, Glenmorris, for when the day after I was introduced to him, a ceremony I would moſt willingly have avoided, he eyed me with looks, where I thought the exultation of ſucceſsful avarice, was mingled with other odious paſſions, which, though I could not define them, terrified and alarmed me. The major was a very tall, bony man, above fifty. His red hair, and his buſhy eyebrows, which had been of the ſame colour, were now mingled with grey—and between the latter and his high cheek bones, his eyes would hardly have been diſtinguiſhed, had they been leſs wild and fierce; a ſort of light flaſhing occaſionally from them, like flames of ſulphur—his complexion, by being expoſed to the air of various climates, was nearly the colour of logwood in chips, aſſuming towards the noſe and lower part of his cheeks a dull purple hue; on one cheek was a ſcar, which ſeemed to have been a continuation of his immenſe mouth, where appeared a tremendous row of great teeth, ſtill white and ſtrong, but which, from their ſize and their colour being ſo ſtrongly contraſted with that of his ſkin, were far from being an advantage to him.—He wore the phillibeg and bonnet, with a long

long coat, which made a ſtrange uncouth dreſs; and there was in his whole appearance a degree of ferocity, which took off all thoſe ideas we are willing to admit on the ſight of a brave man, whoſe life has been dedicated to what we have been taught to call the ſervice of his country.

" His mother took the earlieſt occaſion to introduce the ſubject of American priſoners, and the major had certainly received his leſſon, for, without ſeeming to advert to the particular ſituation of Glenmorris, he entered into a circumſtantial account of the treatment of ſuch Britiſh ſubjects as had fallen into the power of " the rebels,"—He began by relating the death of ſome who had been hanged, or ſuffered to die in dungeons in the moſt ſqualid wretchedneſs and want; then, as if the picture was not ſufficiently terrific, he added that others, particularly thoſe who had been ſeized by privateers, and who were not therefore conſidered as being in the ſlighteſt degree protected by the laws of nations, had been given up to the natives of the country, to be tormented by every hideous invention of cruelty, till fainting nature could endure no more. The barbarous wretch, ſeeing by the changes of my countenance, how unable I was to ſuſtain the recital, proceeded to relate theſe ſcenes, ſo diſgraceful to humanity, more minutely, as having been deſcribed to him by an officer who had witneſſed them. The terms he uſed, the wild contortions of his countenance, and the terrible idea, that, to the reality of what I could not bear to hear, Glenmorris might have been expoſed, at length ſo far overcame me, that I could ſuffer no more.—A cold dew

covered

covered my face—I felt the room turn round with me, and fell totally inſenſible on the floor.

" When I recovered myſelf I was on my bed—Menie weeping over me, and applying ſuch remedies as were in her power.—I was unable to ſpeak; a faintneſs, like the approach of death, hung upon me—cold ſhiverings ſucceeded—and ſuch were my general ſenſations, that I believed and was glad to believe myſelf dying.—My dread, however, of the howdie Meggy Macgregor, was ſo great, that I entreated Menie to conceal that I was otherwiſe affected than is uſual after a fainting fit.—By means of one of the ſervants, ſhe procured me ſomething to ſwallow; put me to bed, and told the people I was gone to ſleep.—But to forget myſelf for one moment, was I well knew impoſſible. The terror the major had raiſed purſued me; I ſaw Glenmorris expiring in tortures, writhing beneath the bloody hands of murderers, or rather fiends.—And I ſoon found that the effects of this horrible recital, would be of other conſequence than merely ſubjecting me to terror.—I was ſeized with violent pains, and could not long doubt of what nature they were.—Once aſſured that my hour was at hand, I determined to bear my ſufferings, if poſſible, in ſilence, ſo great was my dread of the old woman, in whom I had long accuſtomed myſelf to ſee my murderers and my child's.—I know not now how, in the reduced ſtate I was in, I had reſolution enough to perſevere in the concealment of my pangs; but I did ſo; and having only my faithful and tender Menie with me, was at two in the morning delivered of a boy.

" Born at ſeven months, he was ſmall and feeble; yet when I heard his weak cries, and beheld

beheld him, my deſire of life returned; I wiſhed to preſerve him, and to live for him, with an ardour amounting even to agony.—But though he had thus eſcaped the deſtruction intended him, how could I believe I could continue long to preſerve him—Lady Kilbrodie and her creatures could eaſily take him from me, or deſtroy him even before my eyes, without my having the power to prevent it—I could neither conceal nor protect him in their houſe; but it came into my mind, that if I could hide him a few days, I might eſcape with him to the clan of Glenmorris, and call upon the adherents and vaſſals of his family to ſave this laſt remains of the blood of their ancient lords.—Menie, willing to hazard every thing to aſſiſt me in flying from the deteſted power of Lady Kilbrodie, entered into my ſcheme with ſuch zeal, that before day-break we had made all our arrangements.—It was ſettled that I ſhould complain of being ſo tormented with the head-ache that I could neither ſpeak nor bear the leaſt noiſe, and that at an early hour of the morning, and before there was any danger of a viſit, either from the old lady or her agent Macgregor, ſhe ſhould engage one of the ſervants, who was her friend, to bring her all ſhe wanted to the door of my chamber, under pretence that ſhe could not leave me a moment. Lady Kilbrodie, who hoped her expence on my account would now be ended by my death, was eaſily kept away; but it was more difficult to divert the officious and goſſipping howdie from her enquiries.—In this, however, for three days, we ſucceeded, and longer was unneceſſary.—Towards the cloſe of the third I obſerved a viſible change in my infant; but I knew that if I called for aſſiſtance

his

his danger would only be accelerated.—Soon I found that the beſt aſſiſtance could not ſave him—he fell into convulſions, and died upon my boſom.

"Once convinced he was loſt to me, I had no longer any meaſures to keep—The frantic ſhrieks which deſpair drew from me ſoon brought the two old women into the room, and an immediate explanation enſued. Though I believe the crone, Lady Kilbrodie, was glad to be thus ſpared the commiſſion of one crime which ſhe had meditated, ſhe yet ſeemed willing enough to commit another, by haſtening the death that her cruelty had, ſhe hoped, made inevitable.—Inſtead of manifeſting the leaſt pity for the agonies which ſhe ſaw the loſs of my child inflicted on me, ſhe bitterly reproached me for my wickedneſs in concealing its birth, and ſuffering it to die unbaptized, by which, ſhe ſaid, I had given it over to eternal puniſhment. Her revilings I was unable to anſwer; but prejudices ſo barbarouſly enforced at ſuch a moment, my long eſtabliſhed ideas of the goodneſs of Omnipotence ſuffered me not to heed.

"To have preſerved this lovely and innocent memorial of my murdered huſband I would have encountered with pleaſure the loweſt degree of human wretchedneſs; but of its fate in another ſtate of being, my truſt in the juſtice of God would never allow me to doubt; and the arrow which this unfeminine, this inhuman woman, thought ſhe had barbed to pierce my heart with the moſt incurable wound, fell harmleſs—I know not whether it did not help more than any thing to rouſe me from the torpor of deſpair.

"As

"As among other conſequences of my child's dying without the ceremonies ſhe ſo ſtrongly urged, was, that his poor remains were not to be received in conſecrated ground, I determined, with the ſteady reſolution of hopeleſs grief, to bury him myſelf—and I ſo vehemently proteſted they ſhould not take him from me, that I was at length left to indulge my ſorrows with no other witneſs than Menie.—With her aſſiſtance, at an hour when the reſt of the houſe were aſleep, I wrapt up my poor dead baby in the beſt linen I had, and Menie having procured me what anſwered the purpoſe of a coffin, I depoſited him in it without ſhedding a tear—I could not ſhed tears—but with apparent calmneſs, though I felt it to be at the riſk of my life, ſtole out with my maid, and having made in the moſt obſcure part of the ruined abbey as deep a grave as we could, I placed in it the little lifeleſs object of ſo many months of fond ſolicitude—that object which I had ſo tenderly conſidered as the deareſt bond of union between me and my adored, my lamented, Glenmorris; I then, with trembling and feeble hands, aſſiſted the weeping Menie to pile on the ſpot ſome fragments of the ruins, as well to preſerve it from violation as to mark the place, and having done ſo in ſpeechleſs anguiſh, which I now ſhudder to recal, I caſt a look on the grave, and ſuffered myſelf to be led back to my room, returning to my bed conſcious of no other ſenſation than the hope that I ſhould riſe from it no more!

"Certain that her ſon was now ſecure of the poſſeſſions of Glenmorris, and knowing that I had no ſettlement, and of courſe no claim on any part of it, the purpoſe of Lady Kilbrodie was, to be relieved as ſoon as ſhe could from the

the burthen of my ſtay, and whether this was to be done by my voluntary departure or by death was no otherwiſe an object to her, than as ſhe thought the latter gave her the moſt certain aſſurance of never hearing of me again.

"Her neglect, however, was ſo far from being injurious to me, that the entire freedom I enjoyed from her hateful preſence helped more than any other circumſtance my ſlow and undeſired recovery. I heard no voice but that of Menie, always ſoothing, and, as far as her knowledge went, ſenſible; I ſaw nothing for ſome time, but from my window the ſpot where I had interred my infant—and as, even of a night, I could diſtinguiſh it by the pieces of pale marble piled upon it, which had once been part of a monument, I accuſtomed myſelf to ſit for whole hours with my eyes fixed on that laſt depoſit of all my earthly hopes, relieved when the ſtubbornneſs of my grief was ſubdued enough by tender recollections to allow me to ſhed tears.

"Youth, even when deprived of all viſible ſupport—

"When even the flatterer hope is no where found"—

makes a long and often a ſucceſsful ſtand againſt calamity. I was not yet eighteen, and my conſtitution, naturally very ſtrong, had never before been ſhaken by any of thoſe ſorrows that undermine the principles of life; gradually therefore, though heaven knows how little I at that time wiſhed it, I regained ſome degree of ſtrength, and when I was able to think, my mind inceſſantly ran on the means of my eſcape; yet ſtill the ſame unanſwerable queſtion occurred,

curred, whither could I go? who would receive me? where in the whole univerſe had I a friend to whom I could apply for protection?

"It was in vain I revolved this in my mind; no proſpect offered itſelf of any reſource, ſave in ſervitude, and that I determined upon; but before even ſuch a ſituation of life could be embraced, it was neceſſary for me to get to England, and how to do that, was a difficulty which appeared nearly inſurmountable.

"Though Lady Kilbrodie was evidently embarraſſed by my preſence, ſhe knew not how to relieve herſelf; and though I never ſaw her but to renew my miſery, and avoided her by every means in my power, yet ſhe ſometimes ſeemed to take a malignant pleaſure in tormenting the victim ſhe held; and I was ſhewn to the very few accidental viſitors whom kindred brought, though very rarely, to this gloomy habitation, as an object whom, notwithſtanding my delinquency, ſullenneſs, and ingratitude, her charity induced her to ſhelter.

"It was hard to conceive how ſuch a condition as I was now reduced to could admit of any aggravation—yet a ſevere aggravation overtook me.

"In deſpite of the deep dejection which I had ſo much reaſon to indulge, I had in a few weeks regained a portion of that beauty which had firſt attracted the eyes of Glenmorris. At this diſtance of time I may be allowed, with little imputation of egotiſm or vanity, to ſpeak of myſelf as I then was—A very fair ſkin, with dark eyes, and eye-brows a ſhade darker than the profuſion of light brown hair, too luxuriant to dreſs, which flowed round my face, would have rendered very indifferent features ſhewy and attractive

attractive at the the age I then was; but you, Delmont, may perhaps form a better opinion of thoſe advantages which have now ſo entirely vaniſhed, if I tell you that Medora very much reſembles my then appearance, except that ſhe has her father's blue eyes, and ſomething the turn of his countenance. Suffice it, however, without dwelling longer on the deſcription of myſelf, to ſay, that ſuch as I was, I had the misfortune to captivate the laird, and when nothing was leſs, either in my thoughts or wiſhes, he took occaſion to follow me in one of my ſolitary walks, and very abruptly to tell me that he loved me, and expected I ſhould make him ſuch a return as the honour conferred upon me deſerved.

"I had ſo little underſtood the meaning of the grimaces intended for ſoft looks, by which he had attempted to recommend himſelf whenever we had lately met, that this declaration equally amazed and grieved me; hardly could I recover myſelf enough to tell him, that from *him* to *me* ſuch a ſpeech as he had juſt made could be conſidered only as an inſult; that I had *no* return to make him, nor any favour to aſk of him and his mother, but that, from the advantages accruing to them by my cruel loſſes, they would afford me as much as might enable me to return to England—" and this, ſir," ſaid I, "I demand rather as a right than as a favour."

"I was, perhaps, raſh in thus irritating a man in whoſe power I was, and who had already ſhewn himſelf incapable of any honourable or humane feeling; but my indignation conquered my prudence; I could not ſpeak with patience to him who enjoyed the ſpoils of my lamented Glenmorris, and who now attempted

tempted to ſeduce his wretched widow from her affection to his memory. The arrogance with which he dared to inſinuate that I was honoured by his preference was inſupportable, and though immediate death had been the conſequence, I could not have commanded myſelf to have ſpoken more temperately; indeed death was what would leaſt have deterred me from this plain dealing.

"Kilbrodie, however, could not bear it. The ferocious brutality of his nature broke out at once. He gave me to underſtand, that he knew I was wholly in his power; that it was impoſſible for me to eſcape him; and that if after two days I ſtill preferred weeping over my widowhood to the honourable ſtation he could offer me, I muſt take the conſequence; he then rudely attempted to kiſs me, but by a ſudden exertion of ſtrength almoſt ſupernatural I flung from him and fled away, I knew not, I heeded not whither; the only idea that, on the inſtant, occurred to me, was to reach the ſummit of the higheſt cliff I had ſtrength to mount, and from thence, by precipitating myſelf into the ſea, end at once my inſupportable miſeries.

"Whether the air of deſperation with which I repulſed him, or the ſwiftneſs of my flight, prevented Kilbrodie from following me, I know not; but he did not attempt it, and I ſoon found myſelf on the borders of the ſea, at a place where the mountainous cliffs that guarded the greater part of this wild coaſt ſunk ſuddenly in a ſort of chaſm, through which the fiſhermen and fowlers had made a path down to the ſhore.

"I followed this path, careleſs whither it led, ſo long as I might hide myſelf for ever from the eyes

eyes of the wretches I had left behind; but hardly had I reached the margin of the ſea when my breath and my ſtrength failed me, and I ſunk down inſenſible.

"I muſt have remained there ſome hours, for when I recovered my recollection it was evening; the ſea fowl were ſettling themſelves in their neſts among the cliffs, and the ſun's rays had long ſince forſaken theſe eaſtern waves; I looked one way on a boundleſs tract of ocean, broken only by ſome of thoſe fantaſtic rocks which ſeem to guard this inhoſpitable coaſt, and are the reſort of thoſe innumerable flocks of birds, whoſe feathers from the ſole riches of its hardy inhabitants. On each ſide of me I ſaw nothing but a chain of cliffs, in ſome places forming ſharp promontories, in others eaten into caverns by the ever reſtleſs waters. Here I was determined to remain and periſh—for ſuch a death, cruel and lingering as it muſt be, was far preferable in my opinion to being expoſed, even for another moment, to the atrocious inſults of Kilbrodie. His menace was re-echoed by my throbbing heart—for two days he would await, and at the end of that time enforce my compliance!—If I ſhould now return, my flight at the end of thoſe two days might be impeded, and the horrors that in ſuch a caſe preſented themſelves to my imagination were not to be endured; I reſolved then, ſince I failed of courage to terminate my ſufferings by one deſperate exertion, to enter one of the excavations where there appeared the greateſt probability of concealment, and there to remain till hunger, or the riſing waves, finiſhed my deplorable career.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Forlorn ſhe ſits, " up turns her tearful eyes,
" Calls her loſt lover, and upbraids the ſkies."

"IT was not without difficulty that I acquired ſtrength to reach what appeared to me the moſt ſecure of theſe caverns, half a mile from the path by which I had come to the ſhore; there, however, I obſerved by the ſand and ſhells ſtrewing its floor, that the ſea entered in high tides. It was narrow towards the entrance, but within roſe into an high irregular arch, and it went ſo far back, though ſtill more irregular and ragged, with projecting crags and maſſes of ſtone, that I dared not venture to explore the deep obſcurity; around, near the entrance, were great piles of flat ſtones, forming almoſt natural ſteps and benches; I contrived to ſeat myſelf on one of theſe, where the projection of another concealed me; a third, a little more raiſed, ſerved as a pillow for my weary head. Here at leaſt, cried I, the deteſted voice of Kilbrodie will not reach me; here at leaſt I ſhall ceaſe to breathe the air, infected by thoſe who occaſioned the death of Glenmorris's child; and here I ſhall ſurely be permitted to die unmoleſted.

" It was at this time the laſt week of September; for more than three wretched months had crept along, ſince thoſe ſad hours that made me a mother and condemned me to deſpair. At this ſeaſon the approach of winter is evidently felt in the north of Scotland; but it happened that the night was unuſually mild and ſtill, and the little wind there was blowing from the weſt, I felt

felt from thence no inconvenience, and my hard reſting place was perfectly dry. When Kilbrodie met me, I had gone out in the deſign to take a long walk after their dinner, which was always at two o'clock; I had therefore a cloak and hat on, and if my wiſhes and deſigns had been leſs gloomy than they were, I ſhould have had no fear of ſuffering from cold—My only dread was, leſt as night came on, and I was miſſed at the abbey-houſe, Kilbrodie or his ſervants might ſearch for me, and theſe caverns of the cliff were as likely as any to ſtrike them as my probable hiding place—I was afraid too that my poor maid, not knowing the reaſon of my abſenting myſelf, might in the eagerneſs of her affection promote the ſearch, and even aſſiſt in it. Theſe fears, which the longer I thought of them became more formidable, prevented my taking any repoſe during the beginning of the night—I liſtened to every noiſe—but the low ſtill ſound of the untroubled waves murmuring on the ſand, or eddying round the rocks, was all that reached my ears—Night wore away—I perceived the ſtars reflected faintly on the waves, for the ſky I could not ſee.—As my dread of purſuit became fainter, my ſpirits, ſubdued by fear and fatigue, loſt ſomething of the ſullen deſperation that I had at firſt felt—I melted into tears, and tears I had of late been ſo frequently unable to ſhed, that I felt my head and heart greatly relieved by them—I called upon the dear ſhades of Glenmorris and his boy—I beſought of God, that in his mercy he would permit me ſpeedily to rejoin them—and ſave me from the terrors that I was threatened with. By inſenſible degrees the wild tumult of my ſpirits ſubſided, and I fell into a ſlumber, confuſed and broken indeed, but

ſtill

ſtill ſuch as compoſed and refreſhed me, when before day-break the ſucceeding morning I was awakened from it by the cries of the gannets, petrels, gulls, and ſea ſnipes without, as well as by the gurgling murmurs of the wild pigeons within my cave.

"Whoever recals to mind the odd ſenſation a perſon is often conſcious of when, awaking in a ſtrange place, he can hardly recal the circumſtances that brought him thither, or remember where he is, will eaſily conceive the aſtoniſhment with which, for a moment, I gazed around me, when theſe noiſes diſſipated my unquiet ſlumber—inſtantly, however, all that had paſſed recurred to me—I ſaw myſelf deſtitute of every thing, and caſt like a ſhipwrecked wretch on the ſhore, from whence, if I attempted to return, greater horrors awaited me than thoſe I was ſure by ſtaying, to encounter from famine.

"I heſitated not a moment, however, which of theſe alternatives to prefer; and doubted not but that I ſhould meet death with firmneſs.—Suddenly it occurred to me, that as the tides were now low it was poſſible I might keep along the coaſt and reach the caſtle of Glenmorris, where, if I could not attain the top of the rock, and be received into the fortreſs, I might hope that ſome of the clan, who fiſhed almoſt daily during ſummer on the rocks beyond it, or went thither for the purpoſe of gathering feathers, might be induced to compaſſionate me for the ſake of their chief, whom they had all profeſſed to love ſo much; they might even be perſuaded to conceal me in one of their huts till I could eſcape from the near neighbourhood of my perſecutors. After a ſhort conſideration of this plan, it appeared ſtill more deſirable on ſome accounts,

but leſs ſo on others; I remembered, that there was a deep and ſingular excavation in one of the cliffs not far from that on which our reſidence was ſituated; I had heard, that here it was uſual for the boat-men of Glenmorris to depoſit their cargoes till their wives or comrades came to aſſiſt them in carrying them to the glen; and I thought that ſhould Kilbrodie here attempt to force me back, he would be more likely to meet with oppoſition than at a greater diſtance from thoſe who had till now been conſidered almoſt as my own family; yet I could not conceal from myſelf, that near Glenmorris it was moſt likely Kilbrodie would begin his ſearch. The former conſiderations, however, appearing of the moſt weight, I reſolved to begin my journey, though how far it might be made by the winding of the ſhore I knew not, nor did I calculate my own powers to undertake a walk which might be from three to ſeven miles.

"My ſtrength was greater than appeared likely. I continued to walk as near the baſe of the cliff as I could, as ſuppoſing *that* the moſt ſecure from the obſervation of thoſe above, who might be on the watch for me. With fear and trembling I went on, and at length ſaw the perpendicular and ſteep rock, on whoſe ſummit were the well-known towers of the *caſtelet* of Glenmorris. My faint heart beat quicker at the ſight. "Ah! wherefore," cried I, "is not the dear, dear maſter there to receive and protect his unhappy Laura!—If he yet lives, where is the power that could ſo long have detained him from me.—But he exiſts no longer; I ſhall never ſee him more; I am a wretch whom heaven and earth abandons!—Wherefore ſhould I fear

ſear to die? For what ſhould I live if I have loſt him!"

"Fatigue, deſpair, and that wearineſs of life, which it is impoſſible for the wretched not to feel when their ſick ſpirit bows beneath the weight of accumulated and long inflicted miſery, now were united once more to perſuade me, that as probably I muſt, in deſpite of all my endeavours, fall again into the power of Kilbrodie, I ſhould be juſtified in eſcaping from it by ſuicide. Young as I was I was not ignorant of the arguments that have been uſed on that and many other queſtions of importance to human happineſs, little thinking, when I read them, that the time would ever come when I ſhould reconſider their force as applicable to myſelf.—I was now reduced to the ſtate of him who, meditating on his diſmiſſion from life, is ſaid to

"Gaze with eager glance upon the trembling flood,"

And where,

"Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Deſpair for ever in his view,
A ſpectre pale appeared;
While as the ſhades of evening roſe,
And brought the days unwelcome cloſe,
More horrible and huge her giants ſhape ſhe reared *."

When the actual pains of faintneſs from inanition were felt; when I imagined it certain that I muſt either ſuffer the lingering horrors of dying by hunger, or become the moſt degraded, the moſt miſerable of human beings, I aſked myſelf, whether I was not in that ſituation when —"En me rendent la vie inſupportable Dieu

* T. Warton.

m'ordonne

m'ordonne de la quitter†."—To die, appeared to me much leſs offenſive to heaven and earth than to live on the terms I muſt ſuffer life, if I were again in the power of Kilbrodie.—My endurance of evil, the fortitude I might be able to exert, could not, in this caſe, be uſeful as an example to any one; for the wretched people among whom my ſhameful and polluted life muſt paſs would be inſenſible alike of my miſery or my reſolution; and for whom ought I to attempt to brave the exiſtence with which I was menaced?—I had never had a mother, for ſhe who bore me ſeemed to have thrown me off in my infancy as an impediment to her ambition. To my father ſhould I now return, and ſolicit my readmiſſion to his protection, I ſhould be only a cauſe of unhappineſs; for if he were diſpoſed, and had courage to receive and befriend me, the continual reproaches and ill-humour it would expoſe him to from my mother would embitter, and, perhaps, ſhorten his life if he yet lived; my huſband was dead; my child too, for whom I could have endured any thing but diſgrace, was ſnatched from me almoſt as ſoon as I had known the new and delightful ſenſations of maternal love.—For what then ſhould I live?—My life, burthenſome to myſelf, could be uſeful to nobody—my death would injure no human being—the arguments therefore againſt a voluntary eſcape from the evils of exiſtence, however juſt in general, were not applicable to me; I determined to die, and believed I ſhould have reſolution enough to walk into the ſea, and

† By rendering life inſupportable, God orders one to quit it.

J. J. Rousseau.

remain

remain till the riſing tide overwhelmed me.—Near the rocks oppoſite the fortreſs of Glenmorris was the ſpot where I wiſhed to end my life; for it was the ſight of that habitation, where I had paſſed the ſhort period of my felicity, that had irritated the anguiſh of my mind even to that deſpairing phrenſy which now made the evils I ſuffered and feared utterly inſupportable.

"There was at this period what are called neap tides, the ſea had receded much farther than in its accuſtomed reflux, and, I knew would be ſtill lower in the evening—to that time I determined to wait; for had I now traverſed the ſands towards the rocks, I might have been ſeen from the cliffs—retiring therefore into the deepeſt of the caverns, I awaited there the return of night, and took my laſt leave of the ſun. I found ſuch a place of temporary reſt as had ſerved me the preceding night, and ſat down faint and ſick, for I had now faſted above twenty hours, and I doubted whether, when the preſent day was paſſed, I ſhould have ſtrength to execute my purpoſe. The wind, which was low during the night, and had blown from the weſt, had now changed to the eaſt, and while by driving the ſea towards this coaſt it was likely to accelerate the fate I ſought, it rendered my preſent ſhelter more cold and dreary. I wrapped myſelf up in my cloak, and bound my handkerchief over my hat, then reclining on a fragment of the rock, a ſort of ſtupor, the effect of inanition, crept upon me—I ceaſed to feel ſo acutely the terrors of my condition—I almoſt ceaſed to be conſcious of my miſerable being; and I hoped that my life was ebbing ſlowly away without any act of my own to haſten its cloſe.

"This

" This ſtate of almoſt unconſcious languor was of all others the moſt deſirable, and yielding to it I had diſmiſſed my fears for a life of which heaven in its mercy ſeemed about to diſpoſe, and at length ſunk to abſolute inſenſibility, when I was ſuddenly recalled from it by loud talking immediately near me, and then by being roughly ſeized—I gazed with terror on the perſon that held me—it was an highlander, who ſpoke in Erſe, and ſo quick and indiſtinctly that my knowledge of the language was inſufficient to enable me to comprehend his meaning—his geſtures and countenance, however, did not ſtrike me as expreſſing ferocity, but rather wonder and doubt, as he addreſſed himſelf to ſome other men, who having, as I ſuppoſed, learned that I was a living being, and not a kelpie *, approached—I knew one of them; he was a young man who had formerly been employed by Glenmorris, and who ſpoke a little of the language of the lowlands; he immediately recogniſed me; expreſſing the greateſt aſtoniſhment and ſorrow at the ſituation in which he ſaw me. I explained, as well as I was able, the cauſes that had forced me from the abbey of Kilbrodie, and the reſolution I had taken, to die rather than return thither.

" Kilbrodie was now the maſter of theſe poor people; a maſter from whoſe power they could not appeal, and on whom their daily ſubſiſtence depended; yet there was not one of the three, but who, the moment they were acquainted with what had paſſed, even in the imperfect way in which I was able to explain it, offered to de-

* Kelpies are ſpirits haunting the ſea and rivers.

fend

ſend me to the laſt extremity, and ſpoke of my loſt Glenmorris in a manner that drew tears from eyes that I thought could have ſhed no more. I now acquired ſtength to entreat of them to take me to ſome place where I might be concealed from the ſearch that I thought would be made for me, till I could find means to go to England, where I told them I had friends who would amply reward them for their humanity.—I had a few hours before deplored the ſad certainty that I had not a friend on earth who would receive me, but with the proſpect of eſcaping from Kilbrodie my hopes were reanimated, and I thought I might yet find relief from poverty, if not protection, in the boſom of my own family.

"Theſe honeſt and faithful mountaineers, however, needed not any ſuch inducement to engage their beſt ſervices; the name of their lamented chieftain was enough; and they each ſwore in their rude way to die in defence of his unhappy widow.

"Malcolm, the elder of theſe men, was the uncle of him to whom I was known, though not of the ſame clan: he had engaged his nephew Donald, and another whoſe name was Duncan, to go out with him on a fiſhing party, when, the wind ſuddenly changing, they had put into the little creek near Glenmorris, inſtead of returning to their own cove, which lay almoſt two leagues farther to the ſouthward, and which they had doubted if they could reach before nightfall, when they apprehended, from the appearance of the weather, an equinoctial ſtorm—but all their apprehenſions and doubts were made light of, when my ſafety was in queſtion. Donald propoſed immediately putting to ſea, and by

by rowing to reach the cabin of his uncle, where I might be in leſs danger of diſcovery than in any place nearer Kilbrodie.—I eagerly liſtened to the offer, and the old man, as well as the younger boatman, his other companion, who was of the ſame place, readily aſſented to it. It was now nearly dark. They got their boat as near as they could to the ſhore, and carried me to it in their arms. The wind, which continued to riſe, augured but ill for the voyage; but my friends were ſtout and reſolute, and my fear of death ſo much leſs than of the fate I ſuppoſed I was eſcaping from, that I ſhould not, I think, have been ſenſible of fear, even if the ſtate of weakneſs I was reduced to had allowed me to ſee the peril which I afterwards found I had been in.

"The boatmen ſtruggled the whole night with a very tempeſtuous ſea; but each from time to time, as he was relieved from his oar, came forward to the place where I lay covered with a plaid and a coarſe ſeaman's jacket, and gave me as much as I could be induced to ſwallow of oatmeal mixed with water, or of a root called cormielle*, which they ſuppoſe to afford the beſt ſubſtitute for good food in caſes of fatigue and exertion—I drank alſo, at their earneſt entreaty, a few ſmall ſpoonfuls of their whiſky, which, perhaps, by occaſioning giddineſs and ſtupor, helped to quiet the apprehenſions I might otherwiſe have been under from the toſſing of the boat.

"Towards day-break we entered a ſort of creek, formed by the diſemboguing of a rivulet

* Orobus tuberoſus, the bulbous roots of which are eaten by the highlanders, and accounted very nouriſhing.

into

into the ſea; it was, they told me, three miles from thence to Malcolm's cottage. I moſt willingly exerted myſelf to go on ſhore, and, ſupported on each ſide by one of theſe friendly men, I walked without much ſuffering, except from the weight of my clothes, which, by the quantity of water the boat had taken in, were quite wet.

"The hut of the venerable Malcolm was not at all better than the wigwam of an Indian—a few large ſtones placed circularly * were the baſis of its wall, which was afterwards wattled and filled with earth; the top was covered too with ſods, with the heather yet growing upon them; it conſiſted of only one room with the fire place in the midſt, but towards the oppoſite end from the door there was a ſort of receſs, where, before my arrival, the family, which conſiſted of Malcolm, his wife, and two daughters, both grown up, ſlept; it was now entirely appropriated to my uſe; and ſeveral pieces of old plaids being joined together by Jeannie, the elder of the daughters, compoſed ſomething like a curtain, which at once contributed to conceal me from ſtrangers, and to my repoſe, when there were none.

"Nothing could be more cordial than the reception I had met with from theſe highland women, and all that their limited power afforded they did for me with ſuch readineſs and humanity, as I ſhould not perhaps have found among more civilized people. I was now refreſhed by new milk from their goats, my clothes were dried, and I repoſed in ſecurity. Donald,

* Or rather, as Dr. Johnſon deſcribes them, "with ſome tendency to circularity."

who ſeemed to take a more lively intereſt in my fate than the reſt, propoſed returning the next day to Kilbrodie, from whence, he told me, he would come back to let me know what effect my diſappearance had produced at the Abbey, and what they were doing to recover me. He gave the ſtricteſt charge to the auld weif, one of whoſe daughters he was ſoon to marry, to watch over me with care, and by no means to ſuffer any perſon out of their own family to know that they had a ſtranger in their houſe.

"I awaited his return to conſult with him on the beſt means of beginning my journey ſouthward. Alas! when I ventured to think ſteadily of the great diſtance there yet was between me and England, my heart once more ſunk in deſpondence. I had but a few ſhillings in my pocket; the only article of any value I had about me was a gold locket with three diamonds, and a ſmall ruby ſet at the top, in which was a lock of Glenmorris's hair.—This, as I could have taken out that dear relict, I could in ſome countries have diſpoſed of; but how in the north of Scotland could I expect to find a purchaſer for ſuch a trinket?

"Donald, whoſe re-appearance I impatiently expected, returned with the dawn of the next morning. As ſoon as I could ſee him, I eagerly enquired what he had learned; and he related, that there was the greateſt conſternation at the Abbey. The laird was in ſo great a fury, when I could not be found in or near the houſe, that he had diſmiſſed Menie and ſome other of the ſervants and dependants, bidding them never dare to venture back till I was diſcovered. The caſtelet of Glenmorris had already been ſearched, and the vengeance of its preſent owner threatened

threatened to cruſh any one who ſhould know and conceal my retreat, while, on the other hand, immunities and indulgences were promiſed to any of the vaſſals who might give notice of my hiding place. It was evident from this account that I could not long be ſafe where I was; yet whither go? and what would become of me?—Donald, whoſe zeal ſeemed to increaſe in proportion to my danger, was wholly at a loſs, and almoſt afraid of conſulting with any other perſon. His viſible perplexity and indeciſion aggravated my fears. I was afraid he doubted the fidelity of the gued man of the houſe. Every noiſe I heard, my heart beat ſo that I could not breathe, and ſuſpenſe and dread, ſuch as I now endured, ſeemed to be even worſe than the hopeleſs ſtate from which I had been reſcued.

"Donald returned to me again in about half an hour, and told me, he recollected a place, where, if I had courage to remain, I might perhaps reſt ſecurely till I could write to my friends in England, or find ſome means of conveyance thither. I eagerly implored him not to loſe a moment in conducting me thither. The reſt of the people of the cottage were now abſent; Jeannie and Donald alone remained, and they agreed that it would be better to ſeize the opportunity.—I propoſed, as a means of diſguiſe, to exchange my outer garments with this young woman, who, after making ſome difficulties on account of the ſuperior value of mine, conſented, and I was directly equipped in Jeannie's beſt apparel. She took a bottle of milk, half a dozen bannocks, a blanket, and a piece of linen, which had ſerved me for a ſheet in the cottage, and we ſet forth.

"As

"As we went, Donald deſcribed the place to which he was conducting me, and which, he ſaid, he had diſcovered in conſequence of having been loſt in hunting, and overtaken by a violent ſtorm. The diſtance from the habitation of Malcolm he reckoned to be four miles, but I thought it nearer ten. At laſt we reached the ſummit of an elevated and rocky ridge of land, from whence appeared an almoſt perpendicular declivity, covered with birch, holly, and thorn, ſo thickly interwoven that it appeared difficult to paſs among them. This was almoſt the only reſemblance to a wood that I had ſeen in Scotland.

"My guide led the way down a narrow path, or rather ſtair, which one would have thought only practicable for a highlander or a goat; no alpine road could be ſteeper; and without his aſſiſtance, and that of Jeannie, I could never have reached the ſpot, where, half way down, the rock was faſhioned into the rude ſemblance of an human habitation.—"This," ſaid my conductor, "is a place made, as is ſuppoſed, by the laird of a neighbouring caſtle, now quite demoliſhed, to hide his family, and what he had moſt precious, from the ſearch of his enemies. Afterwards, as ſome old men relate, an hermit lived here, but now the very exiſtence of the place is hardly known; and I am ſure, if your courage does not fail you during the loneline's and darkne's of the night, you will here be in perfect ſafety." I entered with Jeannie, and examined the place, while Donald ran again to the brow with the ſwiftne's of a roebuck to collect heather for my bed. Jeannie, ſoft-hearted and compaſſionate, could not reſtrain from ſhedding tears as ſhe ſurveyed this

dismal

diſmal abode; but to me the gloomineſs of its appearance was mitigated by the hope of ſafety it would afford me, and its privacy promiſed me that tranquillity which in her father's hut I could not obtain. For the reſt, the ſurvey certainly afforded nothing flattering; the place was about twenty feet long, and about ten broad, cut like a ſhelf in the acclivity, and roofed by I know not what contrivance, which prevented its ſeeming to be a roof without. There were two apertures, which appeared once to have reſembled windows more than they did now; the door was a great flag ſtone that did not very completely ſhut the entrance, yet ſerved well enough, except at the top, to keep out the weather. There were now no marks of any human inhabitant, but a croſs cut in the rocky wall at the upper end, and a great ſtone that probably ſerved the hermit for a ſeat. A bird's neſt or two, and the remains of others, hung in the corners and about the crevices. At the farther extremity then of this place Donald made my bed, piling up as much heather as he could bring at twice; and having prepared every thing for my convenience as well as circumſtances allowed, they reluctantly departed, Jeannie being, I could obſerve, extremely ſolicitous, as well as her lover, to return before a certain hour, and though they did not avow it, I perceived that they wiſhed, and had conſulted together, how to conceal from the reſt of the family that they were parties to my retreat. I knew not by what ſtory they meant to account for my diſappearance, but it was evident they were unwilling that the place of my concealment ſhould be known to any but themſelves. They promiſed that both would come the next day with a ſup-

ply

ply of provisions, the best they could obtain, if not together, each as opportunity occurred; and that I might not be surprised, we agreed upon a signal by which I was to be assured it was one of them that demanded admittance. I saw them depart with fear and regret, and resigned myself to solitude and tears."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Her tender heart ſo thrill'd.
That ſudden cold did run through every vein,
And ſtony horror all her ſenſes fill'd
With dying fit, that down ſhe fell for pain—
The knight her lightly reared up again,
And comforted with courteous kind relief;
They leſſer dread can bear, who have endured the chief.

MRS. Glenmorris thus proceeded to relate her ſenſations in the new and ſtrange ſituation ſhe was thrown into.

"I was now left alone to my own ſad contemplations. As long as I could hear the ſteps of Donald and his companion mounting the precipice above me, I liſtened as if it afforded me ſatisfaction to liſten. The ſound became fainter and fainter, and at length totally ceaſing, I heard nothing but the *ſugh* * of the trees around my tomb-like dwelling, bending in the autumnal blaſt which already began to ſtrip them of their leaves. Low and hollow it murmured among them, bringing at intervals the ſound of a cataract which precipitated itſelf with violence from between a chaſm of the woody height half a mile farther. Of the noiſe of this torrent, heard particularly loud before great rains or ſtorms, Donald had informed me, leſt it ſhould alarm me if I could not account for it. It now portended ſuch a change of weather as might too probably prevent my friendly purveyors from viſiting me the next day, I therefore

* Murmuring or ſighing of the wind as it ſways the trees.

eat

eat ſparingly of the little ſtock of proviſions they had furniſhed me with, and as I was denied the comfort of light, leſt any accidental wanderer ſhould be led by it to examine "the cell" (as the place I was in was called) I laid me down on my bed of heather, which being made after the highland way, with the tender ſhoots uppermoſt, and covered with a blanket and a plaid, was far leſs uncomfortable than might have been ſuppoſed. I endeavoured to perſuade myſelf I was for this night at leaſt in ſecurity, and fatigue helped me to enjoy a more tranquil ſlumber than I had taſted ſince I left the Abbey; for in Malcolm's cottage the noiſe of the people within ſo near me, and of poultry and goats in a ſhed cloſe to the *ben* where I was, together with my dread of diſcovery and purſuit, had effectually murdered ſleep.

"Now, however, in my rude and ſavage lodging, I had ſome hours of undiſturbed repoſe, and when I awoke the following morning I found myſelf refreſhed, and my ſpirits lightened of much of their dread.—I ventured to ſteal out, and at firſt looked fearfully around me, but the nature of the place, wild, ſolitary, far as it ſeemed from the haunts of men, and almoſt inacceſſible to any but the adventurous ſportſman, helped to reaſſure me. The ſtorm I had apprehended had paſſed off, and though there was a ſtrong breeze, the ſky was perfectly blue, ſave where the fleecy clouds, ſeparated by the wind, floated lightly before it. I had ſoon collected courage enough to remark the outward appearance of my ruſtic houſe, where the little art that had been uſed was ſo connected with nature's maſonry, which had laid horizontal ſtrata of rock eaſily excavated,

cavated, that without it could hardly be diſtinguiſhed from the maſs it belonged to, eſpecially mantled as it was with ſuch plants as wind over rocks and walls under the ſhelter of trees.—The holly *, whoſe ſhining thorny and ſpiny head ſo much ſhadowed the whole eminence, had found amidſt the roof place for three or four young plants mingling with the larger growth above them; the common bramble † crept over another parr of it, and hung in long feſtoons, half concealing the windows; the net-work of the houſeleak ‡ clothed another ſpot; and from others waved the pellitory ‖, the feſcue graſs, and the poa. The ſtonecrop § had in ſummer made one place gay with its yellow bloſſoms, and near it were yet a few lingering flowers of the mountain crane's bill ¶—All theſe I knew and recogniſed as once of my acquaintance under warmer ſuns, and for the moſt part aſſociated with very different objects.—Within, my hermitage was not wholly deſtitute of thoſe vegetable ornaments with which nature delights to decorate, or to hide the deformity of her moſt rugged ſurfaces.—My walls, which were only partially damp, were tapeſtried with the rock-lichen **, the teſſellated lichen, and the ſilver bryum ††. Through the defects in the

* The holly (ilex-aquifolium). The beautiful plant with which Burns compoſed the chaplet of his Scottiſh muſe.

† Rubus preticaſus. There is ſomething particularly elegant in the alternate triple leaves and the long weak branches of this plant.

‡ Sempervivum tectorum.

‖ Parietaria officinalis.

§ Sedum acre, or wall pepper.

¶ Geranium ſylvaticum.

** Lichen ſcrupoſus.

†† Bryum argenetum.

roof,

roof, ſome of the plants growing without had inſinuated themſelves, and dangled over my head with the ſpleenwort * and the wall † hawkweed. Amidſt the many ſad hours I have paſſed, I have never failed to feel my ſpirits ſoothed by the contemplation of vegetable nature, and I have often thought that, wherever I could gaze on the cloŭds above, and ſee the earth below me clothed with graſs and flowers, I could find ſome, though a melancholy, pleaſure in exiſtence.—My bower was not ornamented like the grotto of Calypſo, but nature was not quite torpid within and about it, and I hoped I might find ſecurity, and endure life till I could reach England, though ſtill my heart's deep wounds unceaſingly bled, and ſtill the image of my loſt happineſs haunted me.

"I was ſorry that the ſeaſon refuſed me the company of the birds, the remains of whoſe neſts hung among my ruſtic cornice. It was uncertain how long I might ſtay here, and, methought, any inoffenſive animated being would have given me comfort.—I now began to look out for my friendly Donald and his intereſting Jeannie.—It was already evening, when they both arrived breathleſs with haſte, and bringing with them ſuch proviſions as they could obtain. I was not faſtidious, and found their oat-cake and buttermilk excellent; they had added ſome dried fiſh, which I could not yet learn to eat, and ſome of the * cloud berries, which at this ſeaſon ripen on the boggy ſummits of the mountains, and which I thought an ad-

* Aſplenium tricomanoides, common maiden hair.
† Hieracium murorum.
* Rubus chamœmorus.

mirable

mirable deſſert. I entreated them to tell me, while I eat my ſimple fare, what effects my abſence had produced in the cottage of Malcolm. They appeared rather unwilling to enter into particulars, but at length I learned that ſome of Kilbrodie's people had actually been at the cottage, and among thoſe of the neighbourhood, offering a reward to whoever ſhould diſcover me; and the family of Malcolm ſeemed comforted with the certainty that I was out of the reach of my purſuers, though they affected not to ſuſpect that Jeannie and her lover were acceſſary to my diſappearance. My blood ran cold at this information; I fancied I already heard the voices of my purſuers, already ſaw the terrific countenance of Kilbrodie, ſuch as I had laſt beheld it, and ſuppoſed myſelf dragged back to the priſon where I had ſo cruelly ſuffered from his deteſted mother.

"The comforts of my repaſt were not increaſed by theſe reflections, nor by the haſte in which my friends were to leave me. Jeannie had indeed brought me every thing within her reach, which ſhe thought could contribute to my comfort, and Donald had provided me, with great difficulty, with a pen, ink, and paper, borrowed from a ſervant at Glenmorris, as he told me, for of ſuch implements the fiſhers of the coaſt, or the herdſmen of the hills, knew not the uſe. With theſe I had determined to write to my ſiſter, and Donald was the next day to take my letter, which he had an opportunity, he ſaid, to ſend to Inverneſs by a friend of his on whom he could depend. Before theſe ſimple lovers left me once more to my ſad reflections, Donald endeavoured to re-aſſure me. The emiſſaries of Kilbrodie,

Kilbrodie, he ſaid, though apparently compelled to obey him, were ſo far from being zealous or active in his cauſe, that he was univerſally deteſted; and he again proteſted, that none knew of "the cells" as being a likely place of concealment, or would think of looking there. With theſe and other ſuch arguments as he could offer I was obliged to be content; and the tranquillity in which I paſſed this and ſeveral ſucceeding nights, one or other of my faithful friends viſiting me every day, at length ſubdued the moſt alarming of my fears. I had now been a fortnight abſent from the Abbey, and I began to hope that the ſearch, being wholly uſeleſs, would languiſh, and at length ceaſe, and that my perſecutors would ſuppoſe I had found the means of tranſporting myſelf to England.

"I had ſtill, however, inconveniencies enough to encounter. As the autumn advanced, the cold began to make itſelf felt; and though Donald had contrived to procure me another blanket, and Jeannie every thing elſe that, without its being miſſed, ſhe could ſecrete, I ſuffered conſiderably from the ſeverity of the nights; nor was I always during the day free from terror. The wood, which I found much more extenſive than I had at firſt imagined, and terminating in a pine foreſt, almoſt the only one within many miles, was infeſted by wild or martin cats, that not only deſtroyed the birds, of which I would willingly have made companions, but terrified me by their fierceneſs: I frequently ſaw them ſpring from tree to tree, or traverſe the roof of my hermitage; what was worſe, they were the cauſe of hunters frequenting the wood, and climbing, in purſuit of them, even the ſteepeſt part

of

of the rocky acclivity; and though I had never ſeen any of theſe ſportſmen, I had heard them very near, and even the ſhot rattle among the branches. As the leaves fell I knew my dwelling muſt inevitably be more expoſed, and I doubted whether it were poſſible for me to remain concealed till I could receive an anſwer from England.

"Donald, having now married his bonnie Jeannie, was building a cottage near that of her parents; the difficulty of their viſiting me was therefore conſiderably leſſened, and they obtained the means of aſſiſting me more eaſily; and when I expreſſed to Donald my apprehenſions of their injuring themſelves by kindneſs, which it was impoſſible they could afford, and very uncertain whether I could ever find means to repay, he proteſted almoſt with tears in his eyes, that he would not only ſerve to the laſt hour of his life the widow of Glenmorris, but ſacrifice his life itſelf, if it was required, in her ſervice. Such a tribute of affection to the memory of my huſband affected me more than could any friendſhip of which I was alone the object.

"With an heavy, cold, deſponding, heart I calculated the length of time that might ſtill intervene before I could hear from my ſiſter, if indeed ſhe deigned to anſwer my letter. Though we had always lived on terms of ſiſterly affection, I knew not how her change of ſituation, and the ambitious or avaricious views of her huſband and his family, might have changed a heart that never had any great portion of warmth and energy. Of herſelf, perhaps, ſhe might not be able to ſend me aſſiſtance, and if ſhe meant to do it by application to my father, the intereſted views of

Lady

Lady Mary and her huſband might unite to prevent her ſucceſs.

" Amidſt ſuch reflections paſſed my mournful days. Sometimes I gave myſelf to the darkeſt deſpondence, and reproached myſelf for the meanneſs and cowardice with which I was content to drag on a life uſeful to no human being, and to myſelf intolerable; at other times the lingering love of life, which is ſo deeply implanted in our nature, that wretches are ſeen to cling to exiſtence, even when loathſome diſeaſe and excruciating pains are added to the horrors of the moſt ſqualid poverty; that innate principle of ſelf preſervation, which often ſeems the moſt predominant where life is the leaſt worth preſerving, drew me back to the abject endurance of evil, and my youth, my diſpoſition, naturally ſanguine and cheerful, held out occaſionally ſome faint ſketches, that though they were not drawn by the hand of hope, (for with hope I ſeemed to have nothing more to do) were yet of a leſs gloomy caſt; and this happened when the ſun was bright and the air pure, and I could breathe freely, and taſted ſomething that gave me an idea of the liberty of a diſembodied ſpirit. I was alone in the univerſe, I might expatiate at my pleaſure on every part of it, and if I intereſted no one, none had at leaſt the right to controul me. But rare were theſe aſpirations; and when for a moment I indulged them, I was dragged back again to a ſenſe of my wretchedneſs, by remembering how helpleſs I was from my ſex and age, and that another hour might put me into the power of a tyrant who might deſtroy me by the moſt dreadful of all deaths, by degrading me, and making me hateful to myſelf.

" It

"It happened in the third week of my ſeclusion in the cell, that, the weather having been for the ſeaſon unuſually mild during two days, I had ſlept better becauſe leſs incommoded by the cold, and very early one morning, imagining that no perſon was likely to be near my remote abode at that hour, I determined to indulge myſelf in a ramble into the valley which lay beneath this rocky deſcent; it was a ſort of moraſs formed by the ſtagnation of two or three ſmall ſtreams, which filtered out of this acclivity, and which, finding no rapid admiſſion into the neighbouring lake, had made the glen, winding among the mountains for about two miles, of little other uſe than to produce turf for firing, and that ſpecies of wild fruit called cranberries *, which the children from the moſt neighbouring cottages had now for a day or two been employed in picking, as Donald informed me, of whom I had enquired from whence came the clamours of infant voices, which I had heard during that time in my ſolitary cave. I was very fond of this berry; but the mere indulgence of a childiſh appetite would not have induced me to hazard an alarm; however, believing I ſhould go and return long before the little collectors of the fruit began their morning's toil, I ventured. The deſcent by ſteps among the rocks, holding by the branches of trees, was rather ſlow than dangerous, and I ſoon found myſelf on the marſh, and began to fill a little baſket in which Jeannie ſometimes brought my bannocks. Eagerly employed that I might return directly, I heard nothing but

* Cranberries, moſsberries, or moorberries, Vaccinium Oxycocoos.

the

the wind buzzing in the plaid which which my head was bound, when ſuddenly an human figure ſtood before me. I uttered a faint ſhriek without having courage to look upon it, and endeavoured to retreat, though inſtantly feeling the attempt vain; and no other idea than that of Kilbrodie being preſent to me, I ſunk on my knees, and with lifted hands appeared to implore the mercy I had no voice to aſk, and no hope of obtaining.

"The perſon purſued and ſpoke to me. It was not the voice of Kilbrodie. Oh! then my fainting heart told me it was that of one of his people—but as that afforded me rather more hope, ſince *they* might perhaps pity me, I ventured to look on the man who had now taken my hand, and in the Erſe language aſked me why I was terrified?—and why I attempted to run from him?—He was a young man in the dreſs of an highland hunter, but gentleneſs and compaſſion were evident in his countenance, and the moment I aſked myſelf if this *could* be an agent of Kilbrodie's? I was re-aſſured by the conſciouſneſs that it could not. I as inſtantaneouſly comprehended that he was merely a ſportſman, whoſe curioſity was raiſed by my attempt to eſcape; and who, if I could make him ſuppoſe me an highland girl, ſuch as my dreſs indicated, would think no more about me. This, however, was impoſſible, whatever preſence of mind I endeavoured to exert. Though I underſtood, I ſpoke only a few words of the Erſe, and it was impoſſible for me to frame a ſentence without betraying myſelf. However, conſcious of this, I attempted it—the effect was exactly what might have been expected. The young man, with apparent amazement, then ſpoke to me in Engliſh as free from the accent of the

the country we were in as that was in which I anſwered him.—I told him confuſedly, that I was an Engliſh woman, whom ſome ſingular events had ſeparated from her country, and who having unhappily loſt her protector, deſired, without knowing how, to return to it. I cannot now relate the exact words in which the ſtranger offered me not only an immediate aſylum in his houſe, but every aſſiſtance I wanted, to return to England. It was long ſince I had heard the words of kindneſs and humanity—My heart vibrated to the ſound, and tears, the firſt I had ſhed without bitterneſs for many months, fell from my eyes.

"Every circumſtance concurred to excite the curioſity of the ſtranger, who entreated me to tell him where I lived? and how he could befriend me? He told me that he had a conſiderable property in the country, and that that advantage never could otherwiſe give him ſo much pleaſure as it might do if he could be of uſe to me.—I knew not how to tell him where my lonely abode was, nor the reaſons that had driven me to ſeek ſo ſtrange an aſylum; ſtill leſs could I ſhew it him; but I felt myſelf unable to continue our converſation where we were. He ſaw that ſome terror hung over me, and that I could hardly ſupport myſelf; he therefore propoſed that I ſhould find a ſeat under ſhelter of the trees, "where," ſaid he, "if you will allow me to ſit by you," I may perhaps learn how you will permit me to ſerve you—I have two ſervants ſomewhere about the hills, within hearing of my gun, which if I fire twice in a particular manner they will attend to, and I can employ them, as well as myſelf, in the execution of any commands you may honour me with."

"I ſuffered him to lead me to a ſeat formed by projecting rocks, and concealed by a few ſtraggling trees, and then, ſoothed by the pity his looks and words expreſſed, I began to relate, as well as I could, the ſucceſſion of cruel circumſtances which had made my hiding myſelf in a rocky receſs of the wood above, my only means of ſafety. I no ſooner named Glenmorris than he ſtarted up, and in a moſt affecting manner told me, he had once been his intimate friend, and that on arriving in Scotland for the ſhooting ſeaſon, he had heard with grief and aſtoniſhment that Glenmorris had been killed in defending his houſe againſt the deſcent of ſome marauders, calling themſelves the crew of an American privateer. The reſt of my narrative was more diſtinctly told, when I recovered from the firſt burſt of anguiſh recurring to me from the renewal of the cruel images of ſeparation and death, and when I knew that I was ſpeaking to a friend of Glenmorris.—This friend no longer left me any choice in the future diſpoſal of myſelf, but firing his gun twice, at an interval of two minutes, he told me that, when his ſervants came, who would ſoon be with him, he ſhould direct one of them to place me on his horſe and walk by me, while the other ſhould fetch ſuch things as I deſired to have from my hermitage; "and I," ſaid he, will be your avant-courier, and give notice at Ardendale of your arrival; I have a ſiſter there with me, who will be happy to receive you, and will unite with me, dear Mrs. Glenmorris, in trying what we can do to mitigate theſe calamities, the ſenſe of which time only can effectually blunt. I believe he gueſſed at the objection I was about to make to this

hoſpitable propoſal, for he ſaid, "you need not fear any attempts from the maſter of Kilbrodie; he cannot intrude upon *me*, as, if he thought proper to do it, I ſhould ſoon know how to prevent any moleſtation from ſuch a quarter." From thence I underſtood that a ſecure aſylum, rendered unobjectionable by the preſence of his ſiſter, and under the roof of Glenmorris's friend, was offered me. It would have been folly and madneſs to have refuſed it—I accepted it therefore with gratitude. His ſervants arrived at his ſummons, and received his directions. I begged they might go with me to my friendly cell, as I not only wanted the little linen and other things I had there, but was deſirous to acconnt to Donald and Jeannie for my abſence. This I did in a few lines, which I left on my ſtone bench, expreſsing that I was by a fortunate chance removing to a place of ſafety, and would write to them in a ſhort time. My few effects being put up, I deſcended again to the place where the men had left their horſes, on one of which they placed me, while they walked carefully by my ſide—their maſter was already gone to announce my arrival to his houſehold."

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CHAP. XXII.

Chi mette il piè ſu l'amora pania,
Cerchi ritrarlo, e non v'inveſchi l'ale,
Chè non è in ſomma amor ſe non infania,
A giudicio de' ſavi univerſale.

THE narrative thus proceeded:

"As I rode along, I could not help reflecting on the ſingularity of my fate. I was alone in the mountainous wilderneſs of Scotland, under the conduct of two ſtrangers, going I knew not whither; to an houſe, the name of whoſe owner was unknown to me. I failed not, however, to aſk the ſervants, to whom I was about to be obliged for a reception? and one of them, who was an Engliſhman, told me his maſter was Lord Macarden, a young Scottiſh nobleman of large fortune, who reſided chiefly at a fine eſtate he had in England, inherited from his mother, who had been a great heireſs; that his houſe in Scotland was the conſtant reſidence of his ſiſter, the Honourable Mrs. Mackirk, who was the daughter of the late Lord Macarden by a former wife, and who having married unfortunately, and been left a widow with a family of children, his lord took care of them all, and had as good as given them his Scotch houſe, and land enough round it to ſupply them; "and it muſt be owned," ſaid the man, "that there be very few gentlemen or noblemen, either in this here country or any other, as be one tythe as good as my maſter."

"I could not fail to have my ſpirits revived by this account, and I acquired by it courage

courage to ſuſtain me during a much longer journey than I imagined, as we proceeded for ſix Scottiſh miles, which I thought more than equal to twice as many Engliſh, before we entered the avenue of the great houſe to which I was to be conducted. This avenue appeared at a diſtance marked by the old pines that bordered it, and were the only trees viſible among the wild and hilly heaths; it was near a mile long; the front of the houſe, or rather caſtle, was very extenſive, old, heavy, and preſenting ideas of gothic ſplendor and melancholy magnificence. Lord Macarden haſtened out to meet me, lifted me from my horſe, aſſured me his ſiſter expected me with impatience; but, added he, "after the fatigue of ſuch a journey, and the alarm of the morning, it is poſſible you may wiſh to retire for a ſhort time to your own apartment before ſtrangers are introduced to you, I have therefore given orders to have a room ready, where you may be alone, and where I hope you will find every accommodation the time has allowed my ſiſter to procure."

"I accepted this offer, expreſſing as well as I could my thanks for his conſiderate kindneſs. A female ſervant immediately appeared, who led the way up an old and wide ſtair caſe to a very handſome dreſſing room with a large bed chamber beyond it; they were richly furniſhed, and though the furniture was old it was in excellent order—Good fires were in both the rooms—and on a table in one of them was ſpread a quantity of linen, two morning dreſſes of muſlin, which from their make would fit any one, and every article of female apparel, with a note from Mrs. Mackirk, entreating me to conſider them as my own till I could

I could provide myſelf with ſuch articles as from my late ſituation I muſt have wanted.

"I had long been deprived, not only o the decencies, but the neceſſaries of life, and the comfort of being thus reſtored to them was not inconſiderable.—To perſons of ſuch fortune as my benefactors I had no heſitation in being obliged; and I endeavoured to calm my ſpirits, and prepare as ſpeedily as I could to ſhew them that their kindneſs was not beſtowed on an ungrateful being—but my hands trembled, my weakneſs from ſcanty food and perpetual fear became more apparent, and it was not without accepting the aſſiſtance offered me by a female ſervant, that I was able to dreſs myſelf. She then brought me ſome refreſhment; but ſtill I was ſo feeble that it was with difficulty I at laſt collected force to aſk permiſſion to thank Mrs. Mackirk.—A meſſage was returned, that ſhe would wait on me in my dreſſing room, and in a few moments ſhe entered, accompanied by her brother, who led her up to me, and in a manner equally polite and humane, introduced me.

"But in the air, in the countenance of the lady, there was nothing reſponſive to the open and generous warmth with which Lord Macarden ſeemed to delight in having reſcued me from diſtreſs. She ſaluted me, indeed, and made a civil ſpeech, but there appeared to be an invincible coldneſs and hardneſs in her deportment. I thought the glance of her eye, as ſhe ſurveyed my perſon, expreſſed any thing rather than friendly approbation. She ſeemed haughty, ſtiff, and formal, and there was about her I knew not what of a repellent quality, from which involuntarily I ſhrunk. She was fourteen years older than her brother, and appeared

peared yet more. I had ſeen many plainer women, but never any whoſe countenance pleaſed me ſo little, and this diſlike, as in ſuch caſes generally happens, was mutual. Mrs. Mackirk liked me as little as I did her; but the common habits of civility, and the neceſſity ſhe was under to pleaſe her brother, were ſufficient to induce her to conceal her coldneſs under ſuch forms of hoſpitality as the occaſion ſeemed to call for.

"Far different, however, are theſe from the genuine and intereſting expreſſions of real ſympathy and generous affection. I felt, even in the firſt interview, that Mrs. Mackirk would never be my friend; that I could never communicate to her the emotions which ſwelled or depreſſed my heart; and that though ſhe had herſelf loſt an huſband, I could not weep to her, and talk of Glenmorris.

"In a few days I had recovered my ſtrength, and with it ſome degree of that bloom of youth, which, at firſt, grief, and ſince, famine and ſolicitude, had blighted—not that I was now free from anxiety, far otherwiſe—I waited with the moſt painful anxiety for the anſwer I hoped to receive from Lady Daventry. Donald, who now knew where to find me, would, I knew, bring it as ſoon as he got it; but none came; every hour, therefore, encreaſed the probability that none might come, and I began to conſider what I ought to do to remove myſelf from the painful neceſſity of being for any length of time wholly dependant on the bounty of ſtrangers.

"Mrs. Mackirk had ſix children—The three eldeſt ſons were already provided for by their generous uncle; the youngeſt, who was a child of ſix years old, and the two girls, one of

of nine, the other of eight, were with their mother. Theſe children were ſuppoſed to be in a courſe of ſome ſort of education between their mother and a perſon who was to act as a kind of governeſs to them and waiting woman to her; but Mrs. Mackirk herſelf was not only of a very inert diſpoſition, but had no taſte for books, and deteſted muſic—She had learned to ſpeak a little French, but ſo ill, and with ſo much of the Scotch accent, that ſhe could not even direct their reading it; and as to drawing and fine works ſhe had not a ſingle idea of any thing of the kind—Her aſſiſtant was ſtill leſs qualified; for even the ſlender ſtock of information obtained as an half boarder in an inferior ſchool in town, ſhe never had patience to communicate, being, I think, the moſt peeviſh and iraſcible being I ever met with—Her look, which might have qualified her to ſit for the *pendent* to the caricature before Churchill's poem of The Prophecy of Famine, was ſo forbidding, and her voice, in which vulgar London phraſes were uttered, was ſo ſharp and painful to the ears, that the poor children fled from her as from their torment, and never were compelled to go to their leſſons but by threats, and ſometimes ſevere puniſhment. Inſenſibly, as I had books from a very good library in the houſe, the little boy, who was a moſt intereſting child, began to hang about me, and aſk me to tell him ſome of the ſtories I read, which I had once or twice done to amuſe his ſiſters when we were alone; and I found my own ſorrows ſuſpended as theſe innocent creatures appeared to derive pleaſure and a little intelligence from me. Nothing was wanting but to excite their curioſity, and invite

vite them with kindneſs to gratify it. In a very few days after they had taken a fancy that I ſhould hear them read, their progreſs was aſtoniſhing, and the boy, of whom Lord Macarden was particularly fond, repeated to his uncle ſome of his new acquiſitions with correctneſs and intelligence, ſuch as he had before no idea of. Lord Macarden was delighted, and ſaid ſo much about my kindneſs, that it occurred to me I might perhaps, by making myſelf uſeful to the children while *I did ſtay*, return, though only in a ſlight degree, ſome of the many obligations I owed—Flattered by this idea I became almoſt indefatigable with my voluntary ſcholars, and their progreſs was wonderful. The eldeſt girl had a decided talent for drawing—I gave her a few inſtructions, and Lord Macarden was never weary of admiring the little ſketches ſhe did;—he produced from his library all kinds of materials for drawing, which he had collected for his own amuſement, and divided them among the children, ſaying, "Now beg Mrs. Glenmorris to continue her favour to you. and ſhew you, when ſhe is quite at leiſure, how to uſe theſe things, and then we will ſend to London for more, the beſt that can be had." The boy, who was leaning at that moment on his uncle's knee, looked up in his face, and ſaid, "Do you know, uncle, that Mrs. Glenmorris underſtands how to do every thing? Mama has had a great many pretty coloured threads in her drawer a great while, and Mrs. Glenmorris has made a pattern, and painted with theſe ſilks or threads, and a needle, ſuch pretty flowers for a ſkreen for mama, that you would think you might quite ſmell to them; beſides, I know what elſe ſhe can do."

"Lord Macarden eagerly aſked what? "Why ſhe can ſing, and could play upon the harpſichord in the billiard room if it was but in tune. One afternoon, when ſhe thought I was gone out walking with Jamia and Matilda, I came back to fetch one of my bows, and ſhe ſat by herſelf ſinging ſo ſweetly, and made the harpſichord ſound now and then—but when I ran to her, and deſired her to play to me, ſhe ſighed, and ſeemed very ſorrowful, and ſhut up the harpſichord; for ſhe ſaid ſhe could not play upon it, it was not in tune. Uncle, ſend for a man to tune it, will you? We ſhould ſo like to hear Mrs. Glenmorris play upon it, and ſo would you, mama, ſhould not you?"

"No," anſwered his mother abruptly, "I ſhould not; I am not fond of muſic."

"I could not be inſenſible to this rudeneſs, which, though the lady had often exhibited ſomething of the ſame ſort before, was more marked than uſual. Tears, in deſpite of the effort I made to conquer them, roſe in my eyes, and my emotion choked my utterance. "Madam," ſaid I, in a voice hardly articulate, "do not apprehend that I ſhall intrude upon you with ſounds of gaiety or of pleaſure—I am too unhappy—too conſcious of my unhappineſs." This was the firſt time I had ever appeared to notice the ill humour of Mrs. Mackirk, or the ſullen reluctance with which ſhe rather ſuffered, than encouraged, the little kindneſſes I endeavoured to do her children. Cold in her manner, and ſtruggling, as I ſoon perceived, to conceal under the common forms of civility the diſtaſte which a narrow mind feels towards thoſe who poſſeſs any advantages of education, intellect, or perſon, I had from the firſt, found the behaviour of this lady very diſpleaſing. Her brother's manly politeneſs,

liteneſs, while it endeavoured to conceal, had greatly palliated the unpleaſantneſs of ſuch behaviour; but for ſome days I obſerved the bitterneſs of her ſpirit acquired new force; ſhe could not look at me without giving a malignant turn to her features; ſhe could never ſpeak to me but in the petulant voice of repreſſed averſion; and I failed not to perceive, that the trifling ſervices I did to her children, on which her brother often deſcanted, giving them, perhaps, more conſequence than they could poſſibly deſerve, were thought of by the lady rather as proofs of ſuperiority which ſhe could not bear, than as inſtances of voluntary kindneſs. But while I ſaw that Lord Macarden was ſo much delighted with my attempts to inſtruct them, and while the children themſelves were at once improved and happy when they were with me, I ſeemed to be paying a ſmall part of my debt of gratitude to my benefactor, in devoting my time to their inſtruction.

"I had now no ſooner repelled with ſomething like reſentment what I conſidered as a ſarcaſm, than I turned my eyes on Lord Macarden, and ſaw concern ſo ſtrongly expreſſed on his countenance, that I repented of my warmth, and unable to ſubdue the various emotions that aſſailed me, I aroſe and left the room, ſtrolling, I knew not why, beyond what is called a policy, into a plantation of firs, pines, and other hardy trees, which were grown to a conſiderable ſize, being in a ſpot open to the ſouth, and defended from the north and north-eaſt by high land, whoſe baſe was ornamented by their ſhade.

"The night reſembled exactly that when, twelve months before, I had, after our firſt ſeparation, met Glenmorris, and agreed to unite my fate with his; except that then an early moon

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had lit my way, and now it was at the full. The moon in northern countries * ſhines with a more powerful and brilliant light than nearer the tropics; the contraſt formed by the dark pines that waved above my head, added to her calm and ſoothing ſplendor, affecting the mind, not with the enlivening cheerfulneſs it receives from the vivifying light of the ſun, but with a ſort of penſive and melancholy delight which no other object in nature equally inſpires. The trouble of my ruffled ſpirits ſubſided as I walked gazing on this lovely planet, and liſtening to the murmur of the wind, which has a peculiar ſound among fir woods. I thought of all that had paſſed ſince my firſt quitting Sandthwaite Caſtle, the ſhort period of happineſs I had paſſed with Glenmorris, the ſtill accumulating bitterneſs which had marked my days ſince I loſt him, and hardly did I venture to truſt myſelf with the thoughts of what was to come; but when I acquired reſolution to conſider ſteadily what it was beſt for me to do, I ſoon took a reſolution to relieve Mrs. Mackirk from the uneaſineſs of my preſence; I knew that there was no other way of doing this but by applying to Lord Macarden for the means of returning to England; I was indeed very unwilling to increaſe obligations already ſo great, but it was better to ſuffer him to exert his generoſity in conveying me where it was poſſible I ſhould acquire the means of repaying them, than to continue burthenſome to him in Scotland, and, what was yet worſe, be-

* "Had Young ever travelled towards the north, I ſhould not have wondered at his becoming enamoured of the moon." "The heavens alſo, of a clear ſoftened blue, throw her forward, and the evening ſtar appears a leſſer moon to the naked eye."——Letters written from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, by Mary Wolſtencroft.

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coming the cauſe of coldneſs, if not of diſagreement, between him and his ſiſter.

"I reſolved then to addreſs myſelf to him by letter, for I knew I had not courage to ſpeak, and I buſied myſelf in conſidering what form of words to uſe, when turning to go towards the houſe along the broad graſs walk I was in, I ſaw a man cloſe to me, who ſeeing by my ſtarting back that I was alarmed, ſtepped forward and ſpoke—it was Lord Macarden.

"Forgive me," ſaid he, "for the apparent impertinence of thus breaking in on your ſolitude, but I cannot, indeed I cannot, bear to ſee you uneaſy, and I came to apologize for my ſiſter. She is unhappy, her temper is become irritable, and I am afraid the weakneſs of hopeleſsly repining at her deſtiny grows upon her.—You," added he, ſoftening his voice, and taking my hand—"You have greatneſs of mind enough to pity and forgive her petulance. You are too candid, too generous to expect that every woman, that women of inferior minds, can bear adverſity and ſorrow as you do, with the mild reſignation of an angel."

"Lord Macarden had ſometimes made me ſuch ſpeeches as this before, but I had conſidered them as nothing more than the effect of that ſort of unmeaning gallantry which a man of his age accuſtoms himſelf to ſhew towards a woman of mine. His preſent addreſs, and the time and place he had choſen to make it in, made it more pointed. I wiſhed, however, to paſs over it as mere common place, and tried to enter at once on the ſubject of my departure; he would not, however, give me time to explain myſelf, but having heard enough to underſtand what I deſired, he ſtopped me at once by declaring, in terms not to be miſtaken or evaded, that he was

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devoted to me almoſt from the firſt moment he had ſeen me; that his paſſion had ſince made an hourly progreſs, and could now neither be concealed nor controuled. He concluded by offering to make me immediately miſtreſs of his fortune as his wife, or, if I wiſhed to have the ſanction of my father and Lady Mary, he would conduct me, he ſaid, to London, and receive from their hands the only bleſſing the world could give him.

"Though to his love I inſtantly reſolved never to liſten, I was affected by his generoſity; ſo much affected that it was with difficulty I found voice to tell him, that my heart was buried in the grave of Glenmorris, and that he deſerved better than that any woman ſhould give him her perſon who had not an heart to beſtow. This was, I ſuppoſe, ſuch an anſwer as he had expected, for he ſeemed but ſlightly repulſed. He ſuffered me, however, to return to the houſe, aſſured me he would not preſs me for my anſwer, but give me whatever time I wiſhed to conſider of what he had ſaid; yet he conjured me not to think of leaving him, and again beſought me to forgive his ſiſter's peeviſh weakneſs. I promiſed nothing, but haſtened to my apartment, where breathleſs ſurpriſe, not unmingled with terror, ſoon gave way to the certainty that I muſt immediately depart from his houſe, yet could no longer ſolicit his aſſiſtance for that purpoſe; and that the faithful Donald muſt be again my reſource.

"I now comprehended the cauſe of Mrs. Mackirk's ſtill increaſing hatred towards me; ſhe had ſeen what I was myſelf unconſcious of; and I had underſtood, though hardly heeding it at the time it was told me, that Mrs. Mackirk was always alarmed at any report of her brother's being

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ing likely to marry, and had forborne to aſk any young ladies to the houſe, or to have a young well educated woman as governeſs to the children. Mrs. Mackirk was no favourite with the ſervants, and this was the goſſip of her who waited in my room, which I had heard once, but diſcouraged too much ever to have it repeated.

"The recollection of it however, added to ſome other circumſtances that crowded on my mind of the ſame nature, determined me to loſe not a moment in preparing at any hazard to go. Yet, how? I had no means of ſending to Donald, whom I had ſeen but once ſince I left the cell; no means but what might diſcover where I was to Kilbrodie, and give him an opportunity of intercepting me as ſoon as I ſhould leave my preſent aſylum—My faithful Menie was not with me—Donald had informed me that ſhe had been driven from Kilbrodie with menaces, as privy to my eſcape, and had called at their cottage, on her way to Inverneſs, with a young highlander of Glenmorris's clan, to whom ſhe had engaged herſelf to be married.

"What to do under ſuch circumſtances it was hard to decide. I never ſlept during the night, but the morning found me wretched and perplexed. I mingled with the family, and endeavoured to appear as uſual; but I obſerved the countenance of Mrs. Mackirk darker towards me than ever, and when I ſaw her brother I thought him uncommonly grave. He did not play with the children after dinner as was his cuſtom, but went early to his ſtudy, where the ſervant told Mrs. Mackirk he was buſy with the ſteward—At the uſual hour, however, he appeared at ſupper, and ſeemed to exert himſelf to force ſomething like converſation, but as he was ill-ſeconded the meal was ſhort and melancholy, and as ſoon as it ended

ed Lord Macarden told his ſiſter he was engaged with a party of ſportſmen to ſhoot on ſome diſtant muirs, which he named; that he ſhould ſet out before it was light; and that ſhe muſt not expect him home till night, or be ſurpriſed if he was detained till the next day from his own houſe.—He wiſhed us both good night, and retired.

CHAP. XXIII.

And weeping ſaid, ah! my long abſent lord,
Where have ye been thus long out of my ſight?
Alas! e'er ſince mine eye your ſight did miſs,
My cheerful day is turn'd to cheerleſs night,
And oh! my night of death the ſhadow is.

DELMONT's curioſity was now raiſed to the higheſt pitch as Mrs. Glenmorris proceeded.

"The following morning I was ſitting with the children in a room which was at the end of the houſe, looking towards the avenue, when a crowd of people—a crowd for that country, for there were ten or a dozen, appeared among the trees, while others ran eagerly towards the houſe—Then I ſaw ſome of the ſervants hurrying to join this group, from whence two or three of them returned with frantic geſtures—I liſtened in the gallery, and then on the top of the ſtairs—Confuſed ſounds reached me from the diſtant offices—Trembling, though I knew not why, I ſuffered the eldeſt of the girls to go down and enquire what was the matter—Hardly had ſhe reached the end of the gallery before my alarm was encreaſed by a loud ſhriek; I ran forward and met the child, who told me, though almoſt

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in convulſions, that her uncle was dead; that ſomebody had killed her dear uncle—I no longer knew what I did, yet recommending the children to the care of their maid, who had been at work in another room, I flew down ſtairs to the drawing room, where I no ſooner appeared, than Mrs. Mackirk (around whom two or three female ſervants were ſtanding, adminiſtering drops and chafing her temples) uttered an hideous ſcream, and in a voice I ſhall never forget, bade them take that monſter from her ſight, that monſter who had been the cauſe of her brother's death.

"Amazed, bewildered, terrified, I fled away from the accuſer, to learn the reality of the horrors I was accuſed of cauſing. The houſe was deſerted—I met nobody to queſtion—I ran out towards the ſpot where I had ſeen people aſſembled, and ſoon reached that where my eyes were blaſted with the ſight of Lord Macarden, pale, covered with blood, apparently lifeleſs; and borne between four or five men. It were vain to attempt deſcribing what I felt at this ſight—To ſee this excellent young man thus deſtroyed in the flower of his age was of itſelf dreadful—to ſuppoſe that *I* might have been the cauſe of ſuch a misfortune, though how I could not imagine, aggravated my ſufferings, till the ſtupor of grief ſeemed to overcome my ſenſes—I ſtared wildly around, aſked incoherent queſtions that nobody attended to, and followed with unconſcious officiouſneſs the bleeding body of my murdered benefactor.

"Some harſh words from one of the attendants, who took and held me rudely by the arm, conſtraining me to keep back, ſerved by the ſhock it gave, to reſtore me to recollection. I ſat down in a paſſage room, and burſt into tears

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—my burning brain was relieved, and I was able once more to follow the people that ſurrounded their lord—" For the love of God," cried I, in a ſhrill and diſtracted tone, " ſend for ſome help—Tell me where a ſurgeon can be found, and I will go myſelf for him—Your lord is not dead—is there nobody who knows where to go for help?

" The ſteward, who had been abſent in the grounds, now appeared; he had more preſence of mind than the inferior ſervants, and gave me the moſt ſatisfaction I could now derive from any one, by telling me Lord Macarden was not dead, and diſpatching a ſervant on horſeback for a ſurgeon, who lived, he ſaid, about four miles off—I could have knelt and bleſt this man for the conſolation he gave me, had he not, on returning from the room whither his maſter had been carried, poiſoned it all by ſaying, that though it was true he yet breathed, yet it ſeemed impoſſible he could long ſurvive.

" Miſerable indeed to me was the time that intervened before the arrival of the ſurgeon—I could not enter the houſe, dreading not only the cruel reproaches of Mrs. Mackirk, but the intelligence of my benefactor's death; yet I could not go far from it till the perſon arrived, who had perhaps ſkill, if he yet lived, to ſave him. I hid myſelf like a wretched and guilty creature among the remoteſt plantations, till I thought the time arrived when the ſurgeon might appear; I then watched at the gate through which I knew he muſt paſs, ſtill concealing myſelf as if conſcious of all the ill Mrs. Mackirk's phrenſy imputed to me. How could I have cauſed the death of Macarden? Whoſe hand could I have armed againſt him? That queſtion brought to my mind the image of the ferocious vindictive

Kilbrodie,

Kilbrodie, and I no longer doubted what was in a few moments confirmed to me, that he had ſent a challenge to Lord Macarden on his refuſing to give me up.—I now deteſted myſelf as much as the raving Mrs. Mackirk ſeemed to deteſt me, and wiſhed I had died a thouſand deaths rather than have occaſioned this cruel event.

"The ſurgeon arrived; I crowded unheeded to the door of Macarden's room among the ſervants, while he was examining the wounds; trembling, breathleſs, I hardly dared hear what I was ſo deſirous of knowing. His opinion was, that the wounds were probably mortal, but he had by no means experience enough to pronounce; nor could he venture, he ſaid, to attempt extracting the ball; he recommended that an expreſs ſhould immediately be ſent to the houſe of a nobleman ten miles diſtant, who had a ſurgeon reſident in his family.

"Mrs. Mackirk, inſtead of exerting herſelf for her brother's relief, continued to lament herſelf, and to rail againſt me; I therefore wrote what was neceſſary to procure this gentleman's attendance, and the ſteward ſent my letter off by a man on horſeback—I then ſat down in a receſs formed by a window which had been cloſed up in the anti-room to the poor ſufferer's bedchamber—His groans, which however he ſeemed ſtill ſtruggling to ſtifle, pierced my heart; yet dreadful as they were, they gave me aſſurance that he lived, and I hoped he might recover—This hope mitigated the tortures I endured, and totally careleſs of myſelf, I did not feel that I had hardly eaten during the day, and that great part of the night was paſſed, and I was ſtill awake to anguiſh, which none ſeemed to heed. Towards three o'clock in the morning the ſecond ſurgeon arrived—

arrived—On his opinion ſeemed the deſtiny of the houſe to hang—But I, who had waited for it with ſuch extreme anxiety, was now unable to ſtay to hear it. I fled to my own room, again paſſing through the deſerted houſe, and throwing myſelf on my bed in my clothes, endeavoured in darkneſs and in ſilence to collect reſolution enough to enquire what fate would do with me. The death of lord Macarden, his death occaſioned by me, however innocently, ſeemed ſuch an addition to the weight of calamity I already endured, that to ſuſtain it and live I believed altogether impoſſible.

"But I have ſometimes thought, when oppreſſed with ſorrow, that there is too much truth in the lines of I know not what writer, who ſays:

"Yet venture not to ſay, ah! wretch accurſt,
Thy miſerable days are at the worſt!"

For evil ſeems ſometimes ſo enchained with evil, that the ſufferer loſes one ſenſation of miſery only by the petrifying ſtroke of ſome greater misfortune. After I had been alone near an hour, endeavouring to recollect all the inſtances I had ever heard, of thoſe who, wounded, ſurvived, and had collected all the hope I could from recapitulating the chances in Macarden's favour, from his youth, his apparently good conſtitution, and his manly and calm temper, I I thought I could venture to liſten in the nearer rooms, ſure that where ever any of the ſervants were I ſhould hear ſomething of their maſter's ſituation, as pronounced upon by the ſurgeon.—I opened my door therefore, and was proceeding along the gallery, at one end of which was my dreſſing room, at the other a ſtair-caſe.—The moon

moon was in its wane, and already ſo near the horizon, that it afforded but little light, and that little was ſtill obſcured by the ſort of windows that admitted it—ſtepping ſoftly along I looked before me not without dread, and that dread was increaſed when I thought I perceived through the gloom ſome object moving at the extremity of the gallery—I ſtopped and liſtened with a throbbing heart—I no longer diſtinguiſhed any thing, but I fancied I heard ſome perſon breathe, yet as if they wiſhed not to be heard—In a moment, however, the noiſe ceaſed, and I went forward a ſtep or two, half aſhamed of fears I could not conquer; but inſtantly the door from the ſtair-caſe opened ſoftly, and I perceived a light, which, however, vaniſhed before I could ſee who held it, and all was almoſt totally dark.—Terror of various kinds now aſſailed me; among others, the ſuperſtition I had always deſpiſed obtruded itſelf, and I was weak enough to dread leſt this myſterious ſomething was the ſpirit of Macarden, who dying under the operation he had gone through, came to reproach me with having cauſed his death—I might at the ſame time have recollected, that if it were ſo the ſpectre could follow me to my own room, whither I haſtily retreated, and that the door I ſhut would be no defence againſt it—without conſidering that I attempted to lock the door, but it was in vain; my feeble and tremulous hands could not force the old and clumſy bolt of the lock to obey a key that had long ruſted in its ward, and as I continued ſtill to try, I felt the door puſhed open, and I rudely was ſeized by two perſons, whoſe ſtrength immediately put all reſiſtance on my part out of the queſtion—one of them, without ſpeaking, confined my arms, and as I earneſtly, and with

ſhrieks

ſhrieks and cries implored their mercy, and intreated I might know what they would do with me, the other whiſpered, that all queſtions and prayers were vain, and that to prevent them he muſt bind an handkerchief over my face—my ſhrieks, my ſtruggles were fruitleſs—a plaid was bound ſtrongly acroſs the lower part of my face, hardly admitting me to breathe, and I was lifted up between the two men, and conveyed to a ſort of covered cart, ſuch as are uſed in the highlands by perſons rather above the poor peaſantry—A woman ſat in it to receive me, whom I eaſily diſtinguiſhed to be Maggie Macgregor, the old woman of whom I had conceived ſuch an ill opinion before the birth of my child—I could no longer doubt whither I was going, or the dreadful deſtiny that awaited me!

"The woman had perhaps directions to ſoothe me; but there was ſo little humanity in her nature, that her malice got the better of every precaution, and ſhe reviled me in the bittereſt terms for my flight from Kilbrodie Abbey, and all the miſchief it had occaſioned.—I ſhould have ſuffered her to proceed, even if I had poſſeſſed the power of interrupting her—My conſternation, the ſickneſs of my ſoul was too great—The tears ceaſed to flow from my eyes—my heart ſeemed frozen—faintneſs occaſioned by faſting and want of reſt—ſorrow for the death of Macarden, which the cruel monſter told me was pronounced to be inevitable, and the horror of being again in the power of Kilbrodie, was altogether an accumulation of wretchedneſs that might have overwhelmed a ſtronger mind and ſtronger frame than mine.—I heard, however, among the enumerations this beldam made of the miſchief I had occaſioned, that the maſter of Kilbrodie was himſelf wounded in the

hand

hand ſo ſeverely that there were doubts whether he muſt not ſuffer amputation.

I know not how long we were on the road, for I was become ſenſeleſs before I was removed from the cart, and knew nothing that paſſed till I found myſelf on the bed I had formerly ſlept on at Kilbrodie, and a woman, whom I did not know, attempting to make me ſwallow ſomething out of a cup ſhe held.—I poſitively refuſed to receive any nouriſhment whatever, and once more I thought I ſhould have courage to die.

"I perſevered in the reſolution to ſwallow neither food nor medicine, till Lady Kilbrodie herſelf appeared, and with the moſt unwomanly menaces of force, compelled me to take what ſhe offered.—Having done ſo, and heartily hoping it might be poiſon, I threw myſelf on my bed, where a ſtupor fell upon me, which I hailed as the forerunner of the death I coveted.—It was only a ſhort remiſſion gained by the medicine I had taken operating on my exhauſted frame.

"I awoke from forgetfulneſs, which could hardly be called ſleep, about the ſame time as that on which I had been ſeized by the ruffians on the preceding night, and all the tranſactions of the laſt ſix and thirty hours ruſhed on my mind. The bleeding corſe of my unfortunate defender again ſeemed to riſe before my bewildered ſight; I put aſide the curtain, and actually fancied I ſaw him beckoning me to the window; agitated certainly by ſome degree of delirium, I threw myſelf from my bed, I flew, I knew not why, to the window, which looked into the ruined cloiſter of the abbey—indeed the room I inhabited was once a part of the dormitory which let

into

into thoſe cloiſters—Within the room, the ſhadow that my fevered imagination had embodied was no longer painted to me as preſent; but the many miſerable hours I had paſſed in the ſpot where I now ſtood, the dear dear infant who had ſeen the light only to ſuffer and to periſh, and whoſe little grave I again beheld, that grave where had fallen the bitter tears of a wretched mother over her laſt, her only hope!—all theſe ſad objects reminding me of calamities paſſed, while I felt myſelf again fettered, impriſoned, tormented by the ſame inhuman monſters as had inflicted them on me, was more than my ſenſes could ſuſtain —I ſuddenly took the reſolution to force myſelf out of the window, leſs with an idea of eſcape than meaning to daſh myſelf againſt the ground and end my tortures.—This was impoſſible, for the window, of itſelf narrow, was divided in the middle by a ſtone pillar, and each caſement again divided by a ſtrong iron bar, through which hardly a ſlender arm could paſs—I was, however, incapable of calculation, and ſtood up on the low ſeat beneath this gothic caſement, which I opened; but the freſhneſs of the air, and the abortive attempts I made, both helped to reſtore me to my ſenſes; I leaned againſt the ſtone-work, and like a child who cannot obtain ſome object out of its reach, I began to weep—my throbbing temples ceaſed to beat ſo violently; the dreadful pain that, ſince I awoke, I felt in the back of my head, abated, and I breathed leſs laboriouſly.

"Tears continued to fill my eyes as they were fixed on the pile of white ſtones I had collected to mark the burial place of my poor baby. The night was bright, calm, and ſtar-

light

light, though the moon was gone, and I could plainly diſtinguiſh the ſpot. Suddenly I thought that from a dark receſs behind it, ſhaded with holly and elder that grew ſtraggling among the ruins, I ſaw a form ſlowly emerge—It was a human creature, or the ſemblance of one, and ſeemed clad in a light colour.—I tried to recollect myſelf; I wiped my miſty eyes, and had ſenſe enough to aſk myſelf, if this was not again "an air drawn viſion?" I looked ſteadily, and at that moment without fear—The ſhape was ſtill there, ſtill ſtood and ſeemed to gaze as in ſorrow on the very ſpot where ſo long and ſo often my heart breaking ſighs had been directed; it then with ſlow and meaſured pace croſſed the ruin, and came nearer to the place where I was, and where the ruins were partly removed, ſo that there was more light.—I was afraid of moving, of breathing; my faculties were ſuſpended in wonder and dread—my eyes, however, ſtill followed the figure, which ſeemed—Gracious God!—it ſeemed to be Glenmorris!

"It *was* then his ſpirit!—The injuries of his wretched wife had called his ſhade from its diſtant grave; for he had now been loſt to me eight miſerable months, and I had long ſince ceaſed to flatter myſelf with an hope of ſeeing him again.

"Yet he now actually ſeemed to be ſeparated from me only by a ſingle bar of iron, and the diſtance of about ſixteen feet, for it was no more from the window to the ground. It was ſtill the ſemblance of Glenmorris!—I looked more earneſtly; his height, his manner of walking, appeared more ſtriking while I gazed; and as I ſaw the figure more immediately oppoſite to me I felt the trouble of my ſpirits ſo great, that I was

afraid my ſenſes would forſake me, and without power to weigh any conſequences which might follow ſhould I ſpeak to a ſtranger, or to any of Kilbrodie's people, I put forth my arms towards him through the bars, and half ſhrieking uttered the name of Glenmorris!—The figure ſtopped, looked towards the window, and uttering an exclamation of ſurprize, added, in an hollow and mournful voice, "Laura!—is it, indeed, Laura! *my* Laura!"—I ſhould find it difficult to recount the words we each of us uttered. —My only remaining idea is a confuſed ſenſation of overwhelming joy and aſtoniſhment, with a ſort of agonizing dread leſt I could not eſcape to him, and leſt all I ſaw, or believed I ſaw, was the dream of feveriſh deluſion.—I uttered ſomething of this wild variety of emotions, for Glenmorris ſeemed to underſtand that I was confined, and enquired what it meant—"They told me," ſaid he, ſtill ſpeaking in the ſame mournful tone, "they told me you were *not* here. How is it that you are now here a priſoner?" I entreated him to come to me that I might explain it, but I dared not aſk him to attempt the door, or go to that of my room to ſee if it could be opened; of nothing had I ſo great a dread as of loſing ſight of him even for a moment—for I had a diſturbed notion ſtill, that all this was illuſive, and that if I once quitted the window it would vaniſh.

"Glenmorris ſeemed to pauſe a moment, and then, as if he had ſuddenly fallen on an expedient, walked haſtily away, while I, heedleſs of the hazard of being over-heard, called after him, "Glenmorris, oh! do not, for God's ſake, leave me."—In leſs than a moment he returned, bringing a ladder with him, on which he was inſtantly at the window; I ſeized his hands,

held

held them to my eyes, to my temples, and bathed them with my tears. "Take me from hence, Glenmorris," ſaid I. "Oh! never again let your poor Laura endure what ſhe has ſuffered from theſe people." He anſwered, "that ſome ſtrange myſtery, which the preſent was not a moment to explain, hung over us; but whatever it may prove, Laura, you ſhall go with me."—The queſtion then was, how? "Why not," ſaid he, "force this bar, and you could deſcend from the window." He tried; the iron was ſo ruſty and decayed that it broke in his hand, and he forced out the lower part, together with ſome of the ſtones it was inſerted in, which fell with a noiſe that made me tremble leſt it ſhould be heard in the houſe—I was already wrapped in a cloak, and without waiting for any other accommodation I got through the window, not without difficulty, Glenmorris receiving me in his arms, and conducting me down the ladder. I felt that I was likely to faint on reaching the ground, but the ſtrength with which I found myſelf fortified, when I remembered the neceſſity of immediate flight, convinced me that by reſiſting this ſort of failure of the animal ſpirits it may ſometimes be conquered; for I now conjured Glenmorris to haſten away at leaſt from the ſight of the abbey windows, and I even ran for a quarter of a mile, when arriving among the ruins of the old caſtle of Kilbrodie, which afforded a temporary concealment, I threw myſelf into Glenmorris's arms, and declared to him that I could go no further. His words were ſuch as, amid all the confuſion of my mind, made a deep impreſſion. As he embraced and held me to his boſom he ſaid—"Is it, indeed, my Laura, my heart's own Laura, that my arms enfold?—And is ſhe the ſame dear and tender

girl that ſhe was before our ſeparation?" I was affected both by the words and the manner they were ſpoken in; but I was no longer in a condition to reply. He ſaw I was not, and added, "We muſt not talk now, however, but when you are a little recovered, endeavour to reach a place of greater ſafety before the morning light overtakes us." Glenmorris then remained ſilent, and I continued, as I leant on his ſhoulder, to look round me, queſtioning ſtill if I was not in a dream—[illegible] ſaw the ſtars, and felt the air blow on my [illegible] knew the pieces of wall and broken ruins a[illegible]nd me were the ſame as I had before been ſhewn as thoſe of Kilbrodie caſtle; but to be reſtored to my huſband, to be delivered from the power of my perſecutors, was happineſs ſo great, ſo incredible, that hardly dared I aſk if it was real, leſt even as I did ſo it ſhould diſſolve.

"When I ſeemed to have recovered my breath, Glenmorris aſked if I thought it was poſſible for me to reach the cottage of the Dorna Dune, one of thoſe ſituated in the moſt remote part of the glen, near a remarkable hill, by which it was diſtinguiſhed; "it is there," ſaid he, "and not at my own houſe, that I have found ſhelter ſince yeſternight, and there, Laura, we muſt decide on what we are to do."

"I aſſured him, that ſince I was once more with him, ſaw him reſtored to me from the grave, there was no fatigue, no exertion, that I did not think myſelf equal to. We purſued our way then, which was ſtill above four miles, Glenmorris ſometimes bearing me in his arms over the moſt difficult parts of the road, and ſometimes encouraging me to perſeverance, by aſſuring me that the remaining diſtance was ſhort. At laſt we arrived; there was a light in the ſmall houſe

houſe that received us, and the people, who were Glenmorris's faithful adherents, had expected him; for me the woman inſtantly haſtened to procure ſome refreſhment and a bed, on which I threw myſelf, though certain that to ſleep was impoſſible. Glenmorris told me he ſhould ſit up the little remainder of the night in the other diviſion of the houſe, conſulting with his hoſt on the ſteps to be taken the next morning. I made him moſt ſolemnly promiſe he would not leave the cottage, and on that condition only agreed to attempt ſleeping.

"The next day I had an opportunity of obſerving the great change that had taken place in the appearance of Glenmorris; he was thin and pale, and his countenance expreſſed ſolicitude and even pain of mind. Amidſt the wildeſt and moſt incoherent of thoſe expreſſions with which I endeavoured to convey to him ſome idea of the extravagance of my joy at meeting him again, he ſeemed, methought, as if his delight was blaſted by ſome evil either felt or feared.

"However, after a ſhort previous converſation, as if to prepare me, he began to relate, that Kilbrodie was in poſſeſſion of his houſe, from whence all the furniture left by the buccaniers had been removed, "ſo that I have not, Laura," ſaid he, "a ſhed to receive you in—I ſhall recover all that; Kilbrodie muſt give up what he has uſurped; but," added he, fixing his eyes on me with a look half ſtern, half tender, "but if I have loſt my peace, if I have loſt my honour, tell me, Laura, who can reſtore *them*? where ſhall I find my peace, my honour again?"

"Your peace, Glenmorris!—If we live together, though condemned to the ſevereſt labour, ſhall not peace, nay, ſhall not happineſs be ours?—And for your honour, my dear love, who

who ſhall blemiſh it, is it not in your own keeping?"

"Not always," anſwer he; "the honour of an huſband is ſometimes in the cuſtody of a wife." He heſitated, and looked at me with eyes expreſſive of anguiſh, and yet as if he doubted whether I had ſtrength to bear what he had to ſay. "Is it becauſe of *your* wife then, Glenmorris, that your fear for the ſafety of your honour?" ſaid I, "Good God Almighty!—what can you mean?"

"Laura," replied he, "you know the openneſs, perhaps I ſhould ſay the impetuoſity of my temper—I cannot for a moment diſguiſe my feelings—How I have loved you, Laura, I need not ſurely repeat—Love is, indeed, too poor a word—I have worſhipped, I have idolized you, and if I am to loſe you, Laura—"

"Explain yourſelf, and quickly, Glenmorris," exclaimed I, "leſt I ſhould die with terror before I know your meaning."

"Do the innocent feel terror, Laura?—But I will be calm, and aſk you, why you were ſo ready to throw yourſelf under the protection of Lord Macarden? why, not knowing that I exiſted no longer, did you ſuffer *him* to be your champion, and to defend you as one whoſe fate was united with his?——Why ſhould the wife or the widow of Glenmorris ſo conduct herſelf as to be the occaſion of a duel between his neareſt relation and Lord Macarden? I have endeavoured in vain to obtain an explanation of all this elſewhere; it is from you, Laura, I now aſk it."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me.—O! my ſoul's joy,
May after every tempeſt come ſuch calms!

"A MOMENT'S conſideration," continued Mrs. Glenmorris, "a moment's conſideration opened to me the conſequence of this requeſt. He had been deceived, though I knew not by whom, as to the motives of my having quitted the abbey, and had heard of the wound Macarden had received, though from what quarter theſe miſrepreſentations came I had no means of gueſſing. It was eaſy to foreſee the probable conſequences of revealing the iniquity of Kilbrodie and his mother; yet I was well aware that Glenmorris had ſo great an abhorrence of falſehood, which he always diſdained to uſe in the moſt apparently inconſequential matters, even ſuch as related to the mere forms of the world; I knew myſelf ſo awkward at any diſſimulation, and indeed had ſo little reaſon to palliate the conduct of either the mother or the ſon, that I ſhould not have heſitated a moment, but for the fear I had that the impetuous ſpirit of Glenmorris might urge him to endanger his perſonal ſafety, by calling Kilbrodie to an account; this, however, muſt be remote; I might find means to detach him from any ſuch indulgence of his vengeance—and it was better to hazard nothing in an affair on which the ſole happineſs of my future life depended, for it was now evident to me that doubts of my conduct had empoiſoned the delight with which my beloved

loved huſband, after ſo long and cruel a ſeparation, had found me once more reſtored to him; yet that he *could* doubt was, I own, a moſt bitter conviction; *ſo* bitter, that, added to the cruel remembrance of all I had ſuffered, the death of my child, undoubtedly produced by terror I was purpoſely expoſed to, and the ſad event of which I had been the occaſion in the perſon of Macarden, I ſeemed deprived for a time of the power of relating all that had befallen me, ſo heavy was the crowd of cruel recollections preſſing at once upon me.

"At length, however, I regained ſtrength of voice and intellect to relate all I had feared or felt from the moment, when recovering my ſenſes after he was torn from me to the circumſtances that preceded the death of my poor baby.—Glenmorris's attention was only interrupted by marks of extreme impatience and reſentment; but when I ſpoke of the loſs of my child, my voice failed—that cruel remembrance, added to the effect it had on Glenmorris, was in my preſent ſtate too much for me, and it was ſome hours before I could reſume my narrative.

"This, however, I at laſt got through, and brought down my ſtory to the moment when Lord Macarden was brought home wounded. I had not diſguiſed his converſation with me of the preceding evening.

"But the indignation of Glenmorris againſt Kilbrodie was ſo great as to ſwallow up every other ſentiment, and I could ſee that he ſtifled his reſolutions of vengeance not to alarm me, whom he now only thought of ſoothing and conſoling with the tendereſt love—A thouſand and a thouſand times he beſought me to forgive him for having dared to harbour a ſuſpicion

picion of my purity and affection—He would have knelt to me for my forgiveneſs; but I loved him too paſſionately not to have forgotten already that theſe ſuſpicions had hurt me, and ſweet, oh! how ſweet to my heart would have been this moment when Glenmorris was reſtored to me, as it were, from the grave, if we had not both remembered, and wept together in bitterneſs of heart, over the firſt pledge of our affection, loſt, and ſo cruelly loſt, to us for ever.

"When the various emotions excited by the recital I had made had ſubſided, I could not repreſs my curioſity to know by what miracle it was that *he* was returned, whom I thought I had ſeen covered with wounds, and dragged from me a bleeding corſe, and how it happened that, inſtead of re-appearing as its maſter in the caſtle of Glenmorris, he was, as it ſeemed, concealed, and unwilling to be known?

"He thus related what had happened:

"The men who plundered our houſe," ſaid he, "were the crew of an American privateer, or rather of a large veſſel fitted out at Morlaix, under the American colours, but commanded by an Engliſh outlaw, and manned by Engliſh, Americans, Scotch, Iriſh, Portugueſe, and even three or four Genoeſe ſailors; they were literally a party of buccaniers, holding themſelves accountable to no government, and ready to uſe their arms againſt all. The excurſion in which they made a landing at Glenmorris was their ſecond ſucceſsful deſcent on the eaſtern coaſt, and as they had before met with no reſiſtance, they were provoked by the attempt which, naked and unarmed as I was, I had made to repel their

inſult; and ſuppoſing they might extort money for my ranſom, they dragged me half dead to their veſſel. Ah! Laura, judge of my deſpair, when, unable to defend or even avenge you, I was not yet ſo much deprived of my reaſon by loſs of blood, but that I heard a project for taking you alſo, and one of the wretches had the audacity to ſpeak of your youth and beauty in terms which ſeemed to conclude for me the miſchief their weapons had begun; for unable to puniſh them, unable indeed to ſpeak, I thought the ſtifled fury of my ſoul would have deſtroyed me. Fortunately, before they could return to execute this infamous project, the clan was alarmed, and came down upon them ſo quickly that they were glad to retreat to their boat, and depart with the booty they had already got and their priſoners.

"They ſoon gave up the idea of my being immediately ranſomed, for the diſtant ſight of two Engliſh frigates, which they believed were in purſuit of them, obliged them to ſteer for the coaſt of Holland, whence they kept cloſe to the land till they took ſhelter at Dunkirk.

"As the expectation of my obtaining money for my ranſom was the chief reaſon of my detention, it was not the intereſt of my captors to let me die. There had been a man on board who had done what his little knowledge dictated to my wounds; on landing in France I was conſigned to the care of a more able ſurgeon, and my ſituation was greatly meliorated in regard to bodily ſufferings; yet my recovery was ſlow, and with a leſs ſtrong and ſound conſtitution might never have been effected at all. As it was, the anguiſh of my mind

continually

continually impeded the healing of my wounds; I never could for a moment diveſt myſelf of the cruel idea of your agonies and deſpair, which, in the ſtate you were in, I dreaded as being of the moſt fatal conſequence. Sometimes I felt as if I dared not, had I liberty and ſtrength, return to enquire what had been the event; at another time I was ready to beat my head againſt the walls of my priſon, walls which detained me from flying to know the extent of my miſery. In more rational moments I thought ſteadily of the means of procuring my freedom, and converſed with my French jailer on the ſubject, till I fancied I diſcovered in him ſome diſpoſition to ſerve me; and had I had money I am perſuaded I ſhould have found no difficulty in effecting my eſcape; but being deſtitute of that reſource, I ſeemed to have no chance but of engaging ſome officer to procure my releaſe, and at length found means to convey a letter, written in French, to the commandant of the town, repreſenting my ſituation, and entreating him by the honour of a ſoldier and a gentleman to intereſt himſelf on my behalf.

"This gentleman had not only the feelings I imputed to him, but had them in a ſuperior degree; yet nothing could be more unfortunate than my application. He, whoſe priſoner I was, was an Engliſhman only in the deep-rooted and inveterate averſion he bore to every thing French, and as ſoon as he found the commandant anxious for my releaſe, he ſignified to him in the rudeſt terms his reſolution not to be dictated to in the diſpoſal of his own priſoner; and piqued that the commandant offered to advance the money, which he ſeemed to expect as the price of my liberty, and afterwards engaged by ſomething that fell in their converſation from the

the military man, who expreſſed himſelf as if he conſidered the commander of ſuch a ſhip as no better than a pirate; my captor, indignant and enraged, determined to ſhew me that the good offices I had ſought ſhould have exactly the contrary effect from that which I had hoped for, and inſtead of releaſing me, I was hoiſted like a bale of goods into the veſſel, and after an impriſonment of five weeks at Dunkirk, began, under theſe wretched and inauſpicious circumſtances, a voyage to America. My complaints would have been vain, but I diſdained complaint; yet there were times when I could hardly ſuſtain myſelf. It was not perſonal hardſhip, the pain of my wounds, or the confinement on board a ſmall veſſel, that overwhelmed me; it was the uncertainty I was under what was become of my Laura and of our infant; it was the cruel doubt continually recurring, whether the exiſtence I yet ſtruggled to preſerve was worth the pain, the miſery I went through to preſerve it—for if you were gone, was I not prolonging life only to taſte of the moſt cureleſs and hopeleſs wretchedneſs?

"Hope, however, was not quite extinct in my heart, and that alone preſerved me. Our paſſage was tedious, laſting near two months, and it was only by an extraordinary exertion of ſkill and good fortune that the captain eſcaped the Engliſh frigates, of which many were ſtationed on the coaſt. *I* as eagerly deſired this as *he* ſought to avoid it. The ſucceſs was his, and his booty and his priſoner were landed at Boſton.

"I was now among a new race of people—a people who with manners, cuſtoms, and general habits of thinking quite unlike my own, had one great and predominant feature in their character

racter which I loved and honoured—they were determined to be *free*, and were now making the nobleſt exertions to reſiſt what they deemed oppreſſion. I found that with a few of them the inveterate hatred generated by the unnatural war they had been driven into, extended to me, merely becauſe I was an Engliſhman, or, what was the ſame thing to them, a Scotſman; but in others the noble flame of liberty ſeemed to have purified their minds from every narrow and unmanly prejudice, and when they found that my heart beat in uniſon with theirs, when they heard me declare that, Engliſhman as I was, I would never have drawn my ſword againſt men ſtruggling in that glorious cauſe for which "*Hampden bled in the field and Sydney on the ſcaffold*;" they forgot that I was born a Briton, a North Briton too, and belonging to thoſe whoſe legions were then carrying fire and ſword through their country, and they embraced me as a brother.

"When I had met with ſuch friends my chains were firſt lightened, and then entirely removed. My captor ſtill inſiſted on being paid a ſum of money, which my new friends could by no means preſently ſupply me with, and for which I could not bear they ſhould riſk diſtreſſing themſelves, by making any engagement to the free-booting ſavage who had taken advantages ſo unjuſt; yet ſuch was my impatience to return to England, that I would have ſacrificed even my life to have obtained only time enough to aſk if my Laura lived? If ſhe did not—Oh! heaven and earth, how dared I truſt myſelf with a thought ſo horrid—I could *not* often, but hurried my mind from the queſtion which terror ſo continually ſuggeſted, 'Glenmorris! what will

will you do in England if Laura has fallen the victim to her affection for you?'

"Tedious is the progreſs of time to the unhappy; to me, who now paſſed ſome weeks in the cruel viciſſitudes of hope and deſpair, it ſeemed to be indeed endleſs. During this time I felt much of that attendance and dependence which is truly deſcribed as being ſo bitter to a liberal ſpirit; for I made applications to two or three officers ſerving in the Britiſh army; but my caſe was ſingular, and they thought, I believe, myſterious; ſo that after ſome letters had paſſed between us, I found myſelf ſtill a neglected priſoner, and at laſt my American friends accepted the beſt ſecurity I could give them, for a ſum of money which they paid to my ferocious captor, who, in the preſent ſtage of things, was under no authority (not being a native of the United States) which could compel him to deſiſt from the unjuſt demand he made as the price of my liberty.

"Stripped and almoſt pennyleſs, for I would not accept of what my American friends, though they liberally offered it, could ill ſpare, I embarked on board a ſmall veſſel, which was going with contraband articles of trade to Jamaica, where I was put on ſhore, and was to find my way afterwards to England as well as I could.

"Once more I ſeemed like one dropped from the clouds, for I knew, as I believed, no ſoul upon the iſland. Ill furniſhed as my purſe was, I was afraid of entering a tavern at ſo expenſive a place as Kingſton, and had not yet diſcovered any receptacle that ſeemed more ſuitable to the low ebb of my fortune; I walked before through the ſtreets undecided, and thinking rather how I ſhould get from thence, than how I ſhould live while I was there, when a gentleman paſſed me,

me, who ſeemed to look at me with an air of curioſity and doubt. I looked back, he alſo looked back, and, turning, made a ſtep or two towards me, yet ſtill irreſolutely; at length approaching me, he aſked if my name was not Glenmorris, and hearing that it was, he embraced me as an old and beloved friend, and I rejoiced to acknowledge Edward Wallingford, whom I had known intimately while I was trying to learn to be a merchant under your father, and he was placed with the ſame view among the clerks of a great Jamaica houſe, from which the death of his elder brother, and his conſequently ſucceeding to a very great eſtate, had removed him, ſoon after I had forſaken the deſk.

"He liſtened with the moſt lively intereſt to the account I now gave of myſelf, and ſeemed to participate in the eager anxiety to return to England, which on your account devoured me. He checked however the deſire I teſtified to ſail in the firſt ſhip that was going to England or Ireland, whatever it might be, and bade me conſider, whether being again a priſoner, a thing ſo likely to happen, would forward my wiſhes. With difficulty he prevailed upon me to remain with him at one of his eſtates, till the convoy, appointed in about three weeks, ſhould ſail. He introduced me to his wife, a very lovely young woman, whom he had married in England, and I ſaw his two beautiful children, one of them yet in the cradle. While I rejoiced at his felicity, I enquired of myſelf in the anguiſh of my heart; "have *I* a wife? have *I* a child? or am I a wretch without attachment, without connection, without hope?

"A month paſſed away—the ſailing of the convoy was ſtill delayed—I became half diſtracted with impatience—continually I ſaw you, Laura, in my reſtleſs ſleep—I ſaw you ſometimes

times pale, languid, a beautiful corpſe, bearing in your feeble arms the infant which I was deſtined never otherwiſe to behold; at other times I thought you preſent, arrayed as I was uſed to ſee you, in youth, and health, and beauty—

" I ſtretch'd my empty arms, you fled away!"—

What I endured is not to be deſcribed, nor will I dwell upon it. At laſt the moment came when I was to depart—I left Jamaica deeply impreſſed with the ſenſe of Wallingford's kindneſs and friendſhip, and once more endeavoured to hope, that my misfortunes and your's might end; but at ſea I never was proſperous—juſt as we believed ourſelves off the Scilly Iſlands, the fleet was diſperſed in a ſtorm, and the veſſel that I was in, ran for ſhelter to an Iriſh port. As ſoon as I got on ſhore I went to Dublin, meaning from thence to have croſſed to Scotland, if I could have found a veſſel ready, but not doing ſo, I haſtened to Carrickfergus, from whence I hoped to paſs to Port Patrick; but at Carrickfergus I was taken ill of a malignant fever—many died around me—however, after being three weeks on the brink of the grave, I once more ſet out to croſs the ſea, and afterwards my native country; but the winter was now advanced, and my frame was not yet ſtrong enough to ſecond my extreme impatience.

" The laſt miles to Glenmorris I undertook, however, to travel on foot, and when I was about three miles from it I was overtaken by an highlander of my clan, whom I knew, though he did not recollect me, ſo greatly was I changed during my ſeven months abſence—hardly able to command myſelf, and breathleſs with apprehenſion, I entered into converſation with him, and my conſternation need not be deſcribed; it

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can only be imagined, when he told me that the Lady of Kilbrodie, on the certainty of my death, had taken poſſeſſion of every thing for the laird her ſon, and had invited you to her houſe, from whence, ſoon after you had lain in of a dead child, you had diſappeared, and was, at the time we were converſing, living with Lord Macarden. As the man related all this as matters of indifference, and ſeemed to know it merely as the general report of the country, I put a force on the violence of my emotions, and determined not to diſcover myſelf till I could be fully informed of the truth. On reaching my native glen, on coming within ſight of my native houſe, that houſe ſo lately the ſcene of my felicity, oh! God, what were my ſenſations!—I entered a cottage, the maſter of which, I knew to be ſincerely attached to me—fortunately his family was abſent, and I revealed myſelf to him, beſeeching him to tell me all he knew of you.—When he had recovered from his firſt aſtoniſhment, he repeated nearly the ſame ſtory as I had heard before, and at that moment, had I not been reſtrained by this faithful retainer, I ſhould have ruſhed out, and have taken vengeance on you, on Macarden, and on myſelf.

"But this honeſt fellow not only attempted to ſoothe me by ſuch arguments as are uſually offered on theſe occaſions, but he ſaid that there was a probability that all reports might not be true; that Menie, the maid who had lived with you, had ſpoken to the few ſhe converſed with before ſhe left the country in a very different manner; and that, though fear of the Kilbrodies had made her cautious, ſhe had deſcribed the uſage you received among them as very harſh and cruel—He implored me therefore to remain concealed,

cealed, till I could myſelf be convinced of the truth.

" With this advice I was at laſt prevailed upon to comply, and laſt night, which was only the ſecond after my arrival, I ſet forth, attended by my faithful James, who undertook to ſhew me the place where he knew my infant had been buried, and which Menie had ſhewn to his wife as the ſpot that encloſed the laſt remains of the head of the Glenmorris family. Dreary and ſad were indeed my contemplations!—but I was calm and cool, and therefore my guide more willingly obeyed my peremptory orders to leave me. I had paſſed above an hour alone among the ruined part of the abbey, not with any expectation of finding you in the inhabited part, but merely to indulge my own mournful reflections, while I conſidered what I ſhould do to diſcover your real ſituation, when having left it to walk round towards the habitation of the family, which I had determined to enter in the morning to demand you, I ſaw you—I heard you ſpeak—my living Laura was preſent to me—I held her once more in my arms.

" And now, my dear dear love," continued Glenmorris, " no queſtion remains but for the laird of Glenmorris to be reſtored to his property; vengeance muſt be for hereafter; for this wretched man, this Kilbrodie, has, as James has learned to-day, loſt his hand by amputation, in conſequence of its being ſhattered to pieces by Macarden's piſtol."

" And Macarden himſelf," enquired I? " I know my Glenmorris is too generous not to feel intereſted for that noble minded gentleman."

" My huſband promiſed to enquire after him the next day, and then began to talk of what muſt

muſt be done to regain poſſeſſion of Glenmorris caſtle, and the furniture and effects ſpared by the freebooters, which had all been removed to Kilbrodie; and for the firſt time of my life I liſtened to Glenmorris without pleaſure—he ſoon perceived it, and I told him with my uſual frankneſs, that though with him I could be content any where, yet that it would be long before, if ever, I ſhould recover the terror that I had undergone; that it would be on many accounts a comfortleſs abode to me; and that I certainly ſhould be happier any where elſe.

"Glenmorris then communicated an idea that occurred to him of ſettling in America, a country to which he owned himſelf extremely attached. "But I will not," ſaid he, "carry you, my Laura, to the ſeat of war, nor will I myſelf ever take any part in it. We will ſettle our affairs here, and go to Switzerland till peace ſhall enable me to realize our projects in America. I need not ſay that I was happy to agree to this; and Glenmorris ſeeing how uneaſy I was at the idea of his purſuing Kilbrodie, yielded to my tears and intreaties, and contented himſelf with the reſtitution which the Kilbrodies, overwhelmed with ſhame and confuſion, were glad to make. The wretched woman who, inſtigated by avarice, had been the original occaſion of all my ſufferings, now repented, as much as ſhe was capable of repenting, her cruelty and injuſtice; but Mrs. Mackirk, whoſe dread leſt her brother ſhould attach himſelf to me, had betrayed me a ſecond time into the power of Kilbrodie, had ſtill a ſeverer puniſhment for her unfeminine and malicious conduct; her brother, to whom the part ſhe had taken became known, refuſed afterwards to admit

mit her to his bed-ſide, or ever again to hold converſe with her, while ſlowly and with much perſonal ſuffering he recovered as much ſtrength as enabled him by eaſy journies to reach London, where great medical ſkill at length reſtored him to health. Before he quitted Scotland, Lord Macarden ſent for Glenmorris, and in the moſt noble and ingenuous manner begged his pardon for his conduct towards me, "which nothing," ſaid he, "but my ignorance of your being yet alive could poſſibly excuſe." Glenmorris, who knew the generoſity of his nature, and who conſidered him as my deliverer, renewed with eagerneſs their former friendſhip, and then, as ſoon as we could regulate our affairs, and had raiſed what money we could, without oppreſſing the people who depended on the eſtate, we ſet out for Switzerland. At Lauſanne, where we reſided near two years, Medora was born, and is thus, like her mother, a foreigner in this country. Now my dear Delmont, having perhaps tired you with my ſomewhat eventful hiſtory, you ſhall not at this time hear of my continental adventures, which were leſs remarkable, and I will leave it to Glenmorris himſelf to relate his reaſons for reſorting to America, and the progreſs of his metamorphoſe from a Scottiſh chieftain to an American farmer."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleaſure ſpare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, faithful, modeſt pair
In ſimple guiſe breath out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that ſcents the vernal gale.

WHILE in the delightful and calm pleaſures of a ſociety where confidence and mutual affection preſided, the days of Delmont paſſed on, and while every one, as it paſſed, increaſed his ardent love for Medora, his admiration of her mother, and his friendſhip and eſteem for Mr. Armitage, who was very frequently with them, ſpring gradually approached; and would have been greeted by Delmont with more than uſual pleaſure, had he not feared as much as he loved. The early notices of vernal delight, the copſes, where a tender and pale yellow already preceded the opening leaves, from the taſſeled katkins of the ſallow, the willow, and the hazle; the bright tufts of the ſpurge, and the hollow folds of the arum, the white violets, and half blown primroſes lurking under the ſouthern hedges, reminded him that April would ſoon arrive, and in April the future deſtiny of his life might be decided, for then letters from Glenmorris would probably arrive.—His courage to look forward often failed when he repreſented to himſelf how many difficulties might ariſe to prevent his union with Medora. "How often," ſaid he, as he conſidered this matter with himſelf, "how often have I had occaſion to obſerve, that men are frequently quite unlike the

the repreſentation made of them. The world agrees to call Glenmorris a very ſingular character; but frequently are traits obliterated by time and change of circumſtances, which the world has called ſingular. Traits of diſintereſtedneſs and high-minded generoſity are thoſe that to the greater part of mankind appear the ſtrangeſt, becauſe ſuch they are incapable of imitating or comprehending—But whatever of theſe noble qualities Glenmorris might, in the earlier part of his life, poſſeſs, who ſhall ſay that in more mature age, when the character ſo often changes, he will be exempt from feeling the influence of other conſiderations, and as he has contended himſelf with many of the evils of a narrow fortune, how am I ſecure, that if his daughter is found to be heireſs to a conſiderable property, he may be willing to give her to ſo poor a man as I may then appear to him? —Is it poſſible then, nay, even probable, that I may loſe her? What will then become of me? Of what value will my life be without her? and where is the philoſophy of having ſuffered myſelf thus to depend for the happineſs of that life on the events of ſo many contingencies, and on the will of a man I do not know?"

Delmont, while he continually became abſent and uneaſy as theſe ſpeculations forced themſelves upon him, was careful to conceal the ſubject of them from Mrs. Glenmorris; and it ſoon appeared that his fears of loſing the object of his love by her acquiſition of fortune would not be immediately realized; for the time now being come when the adverſe party were to put in their anſwer to the bill filed by Mrs. Glenmorris, they demanded time, and by a letter ſhe received from her ſolicitor, it was evident,

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not only that theſe perſons were determined to leave nothing undone to protract as well as to perplex the proceedings, but that the ſolicitor's zeal was very much abated, and his aſſurances of ſucceſs ſunk into doubt if not deſpondence.—

About the ſame time it was that Mrs. Glenmorris, having occaſion for a ſmall ſum of money for her's and her daughter's current expences, had drawn for it, and gave notice to the merchants entruſted with Glenmorris's affairs, that ſhe had done ſo, when a few days afterwards ſhe had the mortification of receiving the following letter—

London, Feb. 28, 17—

" Mrs. Glenmorris,

" Madam,

" We are favoured with your's of the 20th current, and by deſire of our J. P. are to inform you, that your draft for £. 25, to Robert Buckly, ſhall be duly honoured—Same time are ſorry to remark that it muſt be the laſt which we can ſo take up, having been diſappointed in not receiving remittances as expected, and promiſed, from Mr. Glenmorris, per laſt Halifax packet, and it not being in our power to make farther advances of any kind, unleſs aſſured (and with ſecurity) of ſpeedy repayment of ſame.—Wiſhing you health, we are for our J. P. Madam,

" Your very humble ſervants,

" PETRIFY and Co."

Mrs. Glenmorris, to whom the want of money had never been familiar ſince her reſidence in America, now recollected, and with pain recollected,

lected the mortifications ſhe had once been expoſed to in Scotland, when pennyleſs and dependent, and the dread of ſuffering again with Medora all the anxiety, and ſubmitting to all that humiliation which attends on the unhappy ſuppliant for pecuniary aid, oppreſſed her ſo much, though ſhe took great pains to conceal it from her daughter; but Medora, who liſtened to her ſighs (as they ſlept in the ſame room), and knew that ſhe paſſed many hours of the night in wakeful uneaſineſs, ſoon found that ſome additional cauſe of ſolicitude was added to thoſe her mother acknowledged.—She named to Delmont, when they were alone, what ſhe ſuſpected; that her mother had lately heard ſomething which added to her diſquiet.—He imputed it to the delay threatened by the adverſe party in the ſuit. "Oh! dear," exclaimed Medora, "the very name of that ſuit already puts me out of patience.—Why did my father ever ſuffer himſelf to be perſuaded to ſend us to England to engage in it?—We never had theſe hateful perplexities in America.—My mother never loſt her ſpirits there, and ſunk into dejection as ſhe does here!—Of what uſe will this money be to me if ever I ſhould get it, if my mother loſes her health and cheerfulneſs to obtain it? Oh! that we had never left America."

"Do you really wiſh ſo, Medora?" ſaid Delmont, mournfully—"You wiſh then that you had never been acquainted with *me*, Medora?"

"No indeed; but to tell you the truth, my dear friend, were it not for you, England would be utterly intolerable to me.—I never recollect a moment's uneaſineſs till I came to England, and

ſince

ſince I have been here I am ſure I have felt a great deal, and a great deal more than I have owned, for my mother ſuffers ſo much more if ſhe believes me unhappy, that I keep it as much as I can to myſelf—but I know how it is, the pleaſure of our country rambles here, or the moſt agreeable hours of ſtudy, which would have charms as great as I uſed to find in the ſame occupations in America, are now always daſhed by ſomething which embitters our delight—Politics, and lawſuits, and old ladies finding out that we are people of bad character, and goſſips repeating the malignant nonſenſe of other goſſips—Oh! my dear Delmont, if ever I ſhould belong to you, take me, take me to America!"

"I will Medora, if I have not then the power of ſhielding you from every evil, every inconvenience in this country—for what purpoſe ſhall *I* have in any country but that of making you happy?"

In conſequence of this and ſome other converſation of the ſame ſort, Delmont took the firſt opportunity that offered of ſpeaking to Mrs. Glenmorris, who, determined as ſhe was never to owe him a pecuniary obligation after the ſarcaſms thrown out by Mrs. Crewkherne, avoided any mention of the letter ſhe had received, and imputed the dejection that Medora had noticed to the painful uncertainty ſhe was likely long to be kept in, and her uneaſineſs at being ſo long abſent from Glenmorris.—"Indeed Delmont," ſaid ſhe, "I ſhould moſt heartily repent me of having yielded to the remonſtrances of my friends, were it not that I believe *your* attachment to my poor girl, your affection for her, may make her happy, when all this viſion of

fortune is vaniſhed for ever.—When I think how deſtitute ſhe would be of friends if her father and I ſhould die, and how young, how ingenuous, how lovely ſhe is, I would ſee her, whether in affluence in England, or the ſimple American peaſant, inheriting nothing but a farm, ſtill ſecure of the protection of a man of honour, who loves her and knows her value."

Delmont forbore to preſs farther an enquiry, from which he fancied Mrs. Glenmorris ſhrunk, and on the other hand he endeavoured to quiet the apprehenſions that ſtill haunted Medora, and which ſhe was not enough verſed in diſſimulation to conceal from him; yet theſe attacked her only now and then, and her natural chearfulneſs ſometimes revived in all its ſeducing ſportiveneſs and gaiety.—The perfection ſhe attained, in delineating ſome of the earlieſt plants which the fields, as well as the garden and conſervatory produced, was a ſource of the moſt delightful amuſement to her, while her mother ſat by her gazing on her with looks that expreſſed how dear ſhe was—and Delmont, often "hanging over her enamoured," found in all ſhe did, in all ſhe ſaid, in all ſhe looked, new charms and attractions.

The weather was ſo fine that ſpring had now made a rapid progreſs.—The leaves of the beech were unfolded in the more ſheltered ſpot; and thorns, willows, and hazles, were in the ſtate which throws over the woodland ſcene, that light tint of verdure ſo ſoothing to the imagination, while the tender graſs on every bank was ſtrewn with primroſes; the woods ſpangled with anemonies, and every little humid dell and graſſy receſs at their extremities gay with the harebell and lychnis dioica. Medora was not unwilling to own that ſpring in England, at leaſt in ſuch a ſituation as that in which ſhe now beheld its progreſs,

progreſs, was certainly not inferior to the rapid vegetation of the weſtern continent; and more true enjoyment it would have afforded to none, than to the little party at Upwood, if ſolicitude for the future had not embittered to them all the tranquil pleaſures of the preſent moment.

The time, however, was arrived, when letters might hourly be expected from Glenmorris, and the anxiety of Delmont, as well as that of Mrs. Glenmorris, had an avowed object, which might well conceal the other painful apprehenſions that preyed on the latter.—The meſſenger was diſpatched every day to the poſt-town, and every day his return was waited for by them all with throbbing hearts.

Mrs. Glenmorris, who did not always accompany them in their walks, deſired one morning to be left at home, while Delmont and Medora ſtrolled out to a favourite wood, where, under the ſheltering brow of the higheſt down, it ſpread itſelf on a declivity; and the green or gloſſy ſtems of the beech-trees formed the happieſt fore-ground to the views of the country, with the ſea beyond it, which met the eye to the ſouth—the woods thickening behind, and in ſome places darkened with holly and thorn, gave theſe brilliant parts of the landſcape all advantages of contraſt.

It was in one of theſe nooks that Delmont, while yet a boy, had contrived a groteſque ſeat of the roots and boles of two old beech-trees, that by ſome accident had been made pollards, and had aſſumed phantaſtic forms, which, with a very little aſſiſtance, became ſomewhat like a low ſopha. Nature had covered them with her greeneſt moſs, and in ſome of the deepeſt crevices, formed by the twiſting ſtems, ſhe had planted tufts of wood ſorrel*.—Delmont and Medora here

* Oxalis.

ſat down. He gathered one of thoſe beautiful plants, and was admiring its crimſon ſtalk; its leaves of the brighteſt verdure, falling into folds like pendant hearts, and the delicate veins of vivid purple ſo elegantly penciled on its ſilver petals—when their remarks were ſuſpended to liſten to the nightingale, now firſt heard very near, and in full melody.

Every object around him conveyed to the heart of Delmont images of delight. Medora ſeemed as little diſpoſed as he was, to break the ſilence of that delicious reverie they had both inſenſibly fallen into. But to Delmont it was not long a dream of unmixed delight. The very conſciouſneſs of preſent happineſs, brought with it a dread that he might ſoon loſe it. In vain he endeavoured to reaſon himſelf out of the weakneſs he was ſenſible of, as he looked at Medora. —"Am I never then," ſaid he, "to enjoy one moment of delight leſt it ſhould not laſt?" What feebleneſs of mind is this, and how ridiculous it would appear to me in another?"

But had he ſuffered an accidental circumſtance to impreſs his mind with the notion, that impending evil is announced by ſome pre-diſpoſition to ſorrow and deſpondency in him who is to ſuffer, the preſent moment might have confirmed it; for hardly had they left their ſeat, when the ſervant who uſually went for letters approached them.—

Delmont ſprang forward to meet him—and took from him, not the anſwer he expected from America, but one of which this was the purport:

"Dear George,

"I have been in England about a fortnight, and ſhould have informed you of it, but that one diſagreeable

diſagreeable thing or other has croſſed me—and I did not imagine, from what I have heard of your *arrangements*, that you would be very willing to put yourſelf out of the way. However, things are juſt now in a ſituation that I muſt call upon you to give me the aſſiſtance, which neither your brotherly regard, or your reſpect for the name of Delmont, will permit you to refuſe.—I can make nothing of Sir Appulby Gorges. He alledges, as a reaſon for not paying me the two-penny legacy left me by the man I once called uncle, that you have made no claim to yours, nor on behalf of the Miſs Delmont's, which he ſeems to imagine a very ſufficient excuſe for withholding the whole. Paltry as the the thing is, it will be of uſe to me at this moment, and I muſt have it. You will therefore let me ſee you as ſpeedily after you get this as poſſible, as well to ſet about this buſineſs, which I wonder you have let go by ſo long, as to lend me your name to get through another damn'd affair or two; and what money you have you muſt bring with you. Your philoſophy and your farm has, undoubtedly, kept you in caſh, notwithſtanding your pretty Columbian, whom I cordially ſalute, and ſhall expect to be introduced to her, when I have got out of the hands of theſe ſcoundrels.—I muſt find myſelf curſedly ill off, you may ſuppoſe, when it induces me to write ſo long a letter as this.

"Your's, till we meet,

"ADOLPHUS DELMONT."

"You will find me at the old place in St. James's Street, April 28th, 17——"

Surpriſe was inſtantly overcome by vexation, when Delmont (who hardly comprehended the meaning

meaning of what he ran over the firſt time) read this letter more attentively, and ſaw too evidently that his brother was returned to England extremely involved, and called upon him to diſengage him in the ſame ſpirit of arrogant ſelfiſhneſs, which had always, in their boyiſh days, been the character of Adolphus, who never could diveſt himſelf of the idea he had imbibed ſo early, that if not the whole world, at leaſt all his own family, were to ſacrifice every thing to any want or wiſh of his, as a matter of courſe. From the ſtyle of expence in which he had lived, even ſince he had been maſter of his actions, it was probable that all George poſſeſſed in the world, including his little property at Upwood, might be inſufficient for his brother's purpoſes. From the time he had ſuffered to elapſe, before his application, or even letting him know he was in England, it was moſt likely Adolphus had addreſſed himſelf to his former friends without ſucceſs. The ſum, therefore, which was to be raiſed was certainly conſiderable, and ſuch as would perhaps reduce him to a ſtate of indigence, which he could not think of ſuffering Medora to ſhare. Nor was the pain theſe reflections gave him all. —The invidious hints that related to her, ſtung Delmont to the ſoul. Where could his brother have learned any thing that related to her?—and who was likely ſo to miſrepreſent her?—The contending paſſions that agitated his boſom were viſible in his countenance, as he ſlowly walked on towards the houſe, almoſt unconſcious whither his ſteps tended.

Medora, who ſaw the change which the letter inſtantly produced, enquired ſimply if it was from America, and hearing it was not, ſhe caſt a mournful look at Delmont, and haſtened to rejoin her mother, unwilling to appear inquiſitive

tive after more information on his affairs than he ſeemed ready to communicate:—She ſaw her mother looking out for her from the door, and in her hand was a large packet of letters.—Dreading ſhe knew not what, Medora haſtened to meet her, and breathleſsly aſked, if there were accounts from America?—if all was well?—"All well, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Glenmorris, fondly embracing her—"Your father is happy, beyond expreſſion happy, in your proſpects; our beloved Delmont will be ſatisfied, will be delighted with all he ſays.—Come and read the letters together.—It is very long, Medora, ſince any thing has offered ſuch pleaſure to your mother."—Medora could only anſwer by throwing herſelf into the arms of her mother, where ſhe burſt into tears—they might well paſs, as at firſt they did, for tears of joy; but when Delmont appeared, and Mrs. Glenmorris, diſengaging herſelf from her ſtill weeping Medora, haſtened to communicate to him the contents of theſe welcome letters, ſhe was ſo ſtruck with his look, that ſhe retreated into the next room, and waited in a ſtate of breathleſs ſuſpence, while he read that ſhe had given him.

To be relieved at once, and in a manner ſo flattering, from all the fears he had entertained of a refuſal from Glenmorris, would have been, half an hour before, the circumſtance on earth moſt delightful to him—but the cruel letter he had juſt read from his brother, had blighted all the proſpects now ſo fairly opening before him—and might perhaps cloſe it upon him for ever.

While he followed Medora ſlowly to the houſe, he had reſolved not to ſpeak of that unwelcome letter, at leaſt not to relate all its painful contents, and to ſet out the ſame evening for London, and at leaſt know what was expected

of

of him, and what he could do, before he communicated any part of his uneaſineſs to Mrs. Glenmorris; but now, as it was impoſſible for him to diſſemble without raiſing doubts of the ardency of his affection, he took the firſt moment he was alone with the mother, to tell her that he had received a ſummons from his elder brother to meet him in London, he was afraid on ſome very unpleaſant pecuniary embarraſſments; from which, though he knew not that he could relieve him, he could not let him remain in them, without making ſome effort for his ſervice.

Mrs. Glenmorris no ſooner underſtood, this, than ſhe preſſed him to loſe no time in ſetting out.—She ſaw, for it was not in his power to conceal it, how reluctantly he acquieſced in the neceſſity of his doing ſo; and that it might not be all bitterneſs, ſhe began to ſpeak of the ſervices he could now do for her and her daughter; authoriſed by his approaching alliance, and even engaged by Glenmorris's own wiſhes, to aſſiſt them with his countenance and council. Now too ſhe ventured to entruſt to him the vexation ſhe had lately ſuffered, from the cold refuſal of the merchants to advance her money, which the bills Glenmorris had incloſed to her, would, ſhe hoped, obviate.—Theſe Mrs. Glenmorris gave Delmont to negociate for her; and having explained to Medora the neceſſity of his ſhort abſence, he at laſt thought of it himſelf with more reſolution—yet when the mother and daughter were about to take leave, and return to their own cottage at an early hour, that he might immediately begin the few preparations neceſſary, Delmont found it impoſſible to ſuffer them to depart.—A thouſand times he attempted to bid them farewel, with that firmneſs which he on moſt

moſt occaſions piqued himſelf on maintaining—as often the words died away on his lips—he returned to repeat them, and again faltered and heſitated, till at length he diſcovered, that it would be much better if he ſaw them to their home, while his ſervant packed up a ſmall portmanteau of linen, and that no time would be loſt by this arrangement.—Mrs. Glenmorris ſaw how cruelly his mind was agitated, and ſhe was once ſoftened and alarmed.—Something of more heavy import than what he had communicated, ſeemed to preſs upon his ſpirits; and while he forced himſelf away from Medora, who did not affect to conceal her ſorrow at his departure, his eyes were filled with tears—the infection became general. The mother and daughter both ſat at the window as long as Delmont was in ſight; but when he arrived at the gate at the end of the field, and after turning his horſe and looking ſteadily towards them a few moments, haſtily diſappeared, Medora, drowned in tears, retired to her own room, and her mother found it neceſſary to recal to her mind, ſo many inſtances of more real and laſting affliction, which ſhe had borne with reſolution, before ſhe could acquire the compoſure which her own reaſon, and her tenderneſs for her daugbter, equally directed her to aſſume at the preſent moment.

CHAP. XXVI.

A man of *buſineſs* may *talk* of philoſophy—
A man who has no buſineſs may practiſe it.

SLOWLY and unwillingly as Delmont left the ſpot, where all his hopes of happineſs were centered, he no ſooner found himſelf a few miles from thence, than he proceeded with as much haſte as if he expected to find happineſs where he was going.

Nothing was to him ſo intolerable as ſuſpence. He thought, though he had not yet known many, that when an evil preſented itſelf poſitively before him, he ſhould find reſolution to combat or to endure it; but as it has often been remarked, that an Engliſh ſoldier immediately loſes a great portion of his natural courage if he does not ſee his enemy, Delmont found his fortitude ſhaken by the apprehenſion of he knew not what unpleaſant and embarraſſing circumſtances, which his brother had undoubtedly prepared for him; and he was impatient to know what he was expected to do, and how much of the future tranquillity of his life he was called upon to ſacrifice to the ſplendor of extravagant diſſipation, which, he ſuppoſed, muſt have occaſioned the demand.

He arrived in London, where he had not been for four or five years, more fatigued than he had ever before felt himſelf, and leaving his horſe at a livery ſtable, walked to a coffee houſe near the Hay-market, from whence he wrote a ſhort note to his brother; but the meſſenger immediately returned,

returned, to inform him that Major Delmont was gone to dinner at Windſor with a large party and was not expected to return to the houſe (which he had named as that he uſually frequented) till the next day.

Delmont now repented of his haſte. "This brother of mine," ſaid he, "is as a fine man juſt what he was as an Eaton boy; now making every thing that relates to him of the mightieſt import, and demanding the attention of all the world; then in half an hour forgetting this important matter, and flying after any caſual amuſement with as light an heart as if he had never felt a moment's concern."

Every object that now ſurrounded George Delmont was almoſt as new as it was diſpleaſing to him. He felt himſelf no longer an inhabitant of the world he ſaw about him, yet had no ambition to renew his exiſtence in it; and ſmiled when he ſaw one or two of his old ſchool-fellows, now officers in the guards, come into the coffee-room, and ſtare at him a moment as a ſtranger, while probably ſome ſlight idea recurred of their having ſomewhere ſeen ſuch a face; but then, as if the enquiry was not worth their trouble, they turned on their heels, and addreſſed themſelves to thoſe whom they were ſure were men of the world. Nothing, except the alteration a few years had made in his perſon, was really changed in Delmont; but the more material change in *their* opinion would be, he knew, *that* which had happened in conſequence of his uncle's marriage; and he could not forbear to wiſh that Adolphus had ſubmitted to retreat from witneſſing the conſequences of ſuch an alteration, rather than by again emulating the expences of his former aſſociates, have become *really* an object

ject of compaſſion, and to George many of theſe appeared to be fitter to excite pity than envy.

As he knew that there was no probability of meeting his brother before five or ſix o'clock, he contented himſelf with ſending a note to let him know he was in London; and he then determined to give up the morning to execute the commiſſion Mrs. Glenmorris had given him, which was, to procure acceptance and money for the bills from America. He ſet out therefore for the houſe of the merchants on whom they were drawn, at the extremity of the city. He found the houſe, but waited a conſiderable time at the door, and was at length informed by a perſon, who had the appearance of a clerk, and who came out from the next door, that Meſſrs. ——— and ——— were bankrupts; that their effects had been ſeized about a fortnight before; and that their names were in the Gazette of the laſt week.

Delmont's countenance expreſſed what he felt at the intelligence—He was but little acquainted with buſineſs of this nature, and knew not whether there were any means of retrieving a loſs ſo conſiderable. The man ſtill ſtood at the door, and Delmont enquired if he could inform him where any of the partners could be found, or how he could proceed to get the bills honoured?

"Oh! as to that," replied the man, "it is quite out of the queſtion; the houſe is utterly ruined—ruined by the war—It was firſt ſhook by the bad turn of affairs in Holland, and ſome late loſſes and failures have done it quite up. As to the bills, ſir, they are waſte paper. You may ſee the ſecond partner, poor man; for he is ſafe enough at lodgings provided for him in St. George's-fields; but as for the other, I ſuppoſe you wont think of ſeeking him, for he has ſettled

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his accounts for ever another way." Perceiving Delmont looked extremely ſhocked, the clerk added, "Why ay, ſir, we were all very ſorry I aſſure you; it was a terrible affair to be ſure, and the more ſo as the poor gentlemen were in no wiſe to blame—'Twas entirely the times that did the job, and unlucky and perverſe accidents falling out; and there are two fine young families quite undone, and turned out to ſhift in the world; but ſuch things are common, I think, of late, and we ſhall have more on't no doubt if the war laſts; however, one gets uſed to every thing in time." Delmont then informed himſelf of the name of the attorney concerned for the bankrupts, and he ſet forth with an heavy heart towards his lodgings, meditating on the beſt means of ſoftening, or rather wholly concealing this painful circumſtance from Mrs. Glenmorris; and after ſome conſideration nothing ſeemed feaſible but to ſend her down the amount of at leaſt one of the bills, without noticing the failure of thoſe on whom they were drawn (who were not the ſame perſons as thoſe who had refuſed her any farther ſupply) and he hoped to obtain time to try if nothing could be done to ſave her from loſing the whole.

His brother was too impatient under his preſent embarraſſments to wait for him—at an earlier hour of the afternoon than he expected to ſee him, Adolphus appeared—The meeting was on his part conducted with the compoſure which ought never to forſake a man of faſhion. "I have got into a diſagreeable affair as to money, George," ſaid he, "and I ſent for you to be ſecurity for me, rather than commit myſelf *farther* to people that it is not altogether pleaſant to be obliged to."

That

That what he aſked of his brother might ruin him ſeemed either not to be conſidered, or thought of as only a ſecondary conſideration, when to accommodate himſelf was in queſtion. Ideas of his own conſequence were ſo habitual to him, that he loſt ſight of every other conſequence; nor did he ever ſtay to enquire, when any gratification or ſatisfaction was to be obtained for himſelf, how it would affect thoſe whoſe ſervices he required to procure it for him.

The ſum for which he now deſired his brother George to be ſecurity, was within five hundred pounds of all he poſſeſſed in the world, except Upwood.—George Delmont ſaw no other way whatever by which it could ever be repaid, for his brother's fortune, though originally much more than his own, had been ſo far from profiting by the profeſſion to which he had devoted himſelf, that it was, if not all gone, engaged beyond redemption; yet did the Major, (for he was now preferred to that rank,) require his brother's unconditional acquieſcence in what he demanded of him, and ſeemed determined not to obſerve, what George could not help ſhewing, the reluctance with which he ſhould make himſelf reſponſible for ſo large a ſum.

"Why what uſe," ſaid Adolphus, "haſt thou, my honeſt George, for money? Thou art a philoſopher, and bore with admirable compoſure to ſee the family title and family eſtate made over, by the act of a dotard, to a couple of brats that, I'll anſwer for it, have no more *claim* to them by blood than the children of my coachman. You could philoſophize *then*, I remember, and repreſented, in the mightineſs of your wiſdom, to my father and to me, that we had no right to complain. Beſides, you are a practical farmer, you know, and great in the firſt beſt *metier* of man, agriculture.

agriculture. While "God ſpeeds the plough," you can never want money, and I dare ſay you have already got a drawer full of canvaſs bags ſtuffed with guineas; I am perſuaded of this; becauſe, had it not been ſo, you would have taken to ſome profeſſion that might have given you an income, or you would have married. Why, I hear you refuſed a deviliſh fine woman with fifty thouſand pounds? Prythee, if it is not too late, George, make her over to me. I always think, ſo far, your fine high flying notions of liberty are right enough; that I would have every man live as he will, and with whom he will, whether he mutters over a few muſty words, or dares to appropriate ſome fair one to himſelf without them, all's right, and your ideas of freedom don't go beyond mine; but when a fooliſh fellow refuſes to mumble over theſe ſaid nonſenſical words for fear he ſhould loſe his liberty I laugh at him. What a * bourgeoiſe idea! Tell me, George, faith now, was it ſuch a notion that made thee coy to the fifty thouſand pounder? Was thy morality—*Morality*, I recollect, is thy cant; was it *that* which told thee, that if thou marriedſt the heireſs, thou muſt give up thy little American, thy faſcinating yankey?"

Well as George Delmont had formerly known his brother's manner, he had been ſo long unuſed to it, and this attack on ſuch an occaſion was ſo extraordinary, that he knew not immediately how to parry it. At length collecting himſelf, and remembering that it was the ſon of a mother he had adored, his brother, who thus inſulted him, he anſwered—That as to money, his

* Theſe are the notions, not of the hero who is accuſed of being tainted with modern philoſophy, but of a man of the world, ready to acquieſce in all that world dictates.

not

not having entered into any profeſſion, for which he thought himſelf not obliged to account to any one, was the very reaſon why he was likely to want money. "Farming, Major Delmont," ſaid he, "never attracted me by the lucrative proſpects it offered, but becauſe I hoped to keep myſelf independent by it; and if it was in my nature to retort upon you, I ſhould ſay, that I have done better to engage the little I had in any honeſt way of making its intereſt, than to loſe it, as I am afraid you have done, among ſharpers."

"Oh no!" replied the Major with aſtoniſhing ſang froid, "devil take me if I have loſt a guinea among the Greeks, as you ſuppoſe; it has been all among ourſelves; honeſt fellows who never do any thing but fight, or play, or love, or drink, and who are as poor as church mice; for example, I have taken up fifteen hundred pounds, for which I expect you to join me in ſecurity, to pay Jemmy Winſly, as honeſt a lad as ever lived. The whole regiment knows that he won it fairly. As for the other two thouſand, it is diſperſed round the world, and will find its way back to me ſome day or other; and you know that when I touch the pitiful legacy of that old dupe, our late uncle, which I ſhall make Gorges pay me before I leave London, this may be paid. But, George, you don't anſwer, methinks, about theſe *bonnes fortunes* of your's? If you have really reſigned the banker's golden daughter, is your phyloſophyſhip diſintereſted enough to give a letter of recommendation to your elder brother? Eh, George? —On that condition I will not inſiſt on going to Upwood, and being introduced to thy little humming bird from Maſſachuſets. Nay, never look ſo gloomy and grave, Geordy, but anſwer."

"I have

"I have determined to keep my temper, Major Delmont," anſwered the younger brother.

"There you are right," interrupted the elder.

"And to do you all the ſervice in my power," added he.

"Right again," exclaimed the Major.

"And you ſhall not find that to this paltry raillery you ſacrifice the brotherly offices, which if, *as* a brother, I owe you, I would *more* readily pay you as a friend."

"It is all the ſame why you do them, if you do but do them ſpeedily," ſaid the Major, coldly; "ſo let me know at what hour this evening we ſhall meet; for I have promiſed to bring my ſurety in the courſe of the day, and am to have the fifteen hundred to-morrow.—So you wont make over your heireſs to me?—Why, you blockhead, if I can get her you will be made whole again, and I'll do ſomething handſome to help the next feſtivity of thy harveſt ſupper, or for the goſſips at the chriſtening of my little Anglo-American nephew or niece.—Come, come, don't monopolize—You have made your election for the new world—put me, my dear boy, in a way to enjoy the old one."

"I do not know what folly you have in your head," ſaid George Delmont; "but you ought to think me the moſt ſenſeleſs of all coxcombs if I even named a lady, who was ſuppoſed to honour me with any partiality; I know of none ſuch, nor can I gueſs where you picked up ſo fooliſh a ſtory."

"Not gueſs! Why from whence is one ſure of drawing all ſuch delectable hiſtories? our own aunt Crewk."

"Mrs. Crewkherne!—You have not ſeen her, or my ſiſter, then?"

"Neither;

"Neither; but on my arrival, hearing of Caroline's marriage, and that the venerable old grimalkin had taken Louiſa with her, and accompanied the married folks into Suffolk, I wrote to her, hoping ſhe would forget our old quarrels, and for the honour of her family ſend me a ſupply of caſh.—Not a bit on't.—Inſtead of money the withered ſybil writes me a letter to tell tales of you, as if that would do *me* any good! Oh! ſhe has made a precious ſtory of a Miſs—Miſs—faith I have already forgot the name, who *would* almoſt have you perforce whether you would or no; and then all about your taking into keeping—Oh! naughty maſter Geordy!—a ſad little vagabond girl from the rebel Americans, whoſe father was.... let me ſee—I have deſtroyed the letter, I believe—but faith, I think ſhe ſays he was tranſported for ſome grievous miſdemeanour or other, and ran away with ſome woman of fortune, or who would have had a fortune if ſhe had not been diſinherited, and afterwards her huſband, (for ſhe is ſtill handſome it ſeems,) ſold her, by way of bringing himſelf home, to your neighbour the philoſophical, philanthropical, poetical Mr. Armitage, who contrived to introduce you to her daughter."

"And is this really," ſaid George Delmont, "the ſtory Mrs. Crewkherne has written?"

"Yes—or at leaſt very like it—I cannot be very exact, for I read it over but once, and I don't know what I did with the infernal ſcrawl afterwards—if I did not burn it you may ſee it if you will."

Delmont then, as he walked with his brother, entered very gravely into a detail of all that had really happened; explained who Medora was, and the reaſon why ſhe came with her mother

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to England.—The major liſtened with a ſort of half ſneer on his countenance; and when Delmont concluded what he had to ſay, obſerved, that there were two ways of repreſenting every thing; "and it muſt be owned," ſaid he, "that our delectable aunt has made a moſt terrible and terrific hiſtory of this, while your's is juſt fitted for the amiable young heroine of a romance.—You know, George, I hold in utter abhorrence all interference in love affairs; ſo it will never be by me that an inquiſition ſhall be ſet on foot, as to who has made the trueſt reſemblance—but as your diſcarded nymph is probably one of thoſe tender yet mutable dear creatures, whoſe affections are not abſolutely ſo adheſive as not be transferable from one handſome young fellow to another not at all his inferior, I ſhall try to make an acquaintance with her. Prythee, George, where does ſhe live?"

"Still with Dr. Winſlow, I ſuppoſe; but I know not on what pretence you can introduce yourſelf, and I have no means of introducing you."

The Major then ſmiling, for he was never ſeen to laugh, declared he ſhould be at no loſs for an introduction as ſoon as he had determined to give himſelf that trouble; adding, however, with haughty bitterneſs, "it was once probable that I ſhould have had the choice of all the girls of great proſpects in England, inſtead of looking out, like a needy adventurer, for one of only moderate fortune like this."

The truth was, that whenever the recollection occurred, as it perpetually did, of the diſappointment occaſioned by his uncle's ſecond marriage, the elder Delmont loſt all that apathy, which, as a man of faſhion, as well as from the pride and ſullenneſs of his nature, he uſually appeared

appeared to poſſeſs; and though he had conquered that unguarded and intemperate heat in which he had at firſt indulged himſelf, he could never think or ſpeak with patience of an event that had deprived him of the fortune and titles of his anceſtors.

The ſplendor and expence he now ſaw around him, among young men of family, his former ſchool aſſociates; their ſtudied emulation of every form of profuſion and luxury, and the ſums which he nightly ſaw won and loſt among them, with apparently the moſt perfect eaſe, were circumſtances that corroded the heart of the Major, who made continual compariſons between what he was and what he might have been, if now, in the heigh-day of youth and health, he had poſſeſſed the income and the power of an Earl of Caſtledanes; an income which, he thought, all the gratifications he meditated could hardly affect, or, if they did, the power annexed to his parliamentary intereſt would, he knew, very eaſily repair any loſſes that, "in the courſe of a man's living," (that is playing and betting every night) might occur.

George Delmont, on the contrary, ſaw the ſcene into which he was thus, for a paſſing moment, initiated, with very different eyes.

Even while yet a ſchoolboy he had occaſionally witneſſed, though never experienced in his own perſon, the tumultuous viciſſitudes that agitate the mind of the gameſter, for at a public ſchool this vice at leaſt precedes, though for leſs objects, the more ſerious hazards of the adult—He had then fled from ſocieties where it was purſued, becauſe he felt no delight in the amuſement, and knew that a great deal of miſchief, and many hours of bitter repentance, follow

follow its indulgence—He now ſaw ſome few of the ſame ſet, with whom he was at ſchool, who yet held their places in the higher circles; but others had diſappeared for ever—more than one by ſuicide, and ſome by degradation from the life they had attempted—while of thoſe who yet remained, many were become profeſt gameſters; ſome were ſupported, as was alledged, by the ſale of a beautiful wife, more by the ſale of themſelves.

Enough became known to him during the ſhort time he now paſſed in attendance upon his brother, to convince him that all he had ſeen, all he had read, heard, or imagined, of the life of a gameſter, fell ſhort of the various modes of miſery, which, having choſen, that purſuit inflicted on men, many of whom were born to be the legiſlators, and all of whom might have been honours and ſupports to their country.

Yet once infected with this fatal paſſion, it ſeemed to be impoſſible ever to obtain a cure—and while George Delmont waited to execute deeds on behalf of Adolphus, deeds which made his own preſent fortune (almoſt all he was ever likely to poſſeſs) liable to demands incurred by this wretched infatuation, he ſaw with extreme concern that it was growing on his brother like a rapid diſeaſe; having diſcovered, that after he had been, by his perſuaſions, drawn away from tables where ſome thouſands were ſtaked, he ſhook off this brother who had embarraſſed himſelf to ſerve him, as a troubleſome monitor, and (under pretence of going to reſt,) afterwards went forth to thoſe nocturnal ſocieties where hundreds only are hazarded, from whence he returned not till morning, and from whence, if he once brought any gain, he three times loſt

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to double the amount.—"What am I doing," enquired George Delmont, when convinced of this; "am I really ſerving this unfortunate brother of mine, while I am thus impoveriſhing myſelf? Would it not be better, were I to reſerve the ſmall property I poſſeſs, to afford him an home when he ſhall have totally undone himſelf?—when he ſhall have been compelled, perhaps, to ſell his commiſſion, and when he ſhall be convinced of the futility of thoſe hopes with which he now ſolaces himſelf; while he reckons, that becauſe he is a ſoldier, and of an illuſtrious family, he ſhall never vainly ſeek a reſource in the favours of government?"

Delmont, however, had gone too far to recede; in the firſt ſlight explanation his brother had made of his difficulties, he had yielded too readily to his projects for their removal, and the hour was now fixed when he was to complete the ſacrifice.—Beſides the money lent, he had agreed to give a mortgage on Upwood for fifteen hundred pounds, which was nearly half its value; and as farther and very preſſing claims againſt Adolphus were ſtill to be provided for, he had perſonally bound himſelf with his brother to anſwer them in ſix weeks, by which time Adolphus had perſuaded himſelf that the attorney, whom he had, on the recommendation of ſome of his gambling friends, entruſted, would have obtained from Sir Appulby Gorges the legacy of two thouſand pounds left him by his uncle Caſtledanes.—This attorney, briſk, buſy, and plauſible, with great aſſurance and great volubility, became now neceſſarily introduced to George Delmont, who after hearing him parade and prate for an hour, in terms of which he underſtood very little, was prevailed upon to entruſt

him

him with the recovery of the demand he alſo had on his uncle's eſtate for the ſame ſum.

Theſe ill-omened affairs being adjuſted for the preſent, much more to the ſatisfaction of the elder than of the younger Delmont, the latter prepared to return to Upwood.—He firſt paid an unſucceſsful viſit to the perſons who tranſacted the buſineſs of the merchant, on whom Mrs. Glenmorris's bills were drawn, and had the mortification to find they were certainly worth nothing.

On taking leave of his brother, George thought it incumbent upon him to ſpeak with more plainneſs than he had yet done, of the danger of that ſort of life he ſeemed to be engaged in. "You have often, Adolphus," ſaid he, "turned into ridicule the ſingularity of my mode of living—I will not ridicule yours, for it is too ſerious a ſubject. Let me entreat you to conſider how little your fortune, aided by your profeſſion, is equal to anſwer frequent and great loſſes at play; and do not be angry if I add, that the aſſiſtance I have now given you I cannot repeat."

Adolphus, without hearing more, replied in a ſupercilious tone, that if, from the trifling kindneſs he had done him, he aſſumed a right to criticiſe his conduct, it were well if he had ſooner known the condition with which his friendſhip was to be clogged. "Go, dear George," added he, ſneering, "return to thy native fields like a ſabine hero of old, and cultivate cauliflowers—but do not pretend to tell thy elder brother how he is to live, or with whom. Thy views and mine, George, were always, and will always be wider than the antipodes, as to our general modes of life. Take no care for me—I ſhall live as it ſeemeth good unto

unto me—probably ſtay in London while any ſociety that one can live with is viſible—and perhaps may, towards the dog-days, ſtroll down to thy hermitage, though I had rather meet the devil, than have a diſtant view of Belton Tower; but I muſt ſee thy Columbina. Eh? George—you would not be jealous I ſuppoſe?—She who has been brought up among the ſtrait-haired, lop-eared puritans of the United States, will look with no predilection on a being like me."

Delmont, though he had no doubts of the opinion of Medora, was very far from wiſhing for the viſit he was thus menaced with. The brothers parted with civility, but with a mutual diminution of kindneſs. Adolphus did not love George the more for being ſo deeply obliged to him, and George was ſhocked and concerned to ſee how little all he had done to ſerve him, was likely to be permanently uſeful.

END OF VOL. I.

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